THE MESSAGE IN SONG

Edited By
H.W. Fairbank.

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THE MESSAGE IN SONG

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FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools, Young People's Meetings,
Prayer Meetings, Church Services
and Special Occasions

BY

H. W. FAIRBANK

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
228 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

PREFACE.

NUSUAL care has been exercised in the preparation of this collection of Sunday School music. No expense has been spared to secure the latest songs of the best known writers in this field. A large number of the favorite songs of the last two decades have also been added to the collection, and the publishers, in offering it to the public, feel confident that it will meet with instant favor at the hands of an impartial public.

Note the Various Departments in This Unusually Attractive Book:

1 Songs for the Sunday School and Devotional Exercises.
2 Songs for the Primary Department.
3 Songs for Easter Festivals.
4 Songs for Children's Day.
5 Songs for Harvest Home and Rallying Day Festivals.
6 Songs for Christmas Festivals.
7 Standard Hymns for all Occasions.
8 Songs for Funeral Occasions.
9 Patriotic Songs.
10 Responsive Readings, Opening and Vesper Services.

H. W. FAIRBANK.

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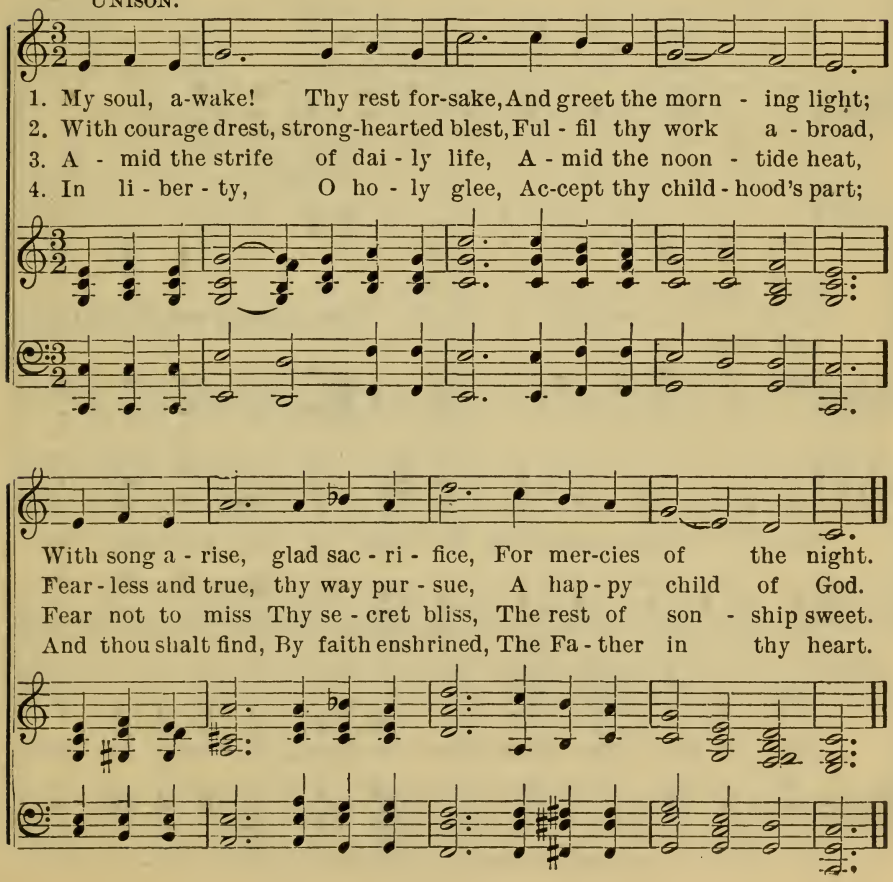
...THE...
MESSAGE IN SONG.

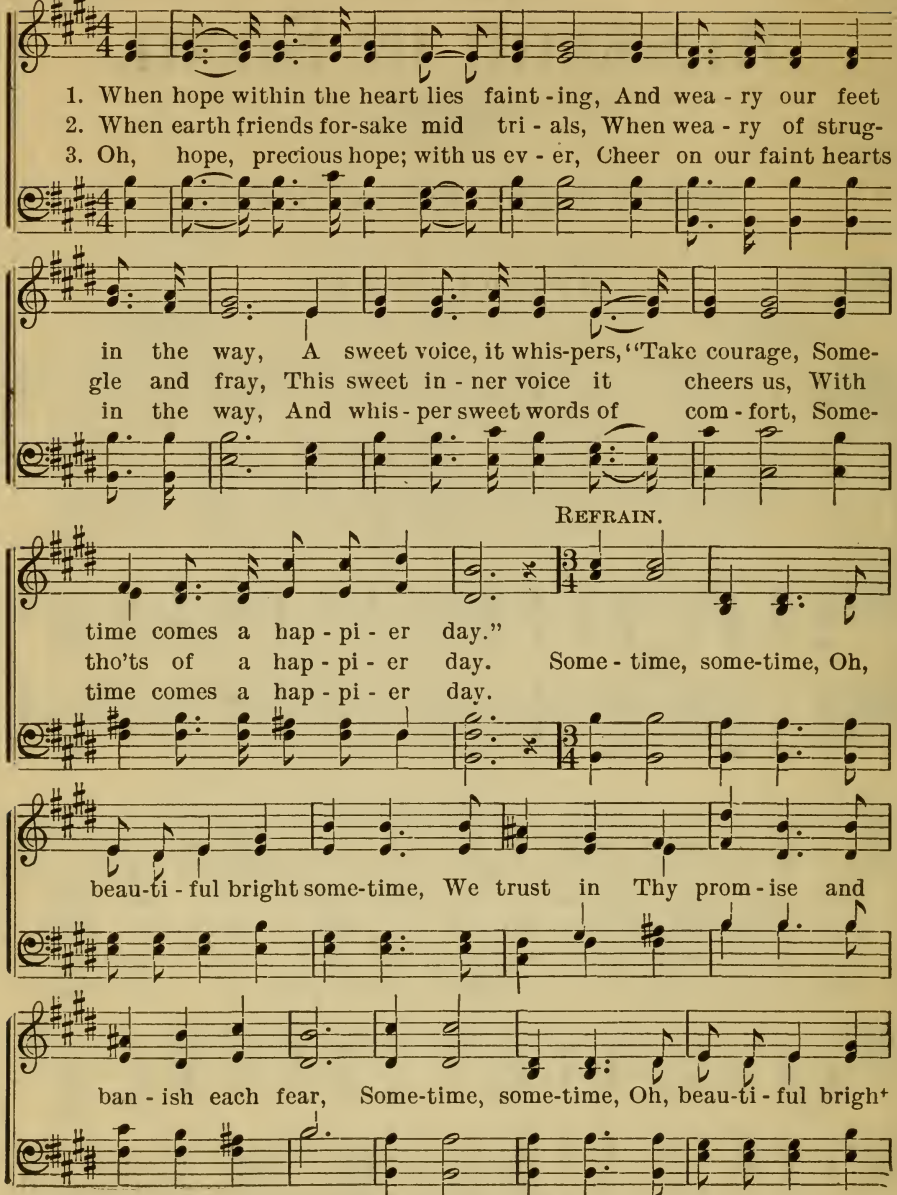
SUNDAY SCHOOL AND DEVOTIONAL.

No. 1. My Soul, Awake!

JANE LIVOCK. UNISON. JOSIAH BOOTH.

1. My soul, a-wake! Thy rest for-sake, And greet the morn - ing light;
2. With courage drest, strong-hearted blest, Ful - fil thy work a - broad,
3. A - mid the strife of dai - ly life, A - mid the noon - tide heat,
4. In li - ber - ty, O ho - ly glee, Ac-cept thy child - hood's part;
With song a - rise, glad sac - ri - fice, For mer-cies of the night.
Fear - less and true, thy way pur - sue, A hap - py child of God.
Fear not to miss Thy se - cret bliss, The rest of son - ship sweet.
And thou shalt find, By faith enshrined, The Fa - ther in thy heart.

No. 2. Sometime, Sometime.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. When hope within the heart lies faint-ing, And wea-ry our feet
2. When earth friends for-sake mid tri-als, When wea-ry of strug-
3. Oh, hope, precious hope; with us ev-er, Cheer on our faint hearts
in the way, A sweet voice, it whis-pers, "Take courage, Some-
gle and fray, This sweet in-ner voice it cheers us, With
in the way, And whis-per sweet words of com-fort, Some-
REFRAIN.
time comes a hap-pi-er day."
tho'ts of a hap-pi-er day. Some-time, some-time, Oh,
time comes a hap-pi-er day.
beau-ti-ful bright some-time, We trust in Thy prom-ise and
ban-ish each fear, Some-time, some-time, Oh, beau-ti-ful bright

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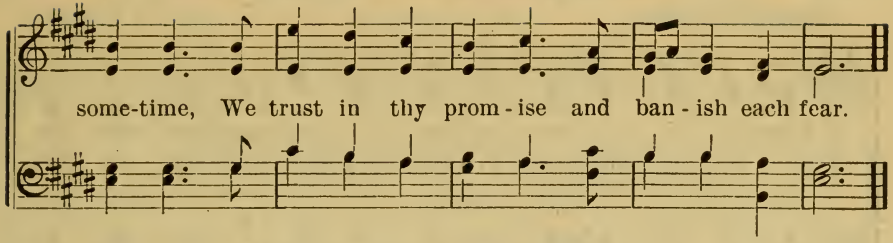
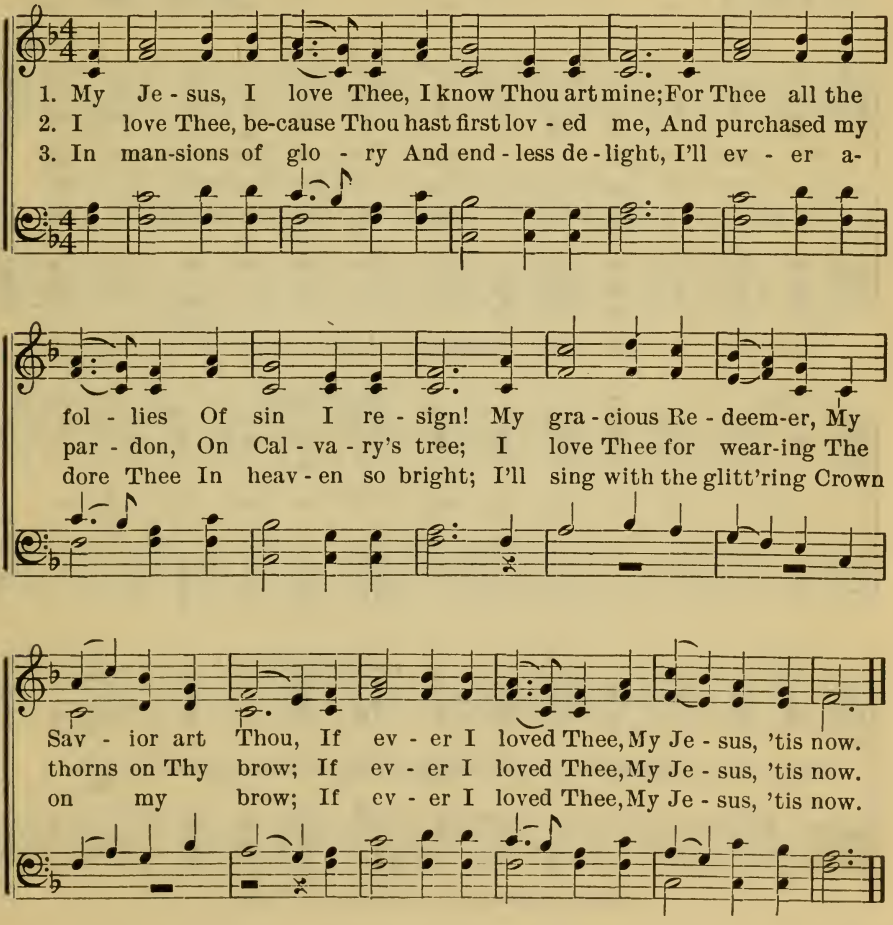
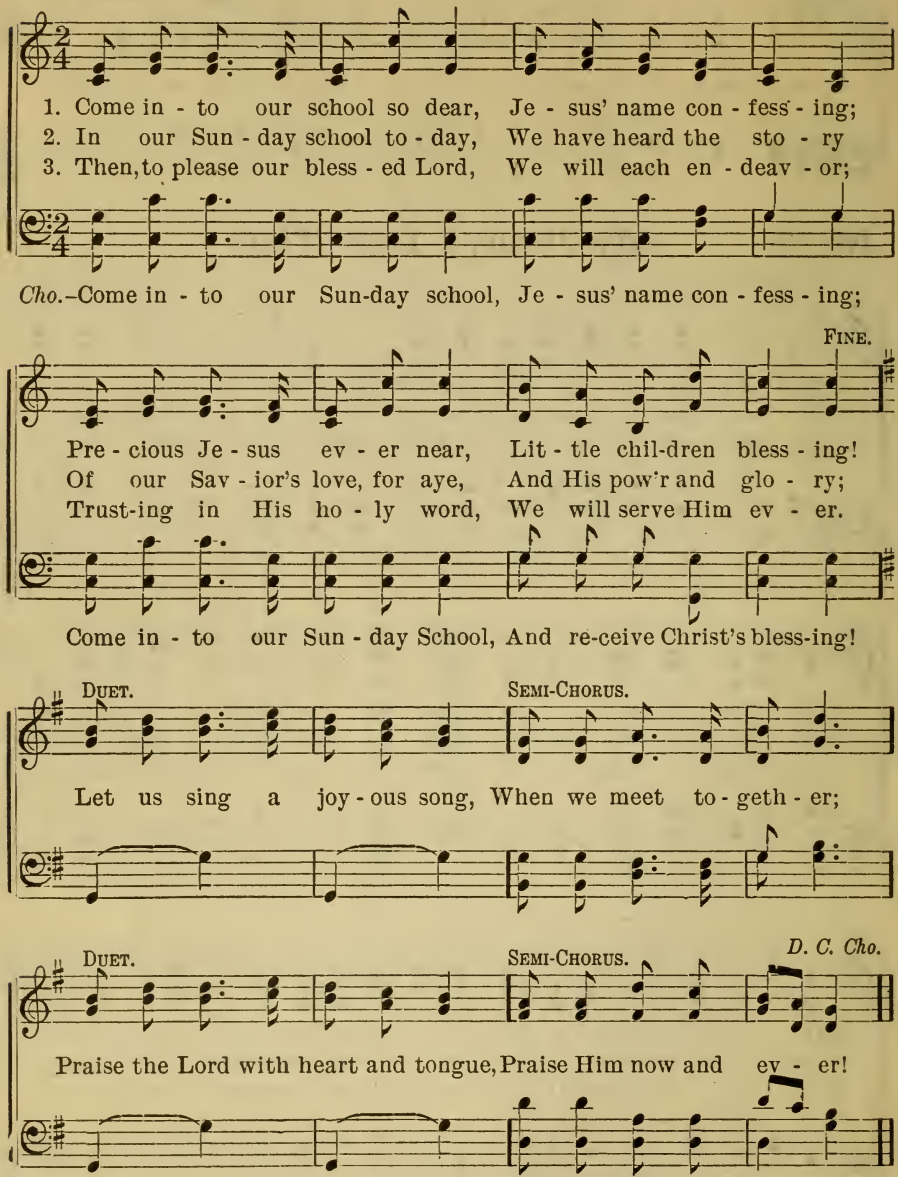


No. 3. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. In man-sions of glo - ry And end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies Of sin I re - sign! My gra - cious Re - deem-er, My
par - don, On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing The
dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glitt'ring Crown
Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 4. Come Into Our Sunday School.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. Come in - to our school so dear, Je - sus' name con - fess - ing;
2. In our Sun - day school to - day, We have heard the sto - ry
3. Then, to please our bless - ed Lord, We will each en - deav - or;
Cho.–Come in - to our Sun-day school, Je - sus' name con - fess - ing;
FINE.
Pre - cious Je - sus ev - er near, Lit - tle chil-dren bless - ing!
Of our Sav - ior's love, for aye, And His pow'r and glo - ry;
Trust-ing in His ho - ly word, We will serve Him ev - er.
Come in - to our Sun - day School, And re-ceive Christ's bless-ing!
DUET.
SEMI-CHORUS.
Let us sing a joy - ous song, When we meet to - geth - er;
DUET.
SEMI-CHORUS.
D. C. Cho.
Praise the Lord with heart and tongue, Praise Him now and ev - er!

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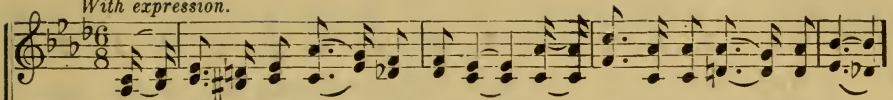
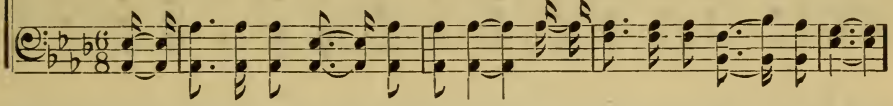
No. 5. Up in the Blue.

C. E. P. Revelation 21: 10-27. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

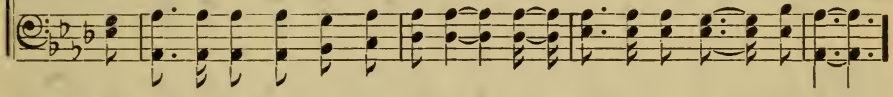
With expression.



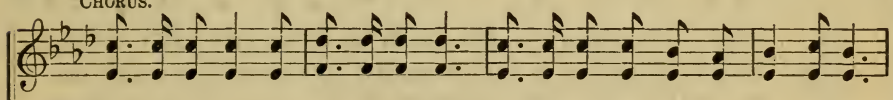
1. There's a place of sweet rest called heaven, 'Tis above, in the beautiful blue,
2. The whole of that wonderful cit-y, Is built of the purest of gold;
3. There shall be neither sorrow nor crying; God wipes all the tears from their eyes;



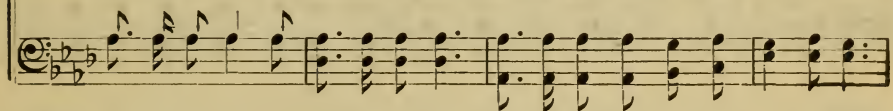
'Twas builded by Christ the Redeemer, For all of His chil-dren true.
The walls that en-cir-cle, of jas - per; The gates are of pearl, we are told.
And death shall not enter the por-tals, Of that beautiful home in the skies.



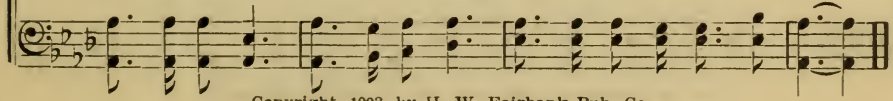
CHORUS.



Up in the blue, the beautiful blue, Jesus, ascending, passed out of view;



Heav-en is there, hid from our sight, Cit - y where never is night.



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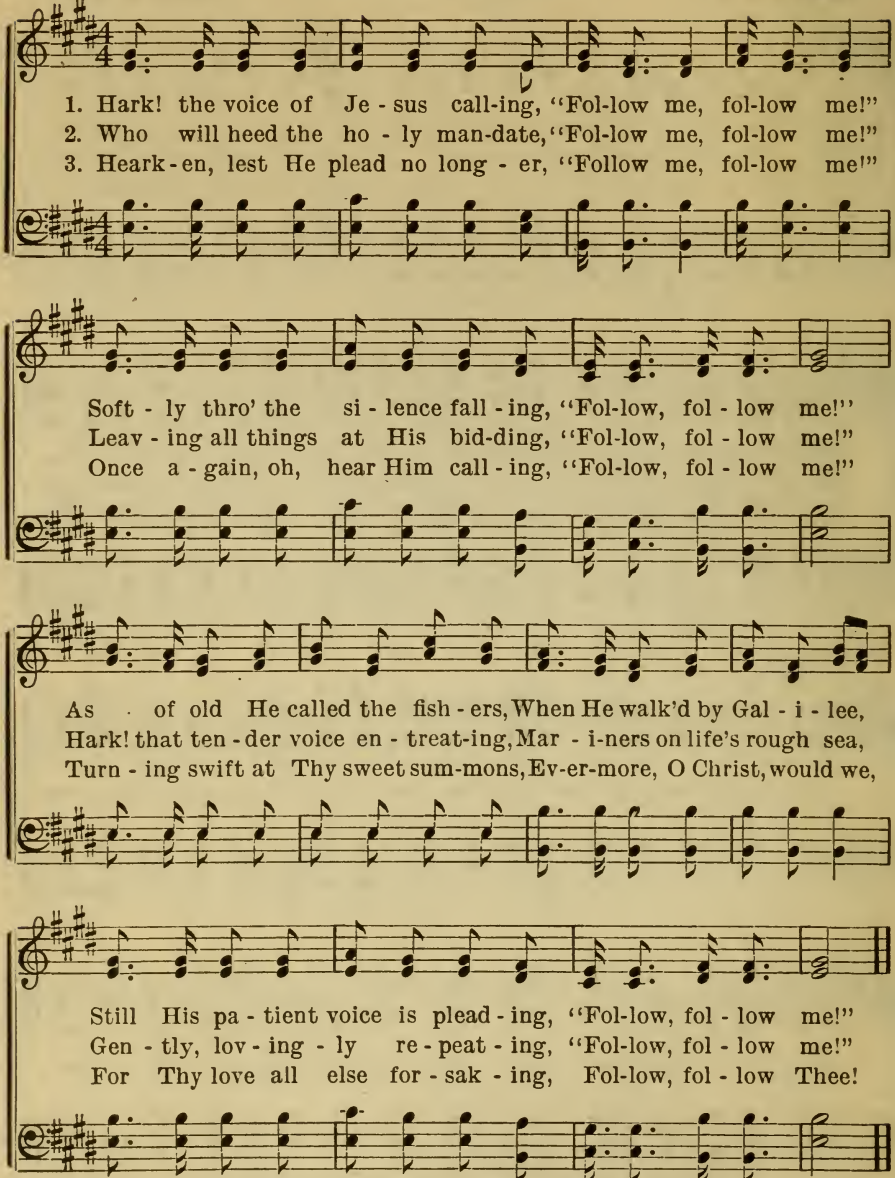
No. 6. "Follow Me.

M. B. SLEIGHT. H. P. PALMER.


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Fol-low me, fol-low me!"
2. Who will heed the ho - ly man-date, "Fol-low me, fol-low me!"
3. Heark - en, lest He plead no long - er, "Follow me, fol-low me!"
Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
Leav - ing all things at His bid-ding, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
Once a - gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
As of old He called the fish - ers, When He walk'd by Gal - i - lee,
Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat-ing, Mar - i-ners on life's rough sea,
Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet sum-mons, Ev-er-more, O Christ, would we,
Still His pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol-low, fol - low Thee!

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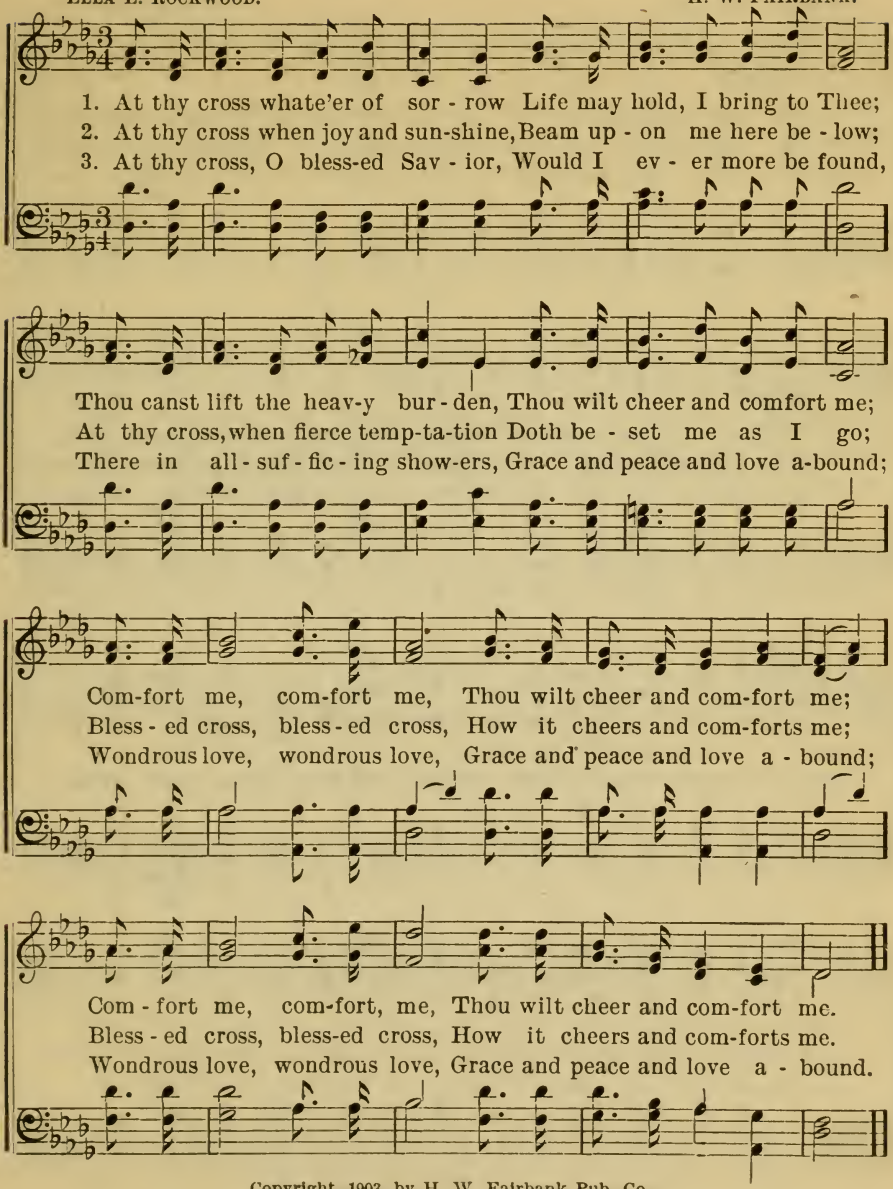
No. 7. At Thy Cross, O Blessed Savior.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. At thy cross whate'er of sor - row Life may hold, I bring to Thee;
2. At thy cross when joy and sun-shine, Beam up - on me here be - low;
3. At thy cross, O bless-ed Sav - ior, Would I ev - er more be found,
Thou canst lift the heav-y bur - den, Thou wilt cheer and comfort me;
At thy cross, when fierce temp-ta-tion Doth be - set me as I go;
There in all - suf - fic - ing show-ers, Grace and peace and love a-bound;
Com-fort me, com-fort me, Thou wilt cheer and com-fort me;
Bless - ed cross, bless - ed cross, How it cheers and com-forts me;
Wondrous love, wondrous love, Grace and peace and love a - bound;
Com - fort me, com-fort, me, Thou wilt cheer and com-fort me.
Bless - ed cross, bless-ed cross, How it cheers and com-forts me.
Wondrous love, wondrous love, Grace and peace and love a - bound.

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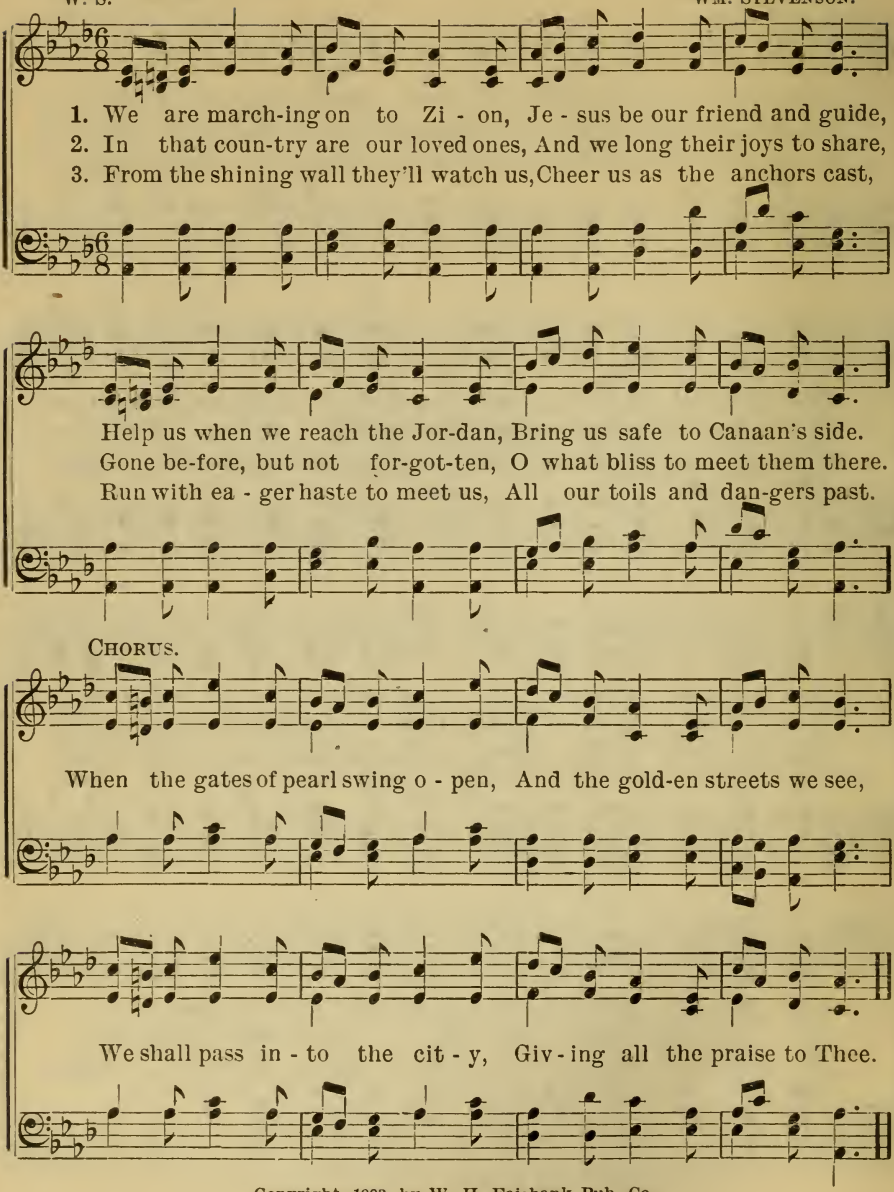
No. 8. Marching On to Zion.

W. S. WM. STEVENSON.


1. We are march-ing on to Zi - on, Je - sus be our friend and guide,
2. In that coun-try are our loved ones, And we long their joys to share,
3. From the shining wall they'll watch us, Cheer us as the anchors cast,
Help us when we reach the Jor-dan, Bring us safe to Canaan's side.
Gone be-fore, but not for-got-ten, O what bliss to meet them there.
Run with ea - ger haste to meet us, All our toils and dan-gers past.
CHORUS.
When the gates of pearl swing o - pen, And the gold-en streets we see,
We shall pass in - to the cit - y, Giv - ing all the praise to Thee.

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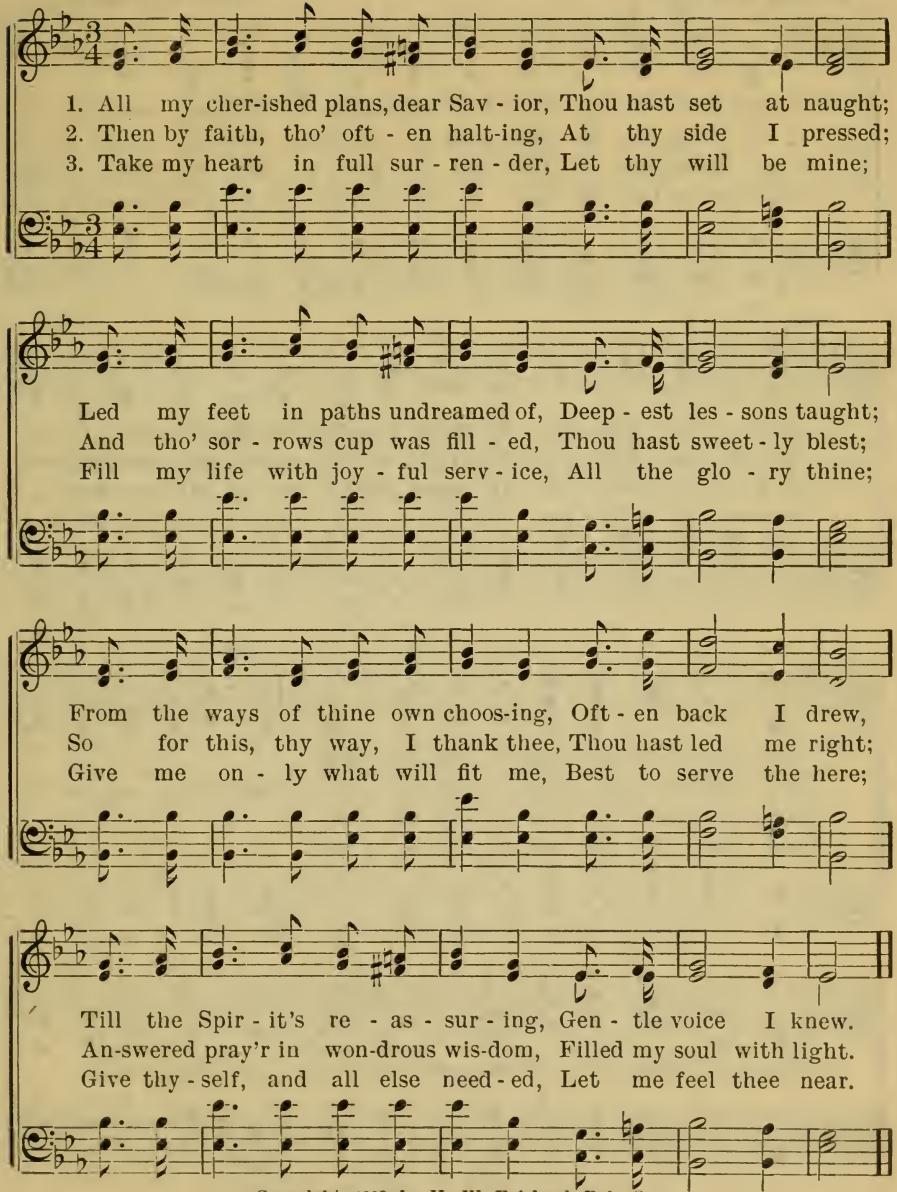
No. 9. My Surrender.

HATTIE T. HUGHES. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. All my cher-ished plans, dear Sav - ior, Thou hast set at naught;
2. Then by faith, tho' oft - en halt-ing, At thy side I pressed;
3. Take my heart in full sur - ren - der, Let thy will be mine;
Led my feet in paths undreamed of, Deep - est les - sons taught;
And tho' sor - rows cup was fill - ed, Thou hast sweet - ly blest;
Fill my life with joy - ful serv - ice, All the glo - ry thine;
From the ways of thine own choos-ing, Oft - en back I drew,
So for this, thy way, I thank thee, Thou hast led me right;
Give me on - ly what will fit me, Best to serve the here;
Till the Spir - it's re - as - sur - ing, Gen - tle voice I knew.
An-swered pray'r in won-drous wis-dom, Filled my soul with light.
Give thy - self, and all else need - ed, Let me feel thee near.

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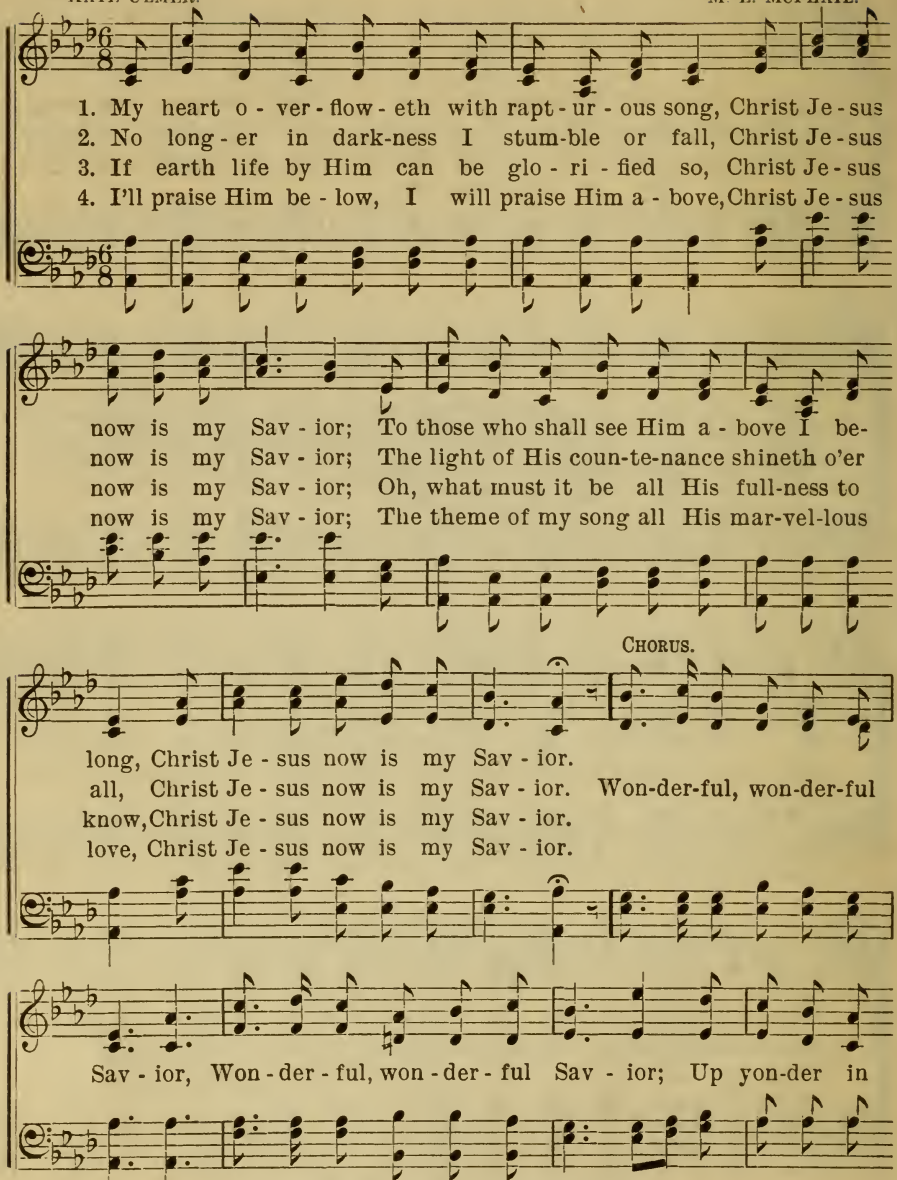
No. 10. My Heart Overfloweth.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. My heart o - ver - flow - eth with rapt - ur - ous song, Christ Je - sus
2. No long - er in dark-ness I stum-ble or fall, Christ Je - sus
3. If earth life by Him can be glo - ri - fied so, Christ Je - sus
4. I'll praise Him be - low, I will praise Him a - bove, Christ Je - sus
now is my Sav - ior; To those who shall see Him a - bove I be-
now is my Sav - ior; The light of His coun-te-nance shineth o'er
now is my Sav - ior; Oh, what must it be all His full-ness to
now is my Sav - ior; The theme of my song all His mar-vel-lous
CHORUS.
long, Christ Je - sus now is my Sav - ior.
all, Christ Je - sus now is my Sav - ior. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful
know, Christ Je - sus now is my Sav - ior.
love, Christ Je - sus now is my Sav - ior.
Sav - ior, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior; Up yon-der in

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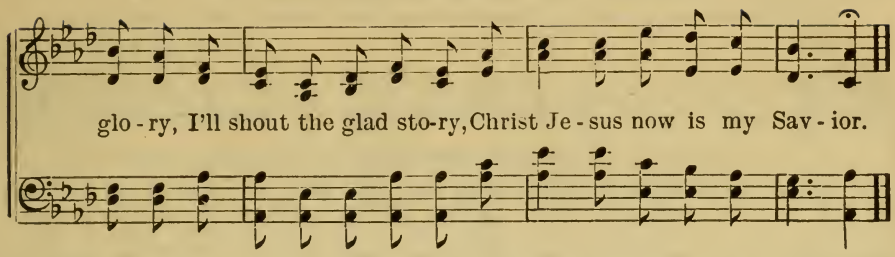
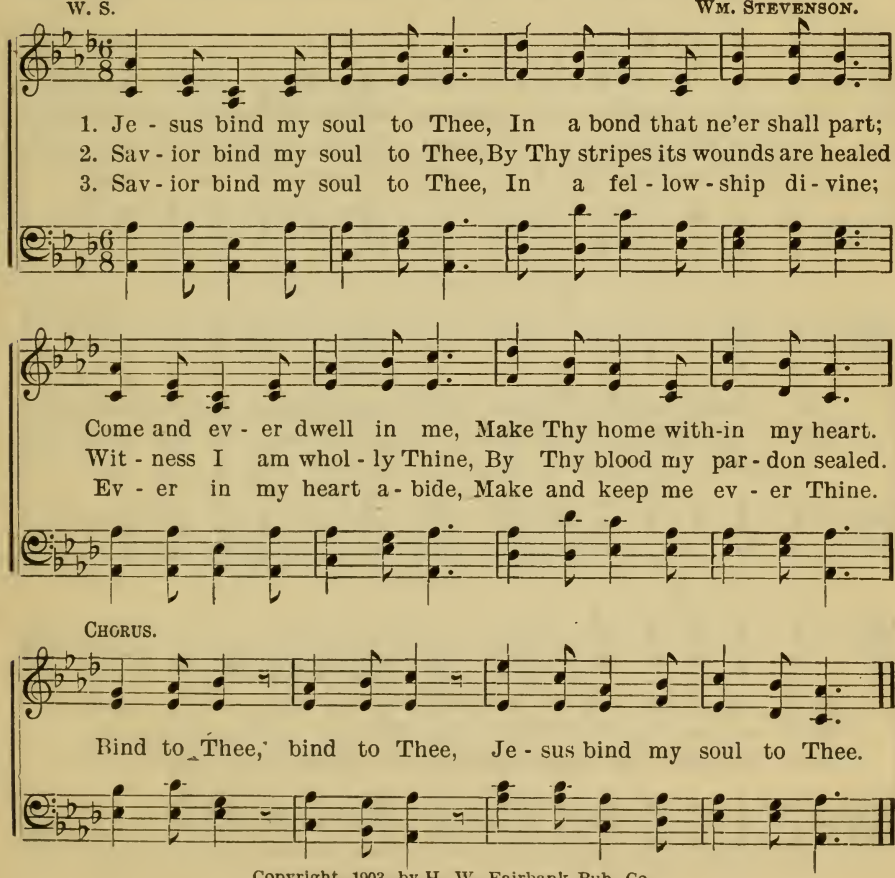


No. 11. Jesus Bind My Soul To Thee.

W. S. WM. STEVENSON.


1. Je - sus bind my soul to Thee, In a bond that ne'er shall part;
2. Sav - ior bind my soul to Thee, By Thy stripes its wounds are healed
3. Sav - ior bind my soul to Thee, In a fel - low - ship di - vine;
Come and ev - er dwell in me, Make Thy home with-in my heart.
Wit - ness I am whol - ly Thine, By Thy blood my par - don sealed.
Ev - er in my heart a - bide, Make and keep me ev - er Thine.
CHORUS.
Bind to Thee, bind to Thee, Je - sus bind my soul to Thee.

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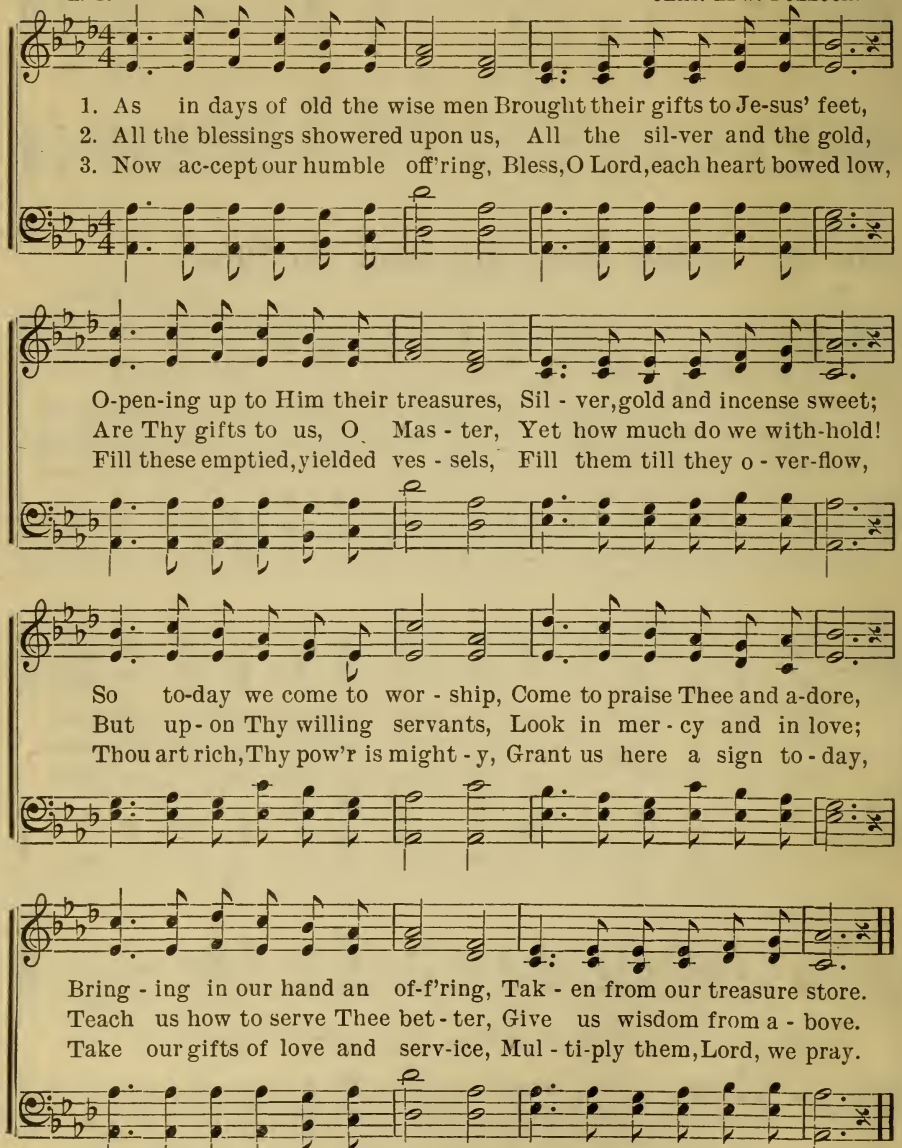
No. 12. Our Offering.

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts."—Matt. 2: 11.

L. T. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. As in days of old the wise men Brought their gifts to Je-sus' feet,
2. All the blessings showered upon us, All the sil-ver and the gold,
3. Now ac-cept our humble off'ring, Bless, O Lord, each heart bowed low,
O-pen-ing up to Him their treasures, Sil - ver, gold and incense sweet;
Are Thy gifts to us, O Mas - ter, Yet how much do we with-hold!
Fill these emptied, yielded ves - sels, Fill them till they o - ver-flow,
So to-day we come to wor - ship, Come to praise Thee and a-dore,
But up - on Thy willing servants, Look in mer - cy and in love;
Thou art rich, Thy pow'r is might - y, Grant us here a sign to - day,
Bring - ing in our hand an of-f'ring, Tak - en from our treasure store.
Teach us how to serve Thee bet - ter, Give us wisdom from a - bove.
Take our gifts of love and serv-ice, Mul - ti-ply them, Lord, we pray.

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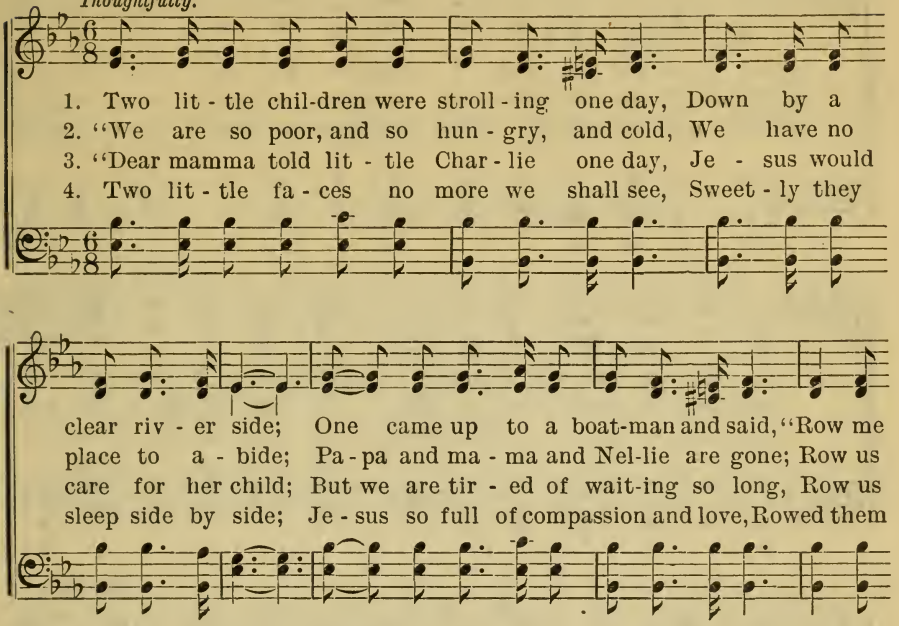
No. 13. Row Me Over the Tide.

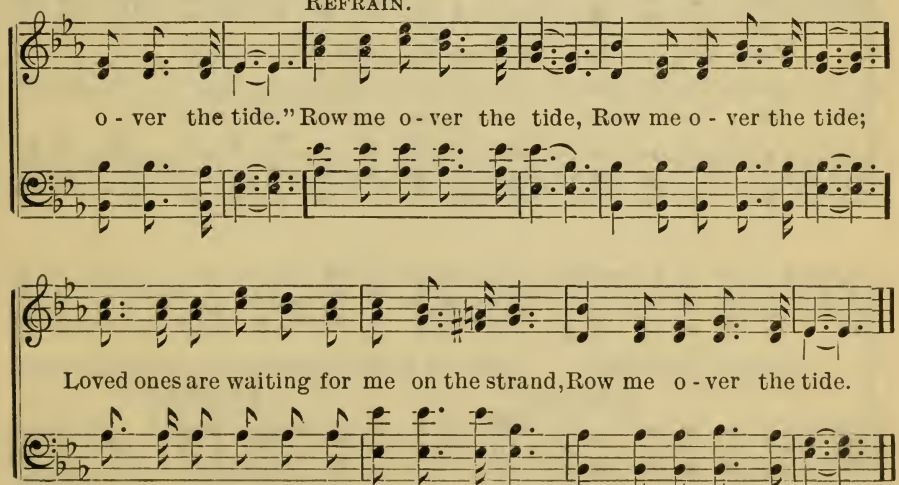
(From an incident occurring in one of the Southern States during the yellow fever.)

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

Thoughtfully.


1. Two lit - tle chil-dren were stroll - ing one day, Down by a
2. "We are so poor, and so hun - gry, and cold, We have no
3. "Dear mamma told lit - tle Char - lie one day, Je - sus would
4. Two lit - tle fa - ces no more we shall see, Sweet - ly they
clear riv - er side; One came up to a boat-man and said, "Row me
place to a - bide; Pa - pa and ma - ma and Nel-lie are gone; Row us
care for her child; But we are tir - ed of wait-ing so long, Row us
sleep side by side; Je - sus so full of compassion and love, Rowed them

Refrain.



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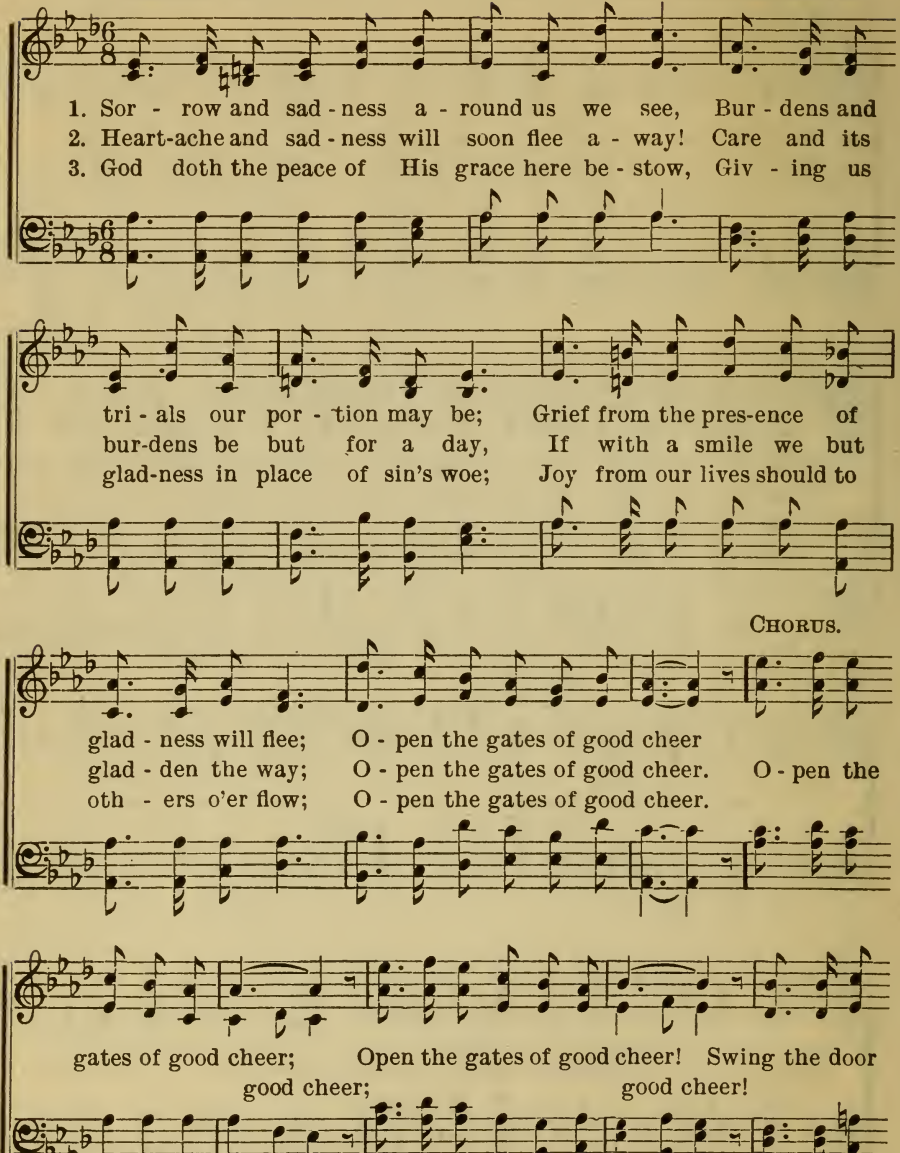
No. 14. Open the Gates of Good Cheer.

F. S. SHEPARD. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. Sor - row and sad - ness a - round us we see, Bur - dens and
2. Heart-ache and sad - ness will soon flee a - way! Care and its
3. God doth the peace of His grace here be - stow, Giv - ing us
tri - als our por - tion may be; Grief from the pres-ence of
bur-dens be but for a day, If with a smile we but
glad-ness in place of sin's woe; Joy from our lives should to
CHORUS.
glad - ness will flee; O - pen the gates of good cheer
glad - den the way; O - pen the gates of good cheer. O - pen the
oth - ers o'er flow; O - pen the gates of good cheer.
gates of good cheer; Open the gates of good cheer! Swing the door
good cheer; good cheer!

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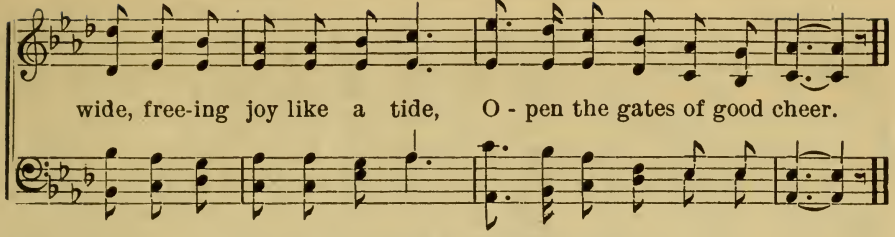
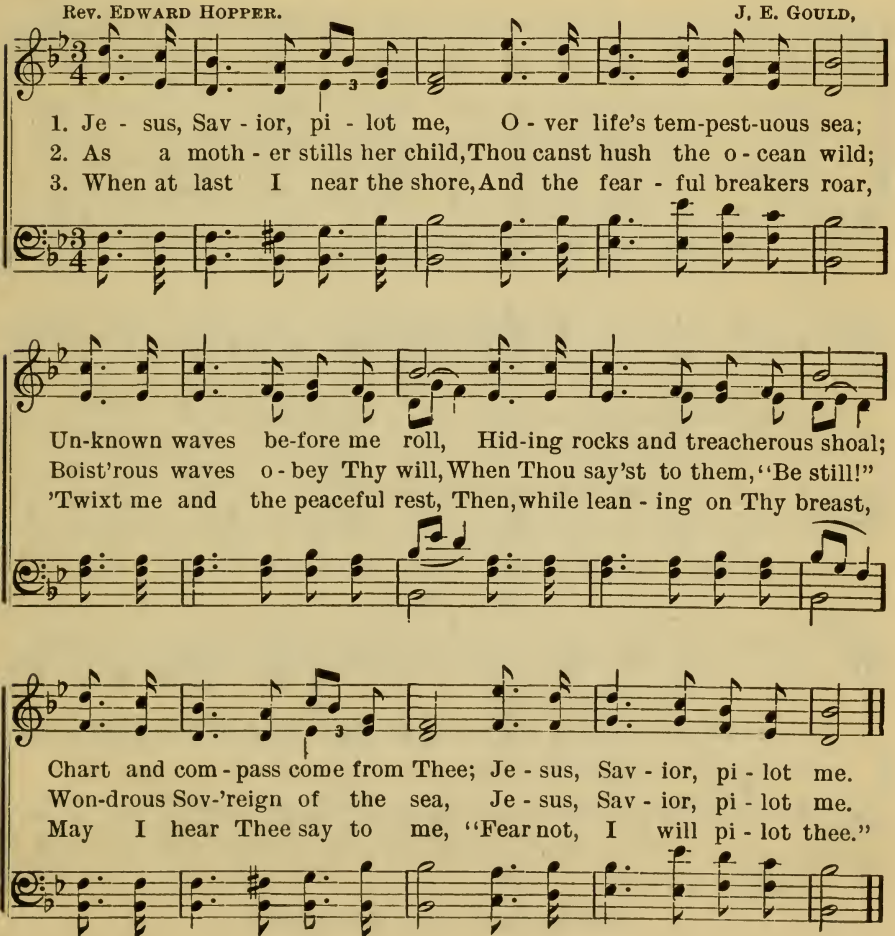
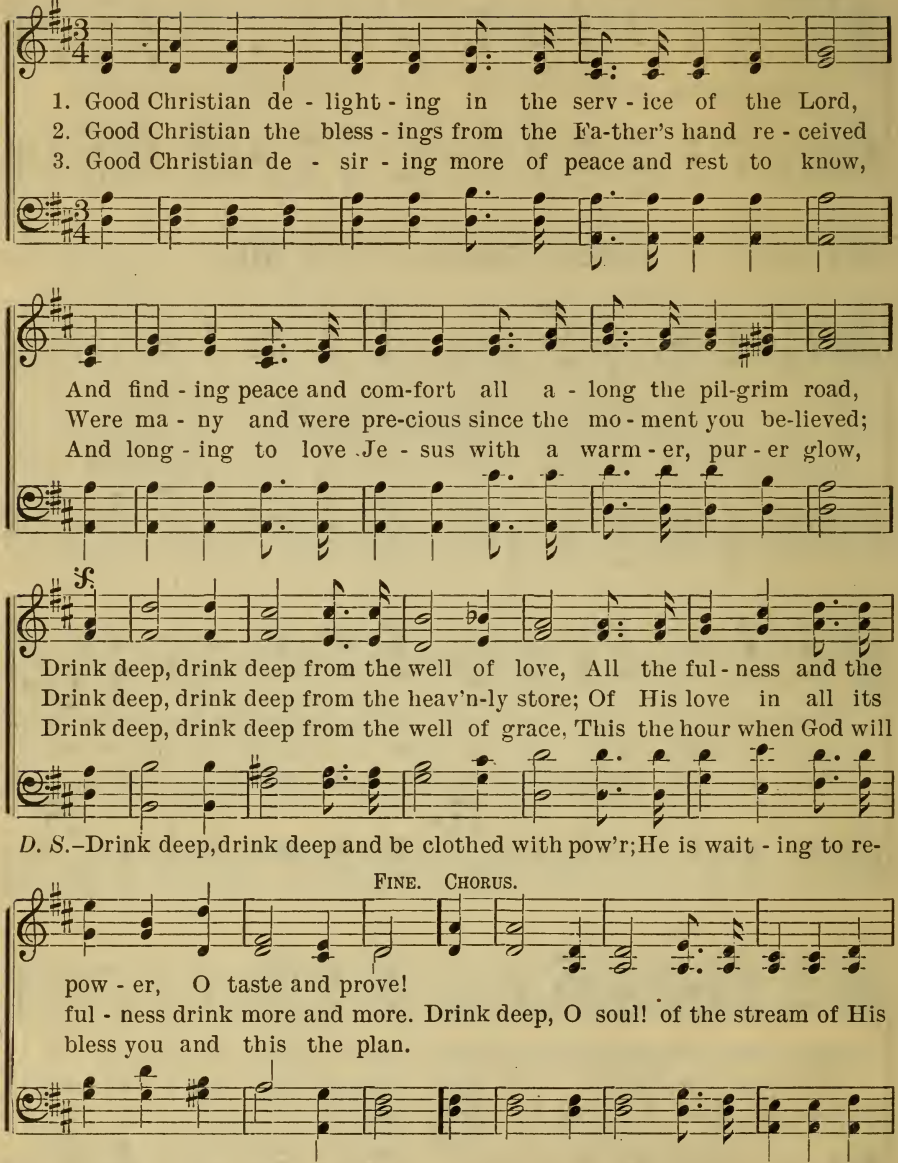


No. 15. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 16. Drink Deep, O Soul.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Good Christian de - light - ing in the serv - ice of the Lord,
2. Good Christian the bless - ings from the Fa-ther's hand re - ceived
3. Good Christian de - sir - ing more of peace and rest to know,
And find - ing peace and com-fort all a - long the pil-grim road,
Were ma - ny and were pre-cious since the mo - ment you be-lieved;
And long - ing to love Je - sus with a warm - er, pur - er glow,
Drink deep, drink deep from the well of love, All the ful - ness and the
Drink deep, drink deep from the heav'n-ly store; Of His love in all its
Drink deep, drink deep from the well of grace. This the hour when God will
D. S.–Drink deep, drink deep and be clothed with pow'r; He is wait - ing to re-
Fine. Chorus.
pow - er, O taste and prove!
ful - ness drink more and more. Drink deep, O soul! of the stream of His
bless you and this the plan.
fresh you this ver - y hour.

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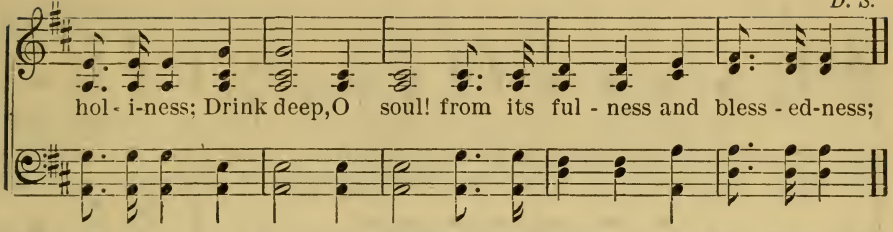
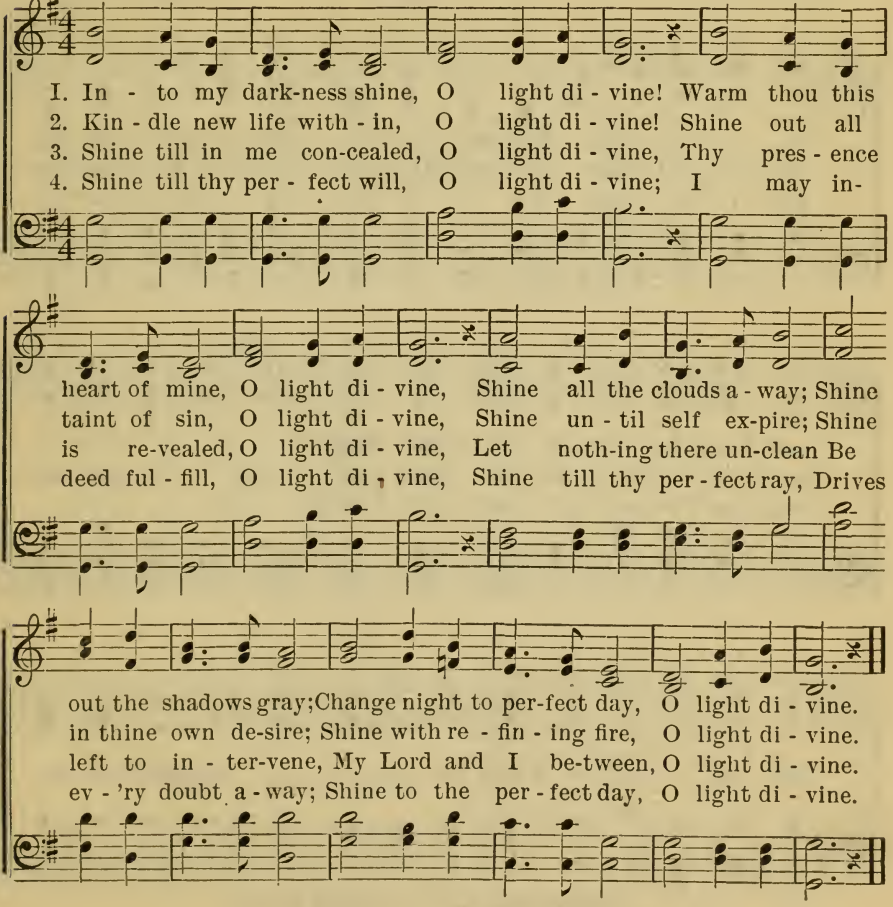
D. S.



No. 17. Light Divine.

JENNIE REE. C. H. GABRIEL.


I. In - to my dark-ness shine, O light di - vine! Warm thou this
2. Kin - dle new life with - in, O light di - vine! Shine out all
3. Shine till in me con-cealed, O light di - vine, Thy pres - ence
4. Shine till thy per - fect will, O light di - vine; I may in-
heart of mine, O light di - vine, Shine all the clouds a - way; Shine
taint of sin, O light di - vine, Shine un - til self ex-pire; Shine
is re-vealed, O light di - vine, Let noth-ing there un-clean Be
deed ful - fill, O light di - vine, Shine till thy per - fect ray, Drives
out the shadows gray; Change night to per-fect day, O light di - vine.
in thine own de-sire; Shine with re - fin - ing fire, O light di - vine.
left to in - ter-vene, My Lord and I be-tween, O light di - vine.
ev - 'ry doubt a - way; Shine to the per - fect day, O light di - vine.

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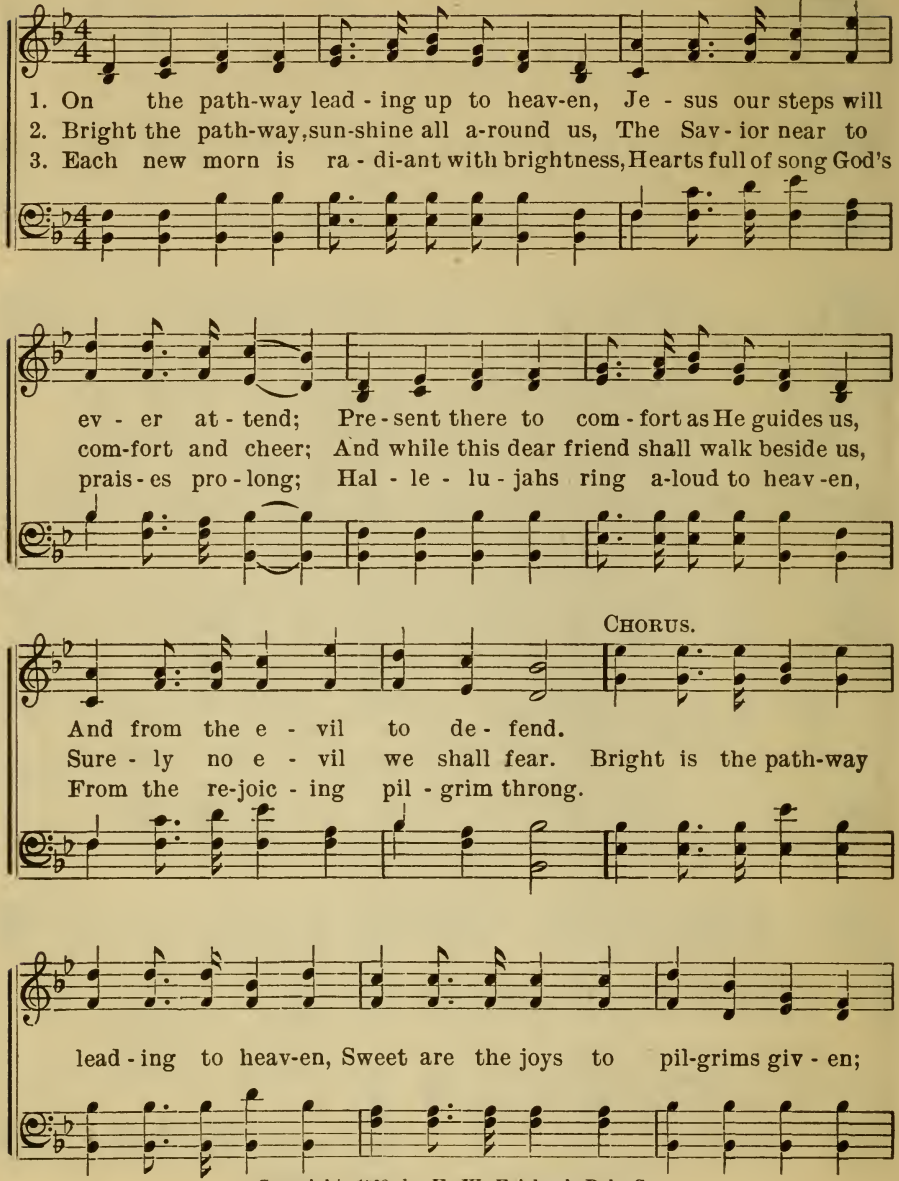
No. 18. Bright Is The Pathway.

E. A. H. Rev ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. On the path-way lead - ing up to heav-en, Je - sus our steps will
2. Bright the path-way, sun-shine all a-round us, The Sav - ior near to
3. Each new morn is ra - di-ant with brightness, Hearts full of song God's
ev - er at - tend; Pre - sent there to com - fort as He guides us,
com-fort and cheer; And while this dear friend shall walk beside us,
prais - es pro - long; Hal - le - lu - jahs ring a-loud to heav-en,
CHORUS.
And from the e - vil to de - fend.
Sure - ly no e - vil we shall fear. Bright is the path-way
From the re-joic - ing pil - grim throng.
lead - ing to heav-en, Sweet are the joys to pil-grims giv - en;

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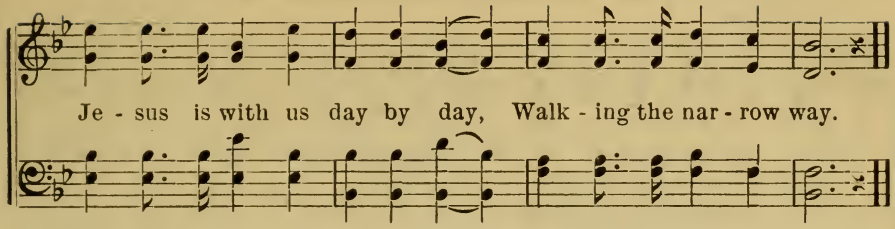
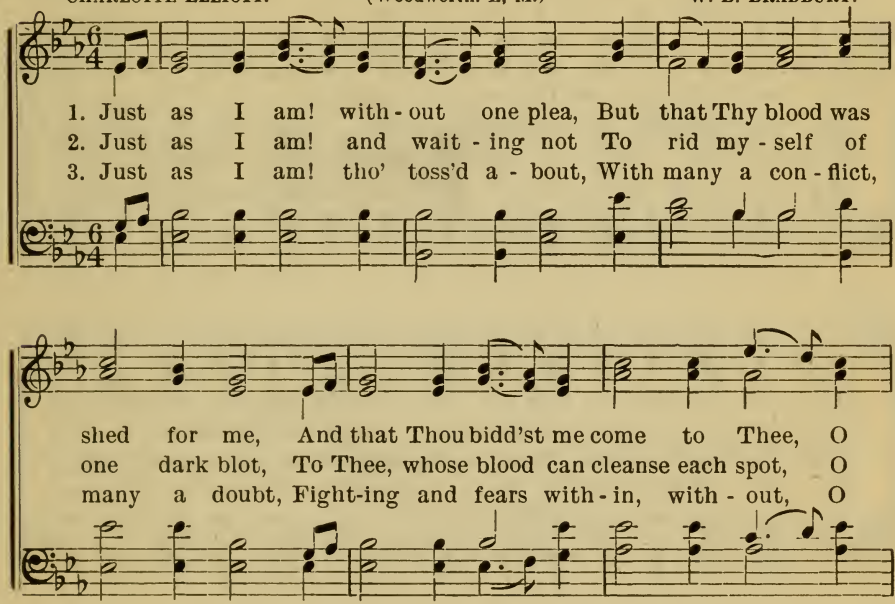
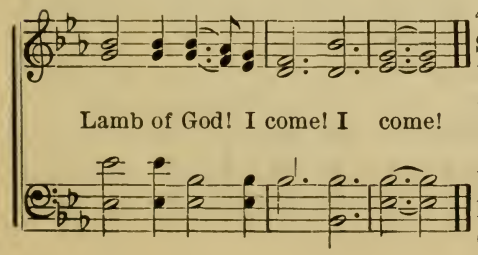


No. 19. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (Woodworth. L, M.) W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my - self of
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout, With many a con - flict,
shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O
one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O
many a doubt, Fight-ing and fears with - in, with - out, O

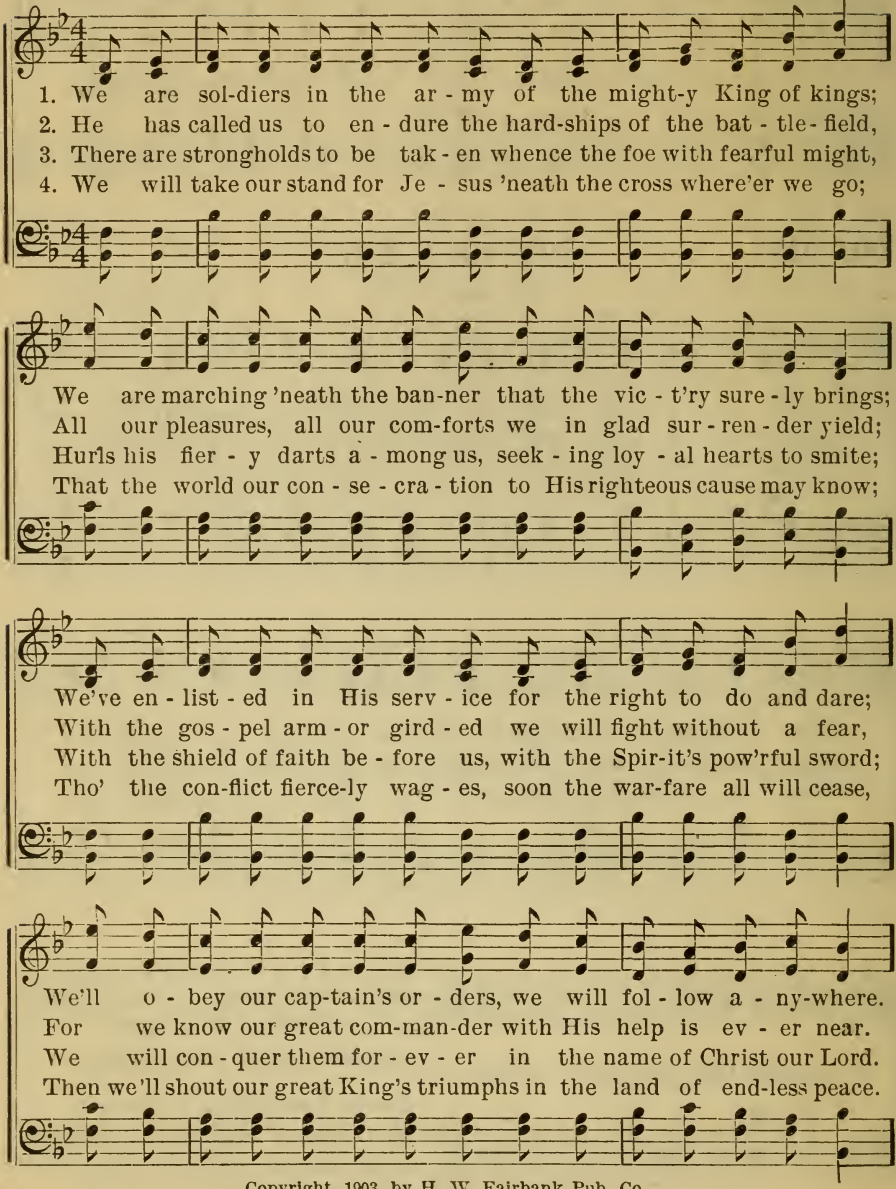


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 20. Christian Volunteers.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.


1. We are sol-diers in the ar - my of the might-y King of kings;
2. He has called us to en - dure the hard-ships of the bat - tle - field,
3. There are strongholds to be tak - en whence the foe with fearful might,
4. We will take our stand for Je - sus 'neath the cross where'er we go;
We are marching 'neath the ban-ner that the vic - t'ry sure - ly brings;
All our pleasures, all our com-forts we in glad sur - ren - der yield;
Hurls his fier - y darts a - mong us, seek - ing loy - al hearts to smite;
That the world our con - se - cra - tion to His righteous cause may know;
We've en - list - ed in His serv - ice for the right to do and dare;
With the gos - pel arm - or gird - ed we will fight without a fear,
With the shield of faith be - fore us, with the Spir-it's pow'rful sword;
Tho' the con-flict fierce-ly wag - es, soon the war-fare all will cease,
We'll o - bey our cap-tain's or - ders, we will fol - low a - ny-where.
For we know our great com-man-der with His help is ev - er near.
We will con - quer them for - ev - er in the name of Christ our Lord.
Then we'll shout our great King's triumphs in the land of end-less peace.

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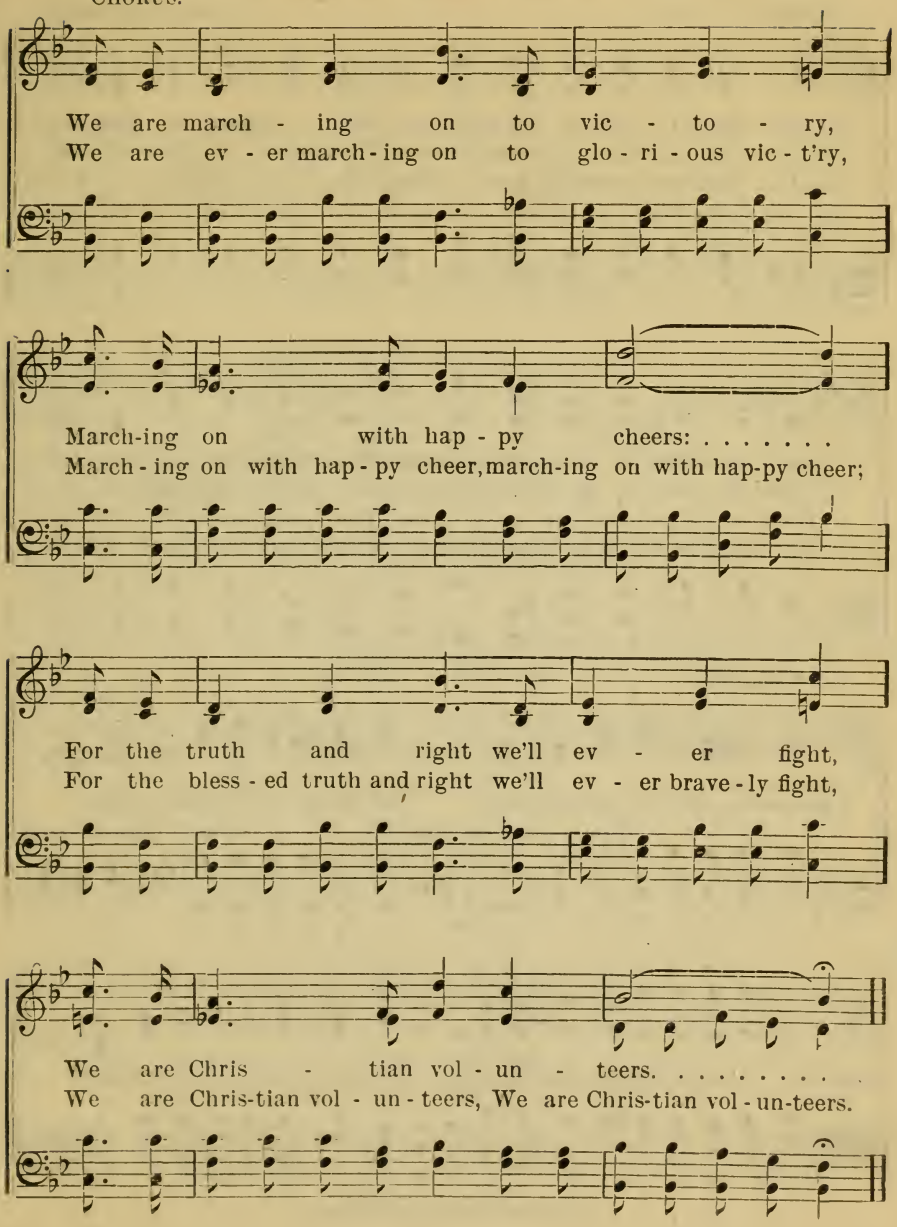
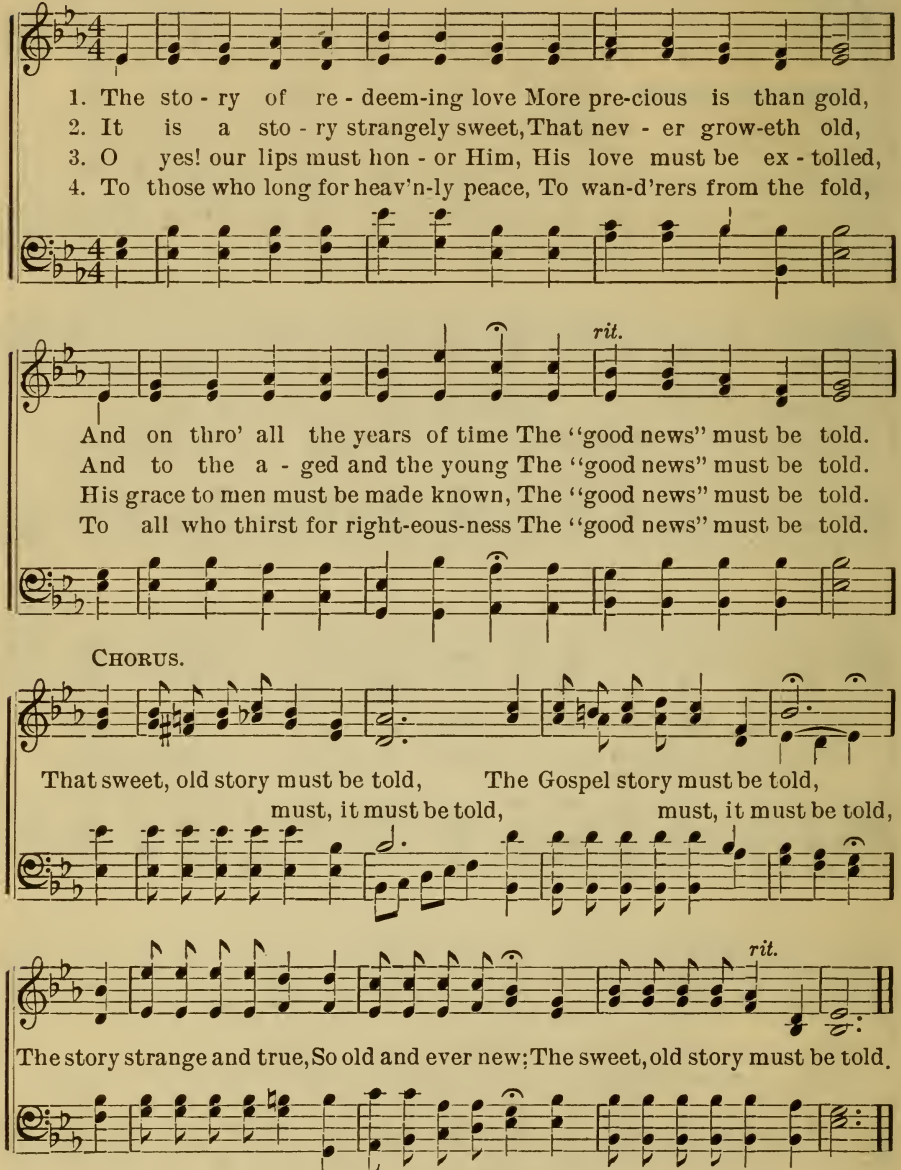
Christian Volunteers. Concluded.

CHORUS.


We are march - ing on to vic - to - ry,
We are ev - er march - ing on to glo - ri - ous vic - t'ry,
March-ing on with hap - py cheers: . . . . . .
March - ing on with hap - py cheer, march-ing on with hap-py cheer;
For the truth and right we'll ev - er fight,
For the bless - ed truth and right we'll ev - er brave - ly fight,
We are Chris - tian vol - un - teers. . . . . .
We are Chris-tian vol - un - teers, We are Chris-tian vol - un-teers.

No. 21. The "Good News" Must be Told.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. The sto - ry of re - deem-ing love More pre-cious is than gold,
2. It is a sto - ry strangely sweet, That nev - er grow-eth old,
3. O yes! our lips must hon - or Him, His love must be ex - tolled,
4. To those who long for heav'n-ly peace, To wan-d'rers from the fold,
rit.
And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
To all who thirst for right-eous-ness The "good news" must be told.
CHORUS.
That sweet, old story must be told, The Gospel story must be told,
must, it must be told, must, it must be told,
rit.
The story strange and true, So old and ever new; The sweet, old story must be told.

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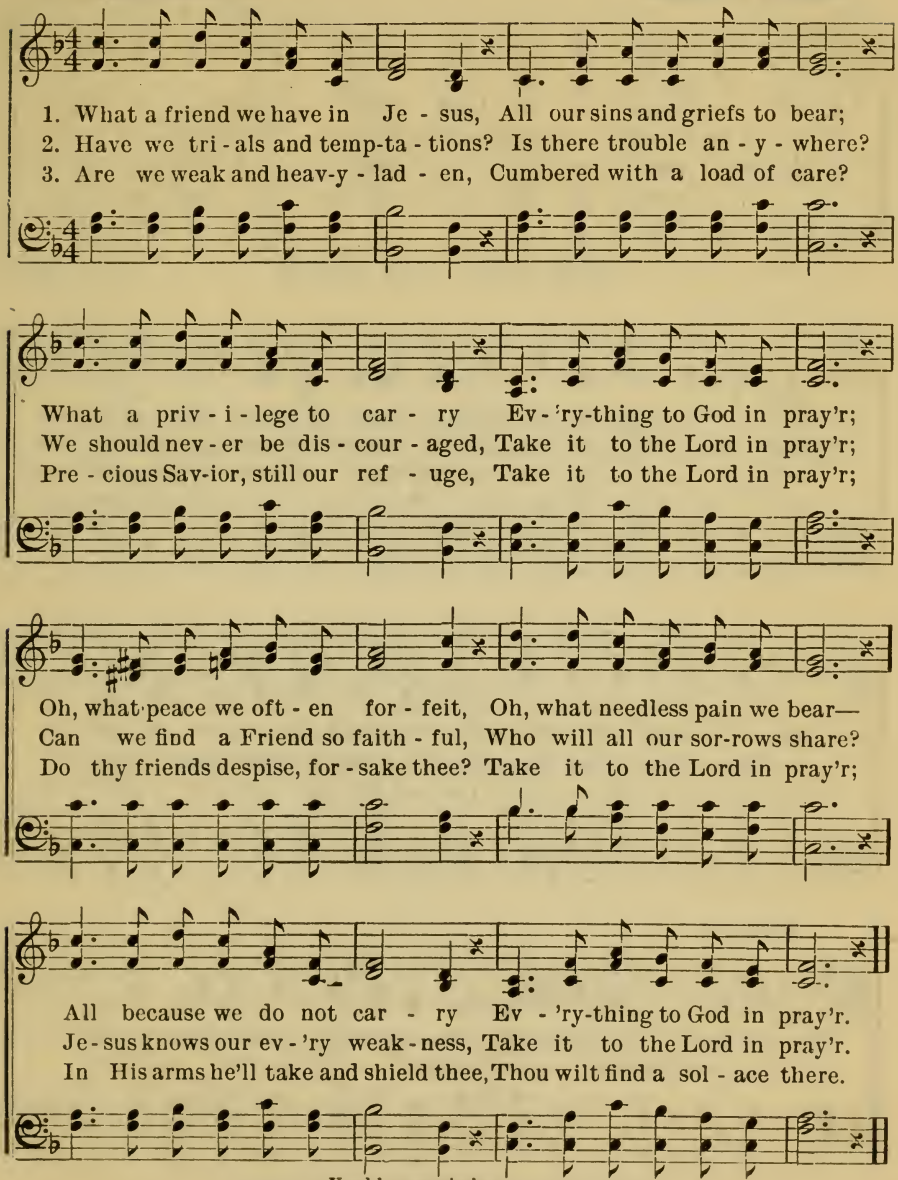
No. 22. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r;
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

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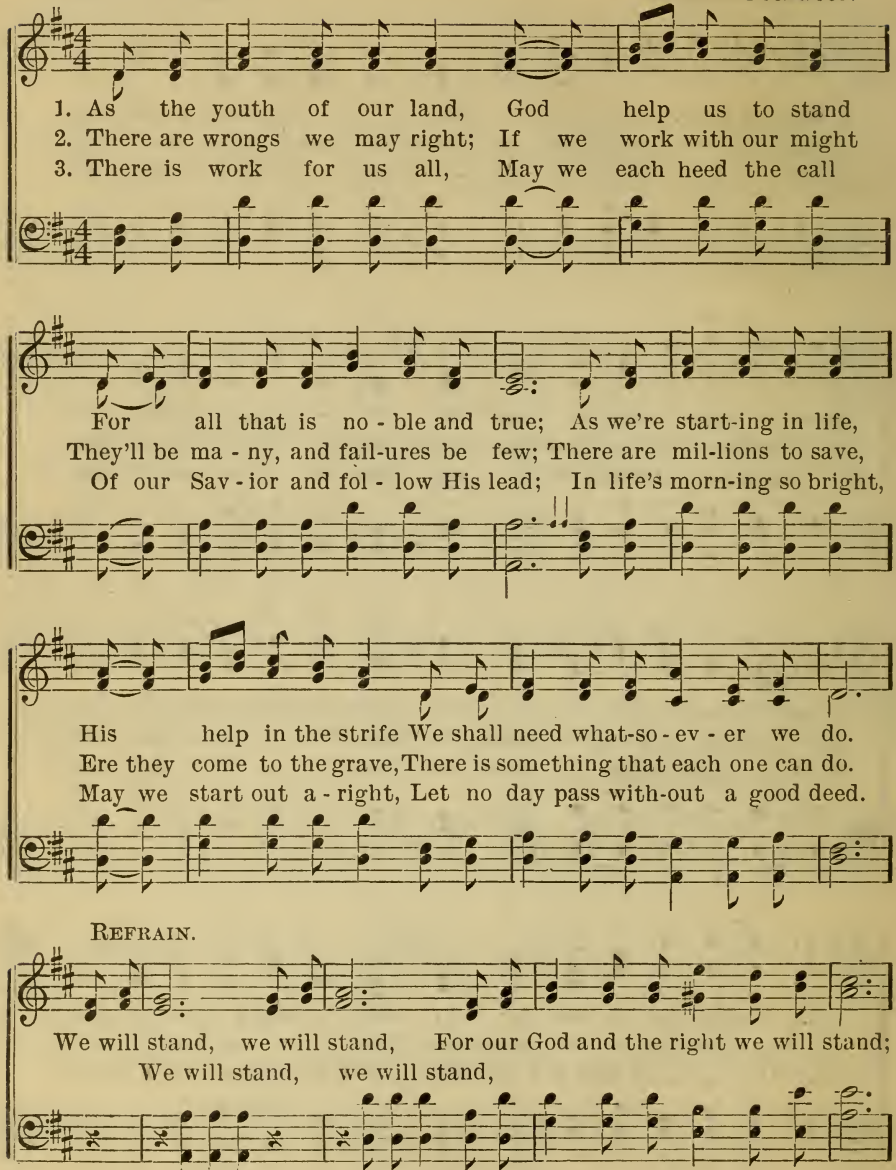
No. 23. The Youth of Our Land.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. MRS. ELLA ROCKWOOD.


1. As the youth of our land, God help us to stand
2. There are wrongs we may right; If we work with our might
3. There is work for us all, May we each heed the call
For all that is no - ble and true; As we're start-ing in life,
They'll be ma - ny, and fail-ures be few; There are mil-lions to save,
Of our Sav - ior and fol - low His lead; In life's morn-ing so bright,
His help in the strife We shall need what-so - ev - er we do.
Ere they come to the grave, There is something that each one can do.
May we start out a - right, Let no day pass with-out a good deed.
REFRAIN.
We will stand, we will stand, For our God and the right we will stand;
We will stand, we will stand,

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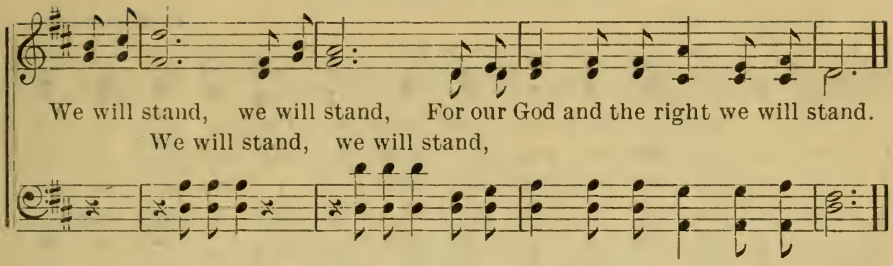
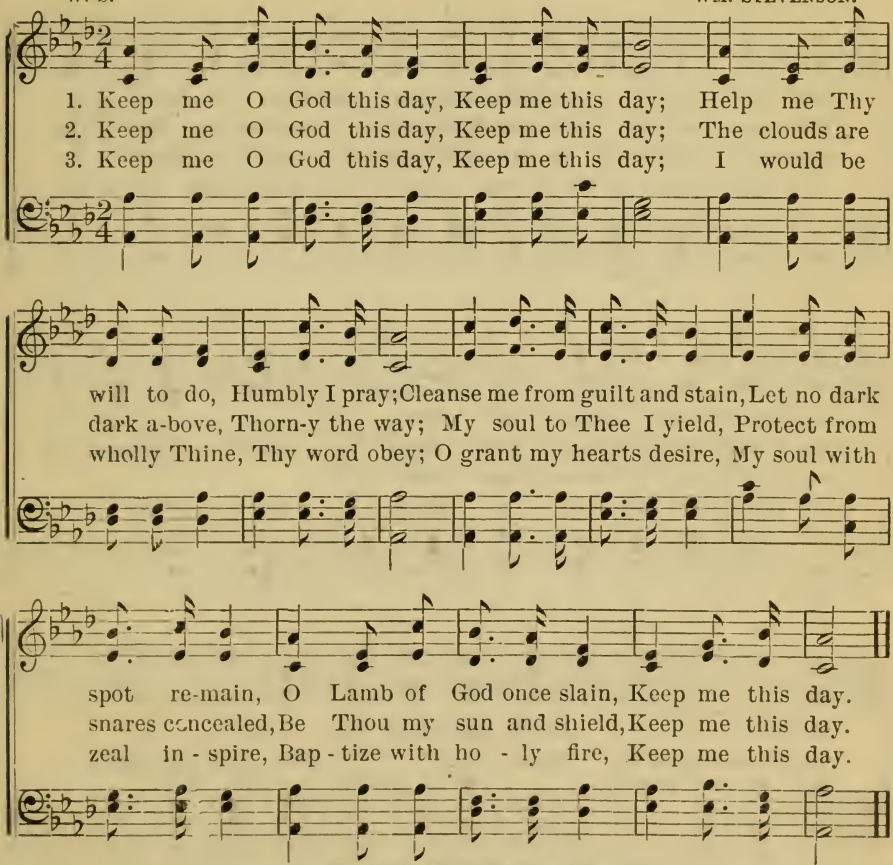


No. 24. Keep Me This Day.

W. S. Wm. Stevenson.


1. Keep me O God this day, Keep me this day; Help me Thy
2. Keep me O God this day, Keep me this day; The clouds are
3. Keep me O God this day, Keep me this day; I would be
will to do, Humbly I pray; Cleanse me from guilt and stain, Let no dark
dark a-bove, Thorn-y the way; My soul to Thee I yield, Protect from
wholly Thine, Thy word obey; O grant my hearts desire, My soul with
spot re-main, O Lamb of God once slain, Keep me this day.
snares concealed, Be Thou my sun and shield, Keep me this day.
zeal in - spire, Bap - tize with ho - ly fire, Keep me this day.

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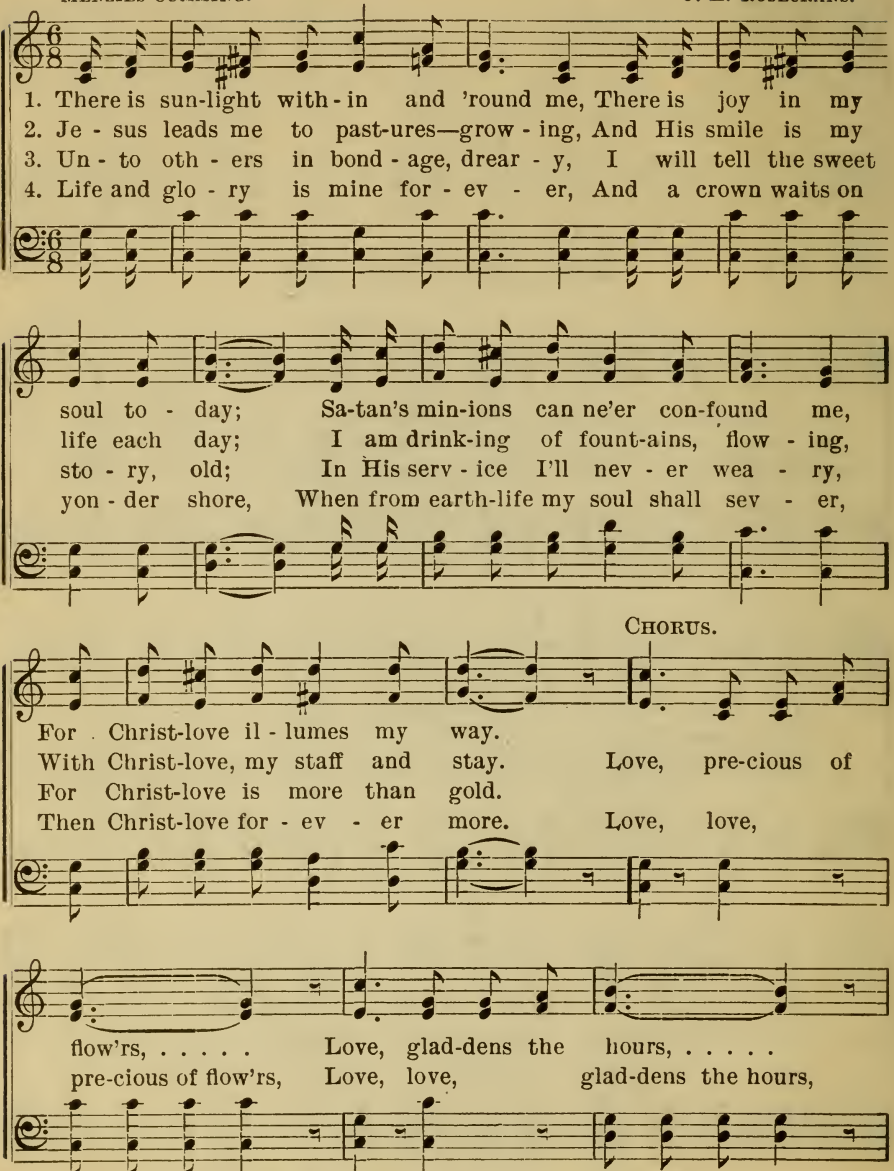
No. 25. Christ-Love.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. There is sun-light with - in and 'round me, There is joy in my soul to - day; Sa-tan's min-ions can ne'er con-found me,
2. Je - sus leads me to past-ures—grow - ing, And His smile is my life each day; I am drink-ing of fount-ains, flow - ing,
3. Un - to oth - ers in bond - age, drear - y, I will tell the sweet sto - ry, old; In His serv - ice I'll nev - er wea - ry,
4. Life and glo - ry is mine for - ev - er, And a crown waits on yon - der shore, When from earth-life my soul shall sev - er,
CHORUS.
For Christ-love il - lumes my way.
With Christ-love, my staff and stay. Love, pre-cious of
For Christ-love is more than gold.
Then Christ-love for - ev - er more. Love, love,
flow'rs, ... Love, glad-dens the hours, ...
pre-cious of flow'rs, Love, love, glad-dens the hours,

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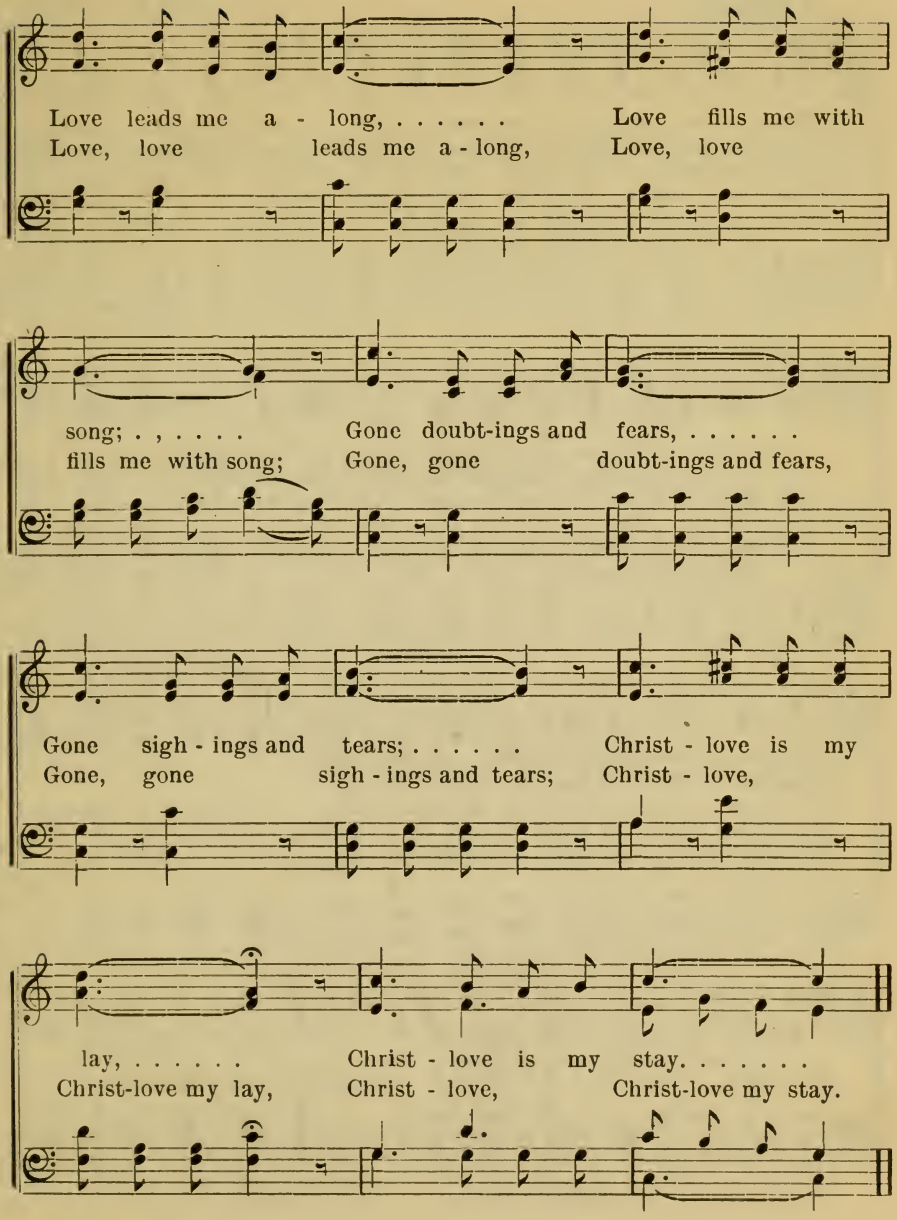
Christ-Love. Concluded.


Love leads me a - long, ... Love fills me with
Love, love leads me a - long, Love, love
song; . , ... Gone doubt-ings and fears, ...
fills me with song; Gone, gone doubt-ings and fears,
Gone sigh - ings and tears; . . . . . Christ - love is my
Gone, gone sigh - ings and tears; Christ - love,
lay, ... Christ - love is my stay. . . . . .
Christ-love my lay, Christ - love, Christ-love my stay.

No. 26. Always a Welcome from the Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. K. Langley.

Quartet.

1. There's a wel - come from the Sav - ior for the con-trite heart and meek,
2. When we come with bit - ter sor-row for the sin's that pierced His heart,
3. When we come in full sur - ren-der to our ris - en, reign-ing King,
4. When we turn to Him for comfort,'mid the dai - ly toil and care,
5. When we reach the pear - ly por-tals of the home be-yond the sky,

Semi-Chorus. Quartet.

Al - ways a welcome from the Sav - ior; And how bless - ed is the
Al - ways a welcome from the Sav - ior; He will give the oil of
Al - ways a welcome from the Sav - ior; He will clothe us with fair
Al - ways a welcome from the Sav - ior; He will put His arm a-
Al - ways a welcome from the Sav - ior; He will give us hap - py

Semi-Chorus.

prom-ise, we shall find Him, if we seek.
glad-ness, He will bid our fears de - part.
rai-ment— give the feast, the smile the ring. Al - ways a we-lcome
round us, and our heav - y bur - dens bear.
en - trance to the Cit - y built on high.

Refrain.

from the Sav - ior! Al - ways a wel-come, a warm, lov - ing wel-come,

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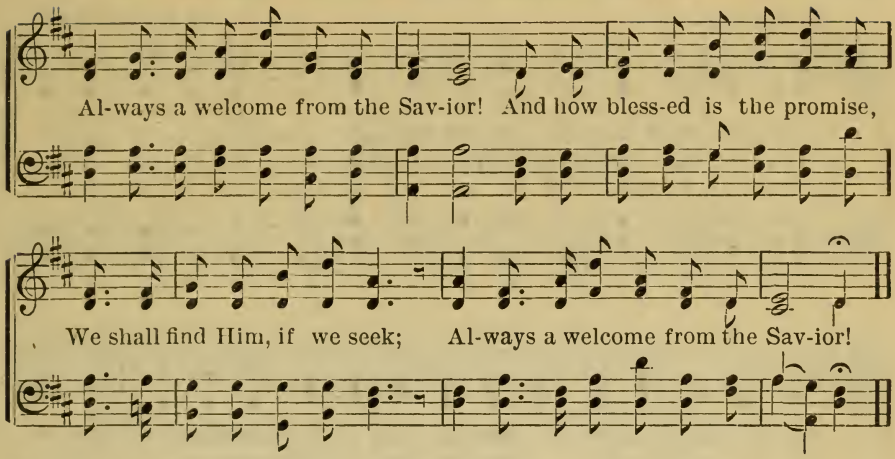
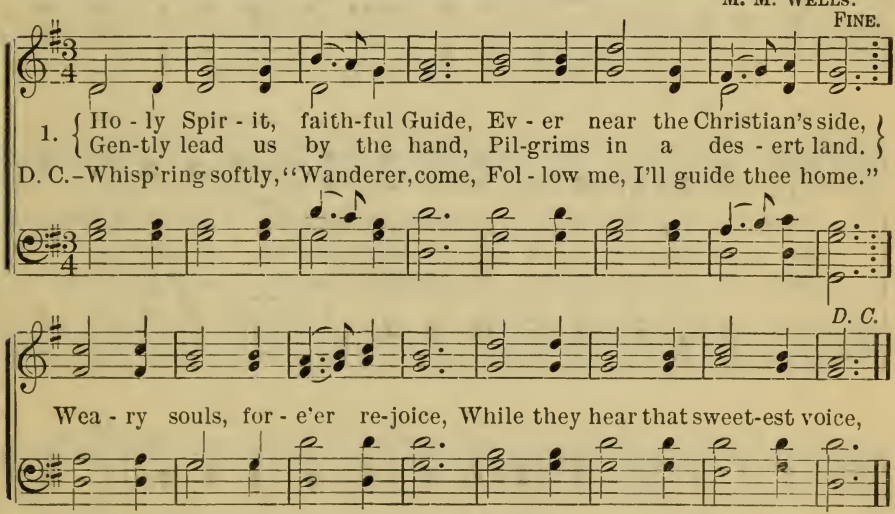

Al-ways a welcome from the Sav-ior! And how bless-ed is the promise,
We shall find Him, if we seek; Al-ways a welcome from the Sav-ior!

No. 27. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

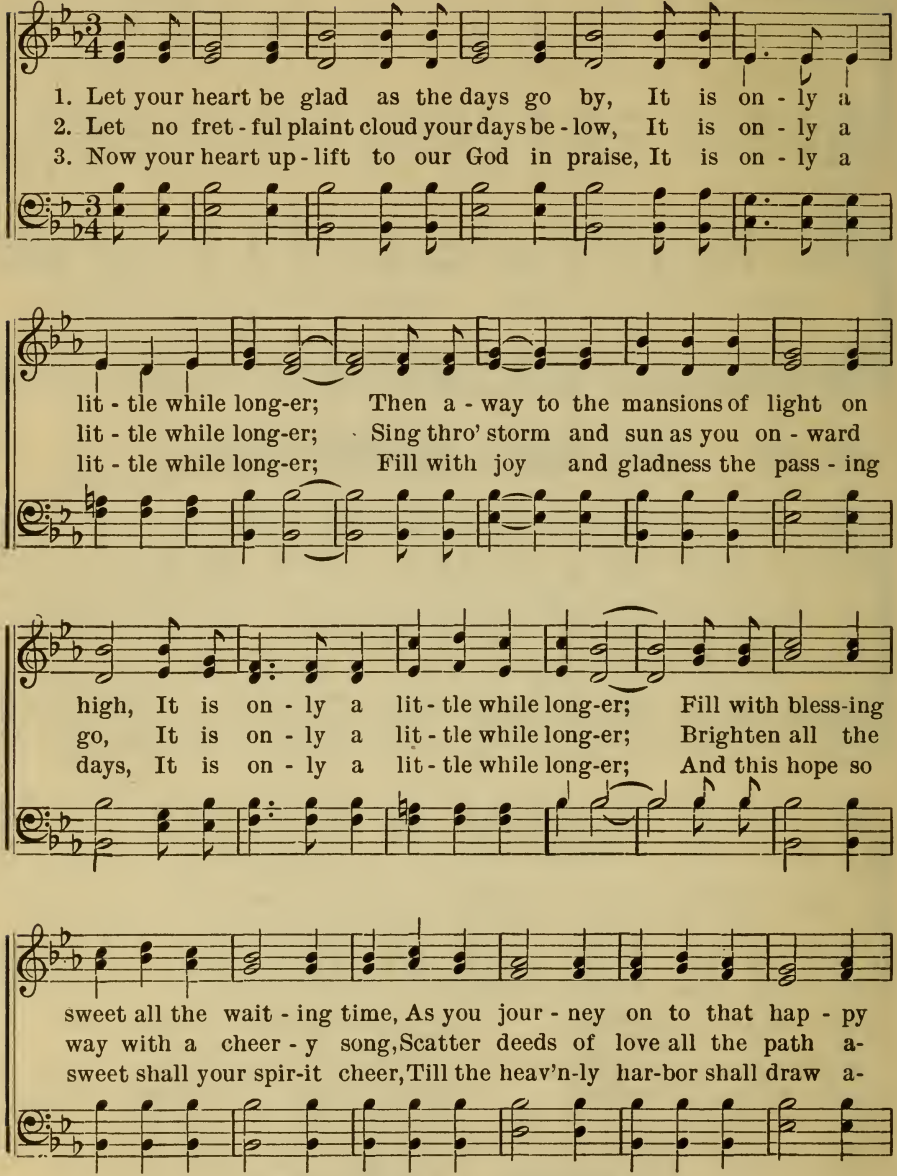

FINE.
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. }
D. C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wanderer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D. C.
Wea - ry souls, for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubts and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there:
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood:
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 28. Only a Little While Longer.

IDA L. REED. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Let your heart be glad as the days go by, It is on - ly a lit - tle while long-er; Then a - way to the mansions of light on high, It is on - ly a lit - tle while long-er; Fill with bless-ing
2. Let no fret - ful plaint cloud your days be - low, It is on - ly a lit - tle while long-er; Sing thro' storm and sun as you on - ward go, It is on - ly a lit - tle while long-er; Brighten all the
3. Now your heart up - lift to our God in praise, It is on - ly a lit - tle while long-er; Fill with joy and gladness the pass - ing days, It is on - ly a lit - tle while long-er; And this hope so
sweet all the wait - ing time, As you jour - ney on to that hap - py
way with a cheer - y song, Scatter deeds of love all the path a-
sweet shall your spir-it cheer, Till the heav'n-ly har-bor shall draw a-

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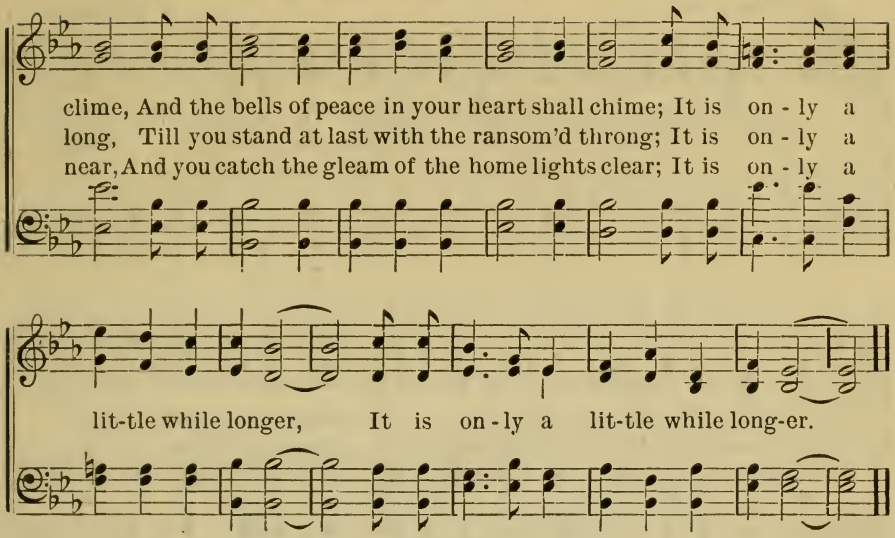
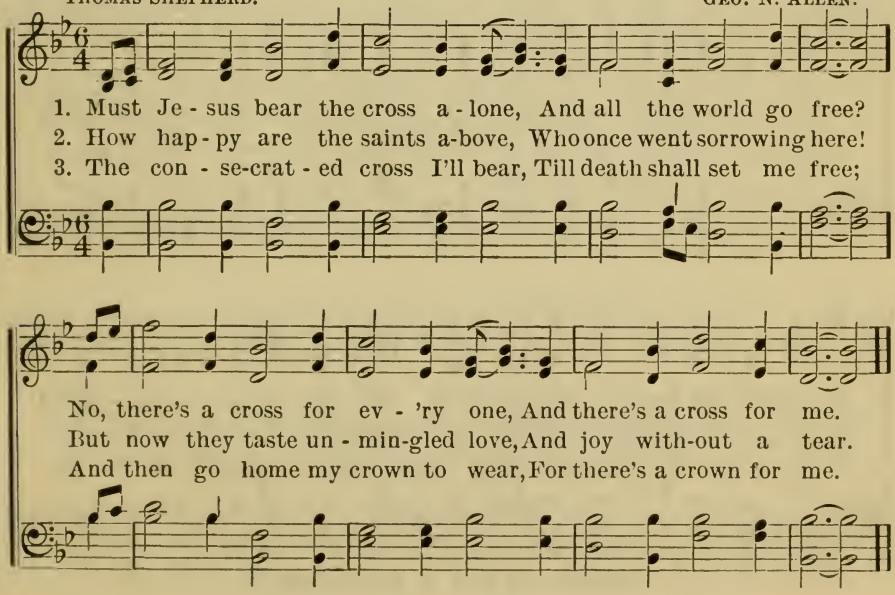

clime, And the bells of peace in your heart shall chime; It is on - ly a
long, Till you stand at last with the ransom'd throng; It is on - ly a
near, And you catch the gleam of the home lights clear; It is on - ly a
lit-tle while longer, It is on - ly a lit-tle while long-er.

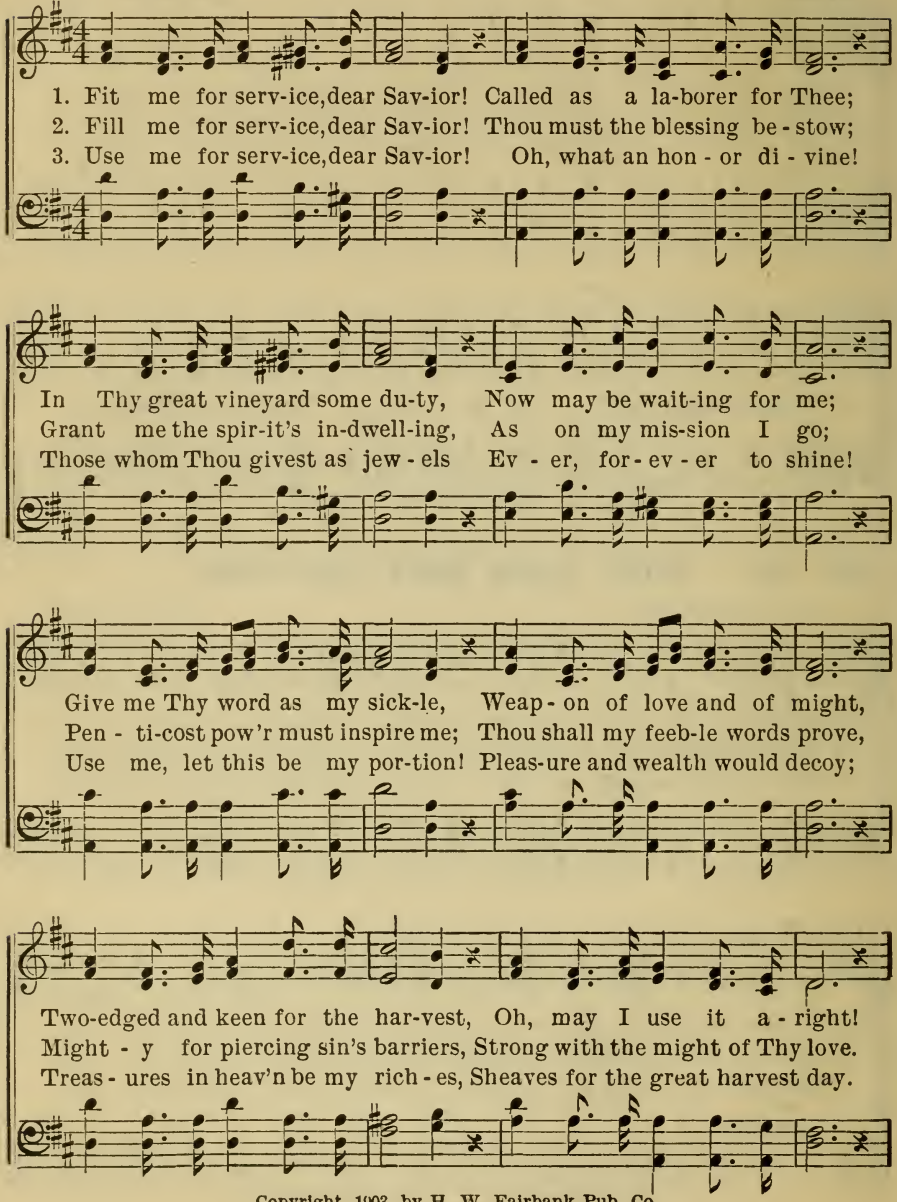
No. 29. Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

No. 30. With Star-Gemmed Crowns.

B. H. WINSLOW. J. H. TENNEY.


1. Fit me for serv-ice, dear Sav-ior! Called as a la-borer for Thee;
2. Fill me for serv-ice, dear Sav-ior! Thou must the blessing be-stow;
3. Use me for serv-ice, dear Sav-ior! Oh, what an hon-or di-vine!
In Thy great vineyard some du-ty, Now may be wait-ing for me;
Grant me the spir-it's in-dwell-ing, As on my mis-sion I go;
Those whom Thou givest as jew-els Ev-er, for-ev-er to shine!
Give me Thy word as my sick-le, Weap-on of love and of might,
Pen-ti-cost pow'r must inspire me; Thou shall my feeb-le words prove,
Use me, let this be my por-tion! Pleas-ure and wealth would decoy;
Two-edged and keen for the har-vest, Oh, may I use it a-right!
Might-y for piercing sin's barriers, Strong with the might of Thy love.
Treas-ures in heav'n be my rich-es, Sheaves for the great harvest day.

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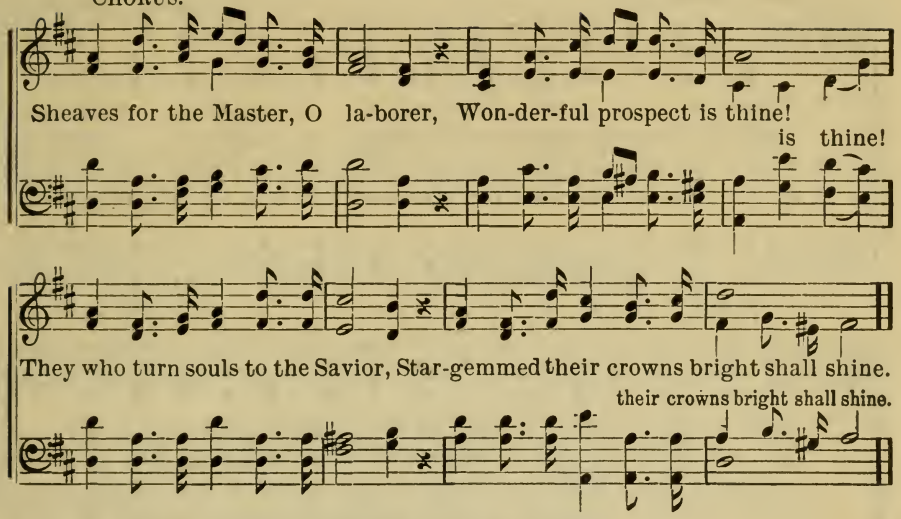
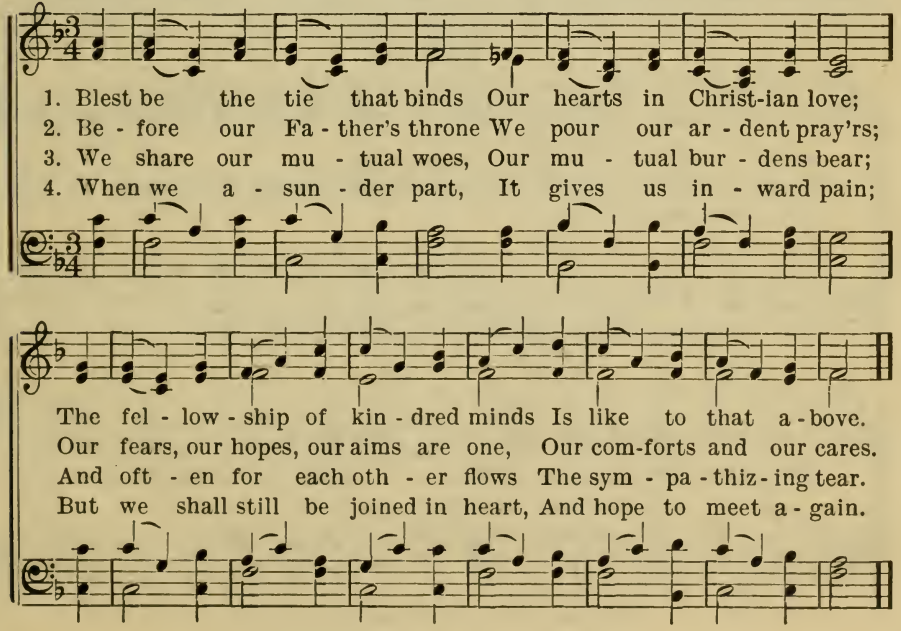
CHORUS.


Sheaves for the Master, O la-borer, Won-der-ful prospect is thine!
is thine!
They who turn souls to the Savior, Star-gemmed their crowns bright shall shine.
their crowns bright shall shine.

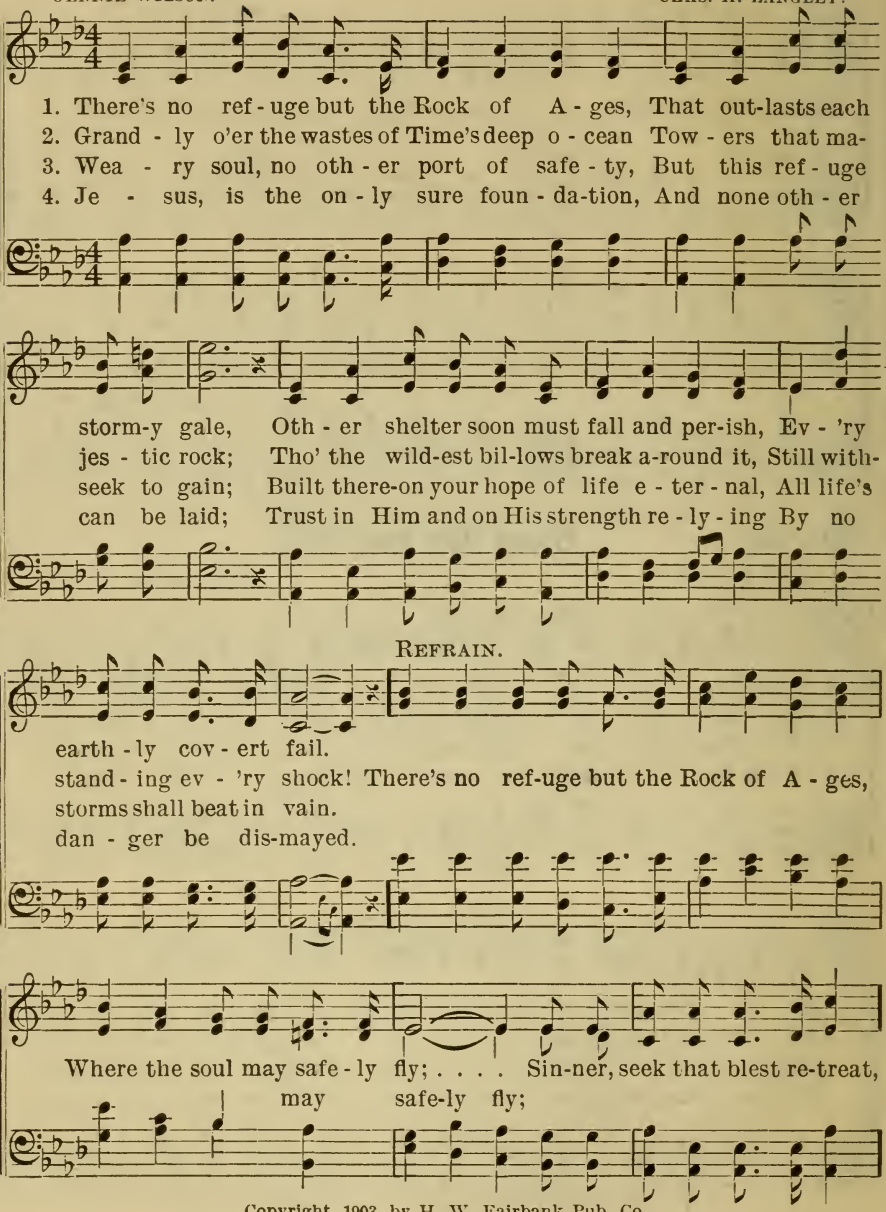
No. 31. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCET. HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 32. The Only Refuge.

JENNIE WILSON. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. There's no ref - uge but the Rock of A - ges, That out-lasts each
2. Grand - ly o'er the wastes of Time's deep o - cean Tow - ers that ma-
3. Wea - ry soul, no oth - er port of safe - ty, But this ref - uge
4. Je - sus, is the on - ly sure foun - da-tion, And none oth - er
storm-y gale, Oth - er shelter soon must fall and per-ish, Ev - 'ry
jes - tic rock; Tho' the wild-est bil-lows break a-round it, Still with-
seek to gain; Built there-on your hope of life e - ter - nal, All life's
can be laid; Trust in Him and on His strength re - ly - ing By no
REFRAIN.
earth - ly cov - ert fail.
stand - ing ev - 'ry shock! There's no ref-uge but the Rock of A - ges,
storms shall beat in vain.
dan - ger be dis-mayed.
Where the soul may safe - ly fly; . . . . Sin-ner, seek that blest re-treat,
may safe-ly fly;

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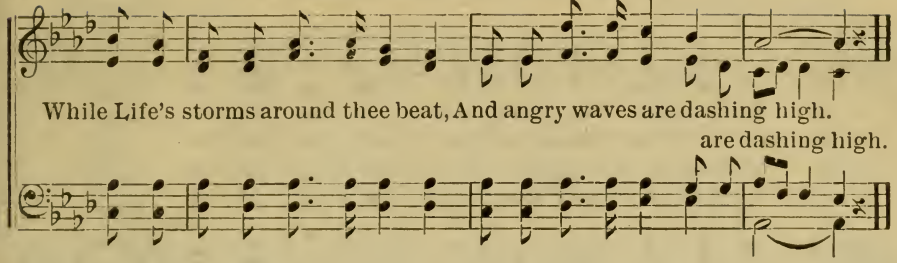
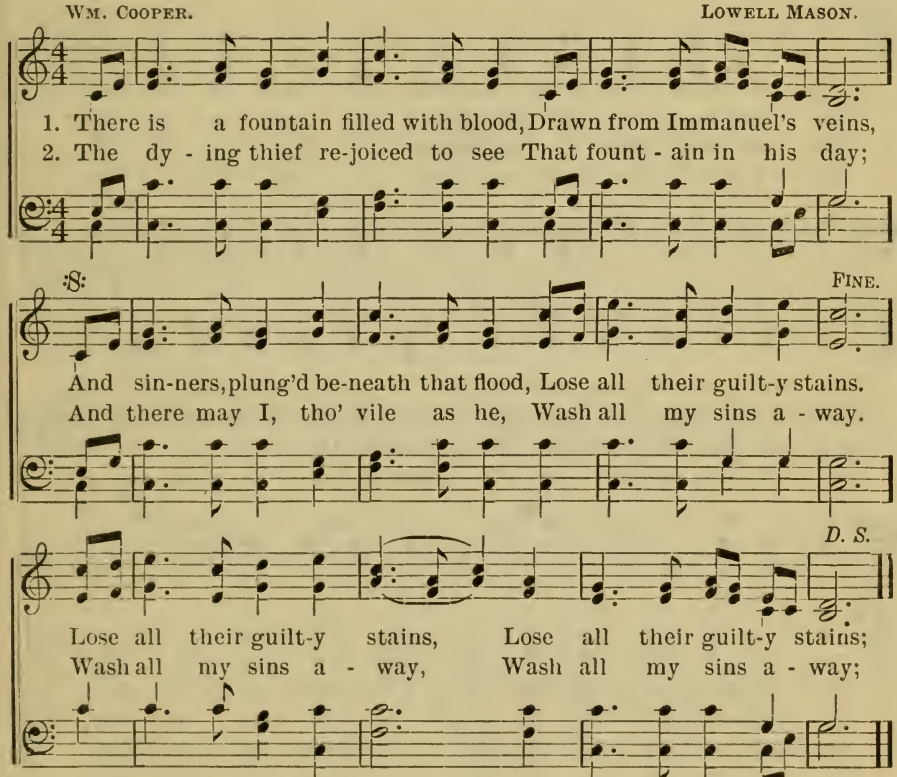


No. 33. There Is a Fountain.

WM. COOPER. LOWELL MASON.

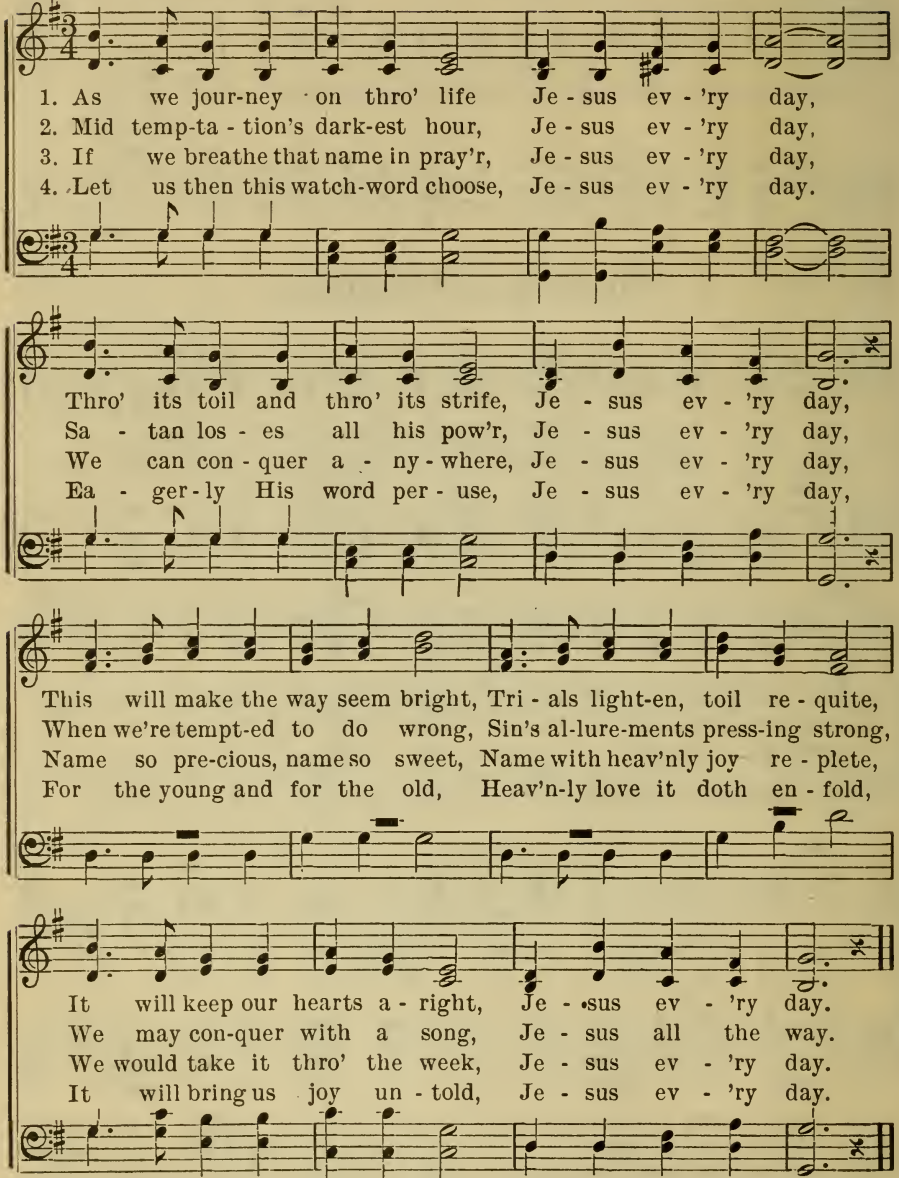

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount - ain in his day;
:S:
FINE.
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

4 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save.

No. 34. Jesus Every Day.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. As we jour-ney on thro' life Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
2. Mid temp-ta - tion's dark-est hour, Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
3. If we breathe that name in pray'r, Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
4. Let us then this watch-word choose, Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Thro' its toil and thro' its strife, Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
Sa - tan los - es all his pow'r, Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
We can con - quer a - ny - where, Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
Ea - ger - ly His word per - use, Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
This will make the way seem bright, Tri - als light-en, toil re - quite,
When we're tempt-ed to do wrong, Sin's al-lure-ments press-ing strong,
Name so pre-cious, name so sweet, Name with heav'nly joy re - plete,
For the young and for the old, Heav'n-ly love it doth en - fold,
It will keep our hearts a - right, Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
We may con-quer with a song, Je - sus all the way.
We would take it thro' the week, Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
It will bring us joy un - told, Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

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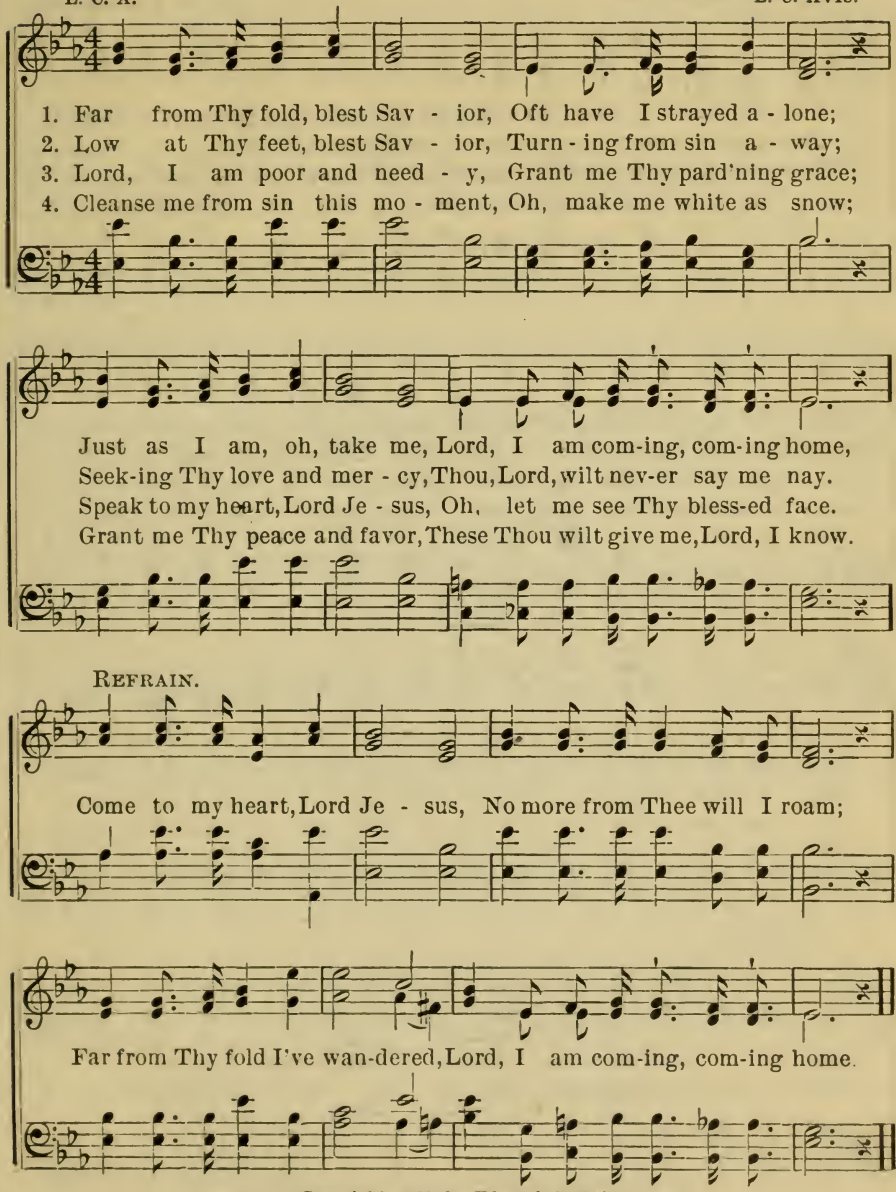
No. 35. I Am Coming Home.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.


1. Far from Thy fold, blest Sav - ior, Oft have I strayed a - lone;
2. Low at Thy feet, blest Sav - ior, Turn - ing from sin a - way;
3. Lord, I am poor and need - y, Grant me Thy pard'ning grace;
4. Cleanse me from sin this mo - ment, Oh, make me white as snow;
Just as I am, oh, take me, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing home,
Seek-ing Thy love and mer - cy, Thou, Lord, wilt nev-er say me nay.
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Oh, let me see Thy bless-ed face.
Grant me Thy peace and favor, These Thou wilt give me, Lord, I know.
Refrain.
Come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, No more from Thee will I roam;
Far from Thy fold I've wan-dered, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing home.

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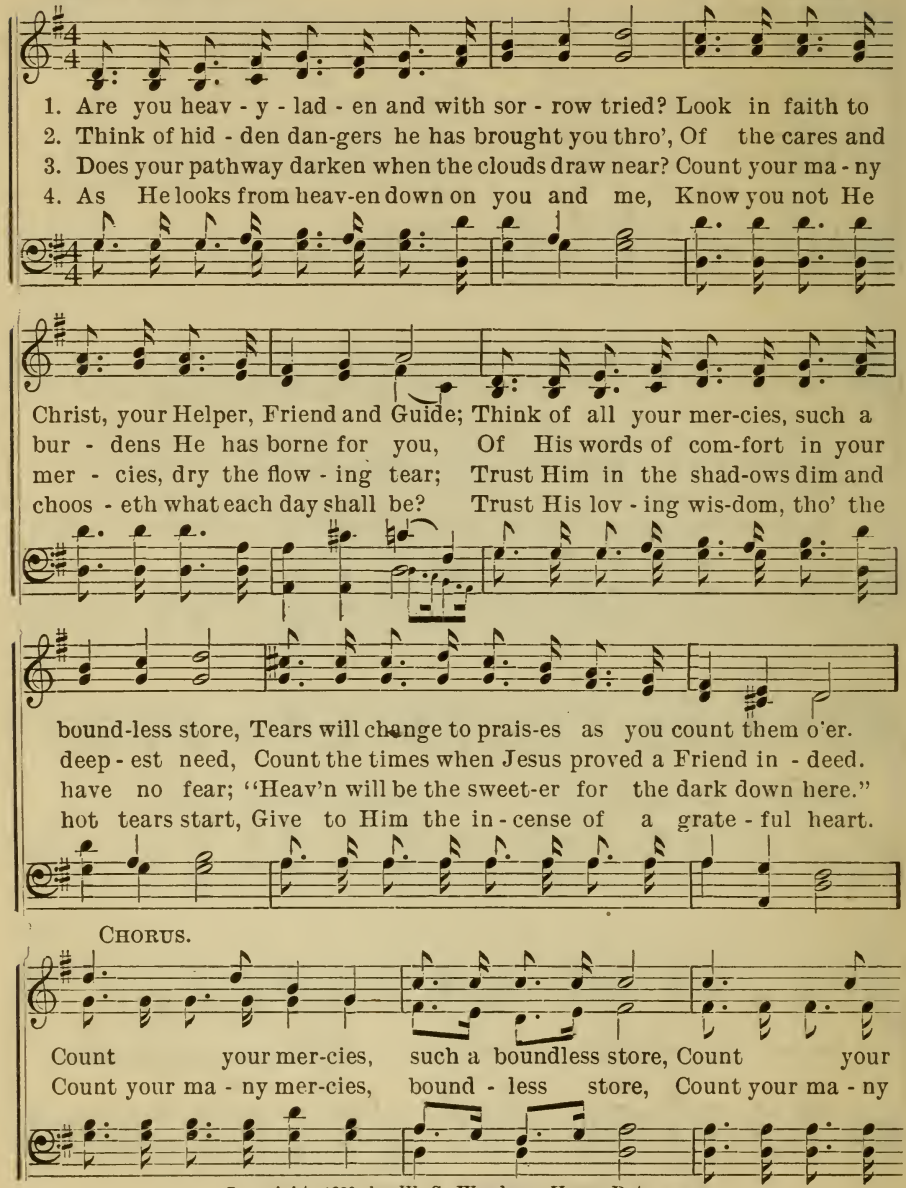
No. 36. Count Your Mercies,

FLORA KIRKLAND, Alt. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Are you heav - y - lad - en and with sor - row tried? Look in faith to
2. Think of hid - den dan-gers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and
3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your ma - ny
4. As He looks from heav-en down on you and me, Know you not He
Christ, your Helper, Friend and Guide; Think of all your mer-cies, such a
bur - dens He has borne for you, Of His words of com-fort in your
mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust Him in the shad-ows dim and
choos - eth what each day shall be? Trust His lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the
bound-less store, Tears will change to prais-es as you count them o'er.
deep - est need, Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend in - deed.
have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet-er for the dark down here."
hot tears start, Give to Him the in - cense of a grate - ful heart.
CHORUS.
Count your mer-cies, such a boundless store, Count your
Count your ma - ny mer-cies, bound - less store, Count your ma - ny

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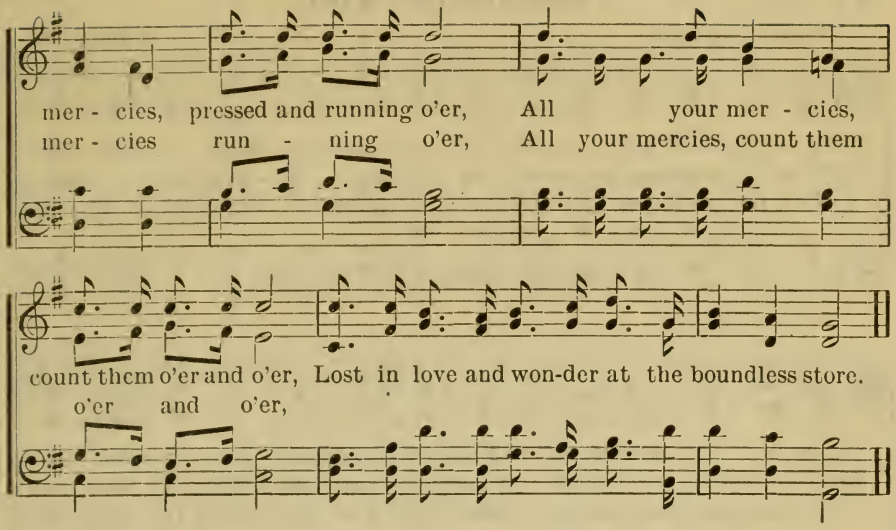
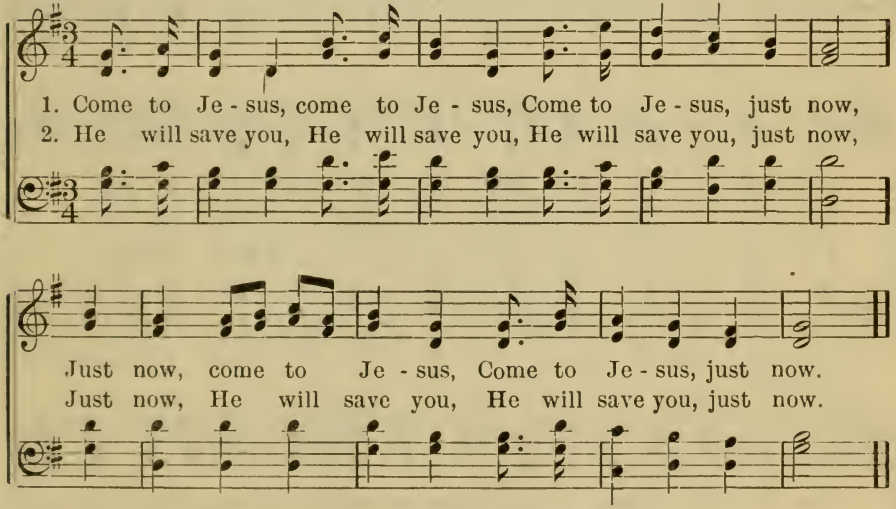

mer - cies, pressed and running o'er, All your mer - cies,
mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mercies, count them
count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and won-der at the boundless store.
o'er and o'er,

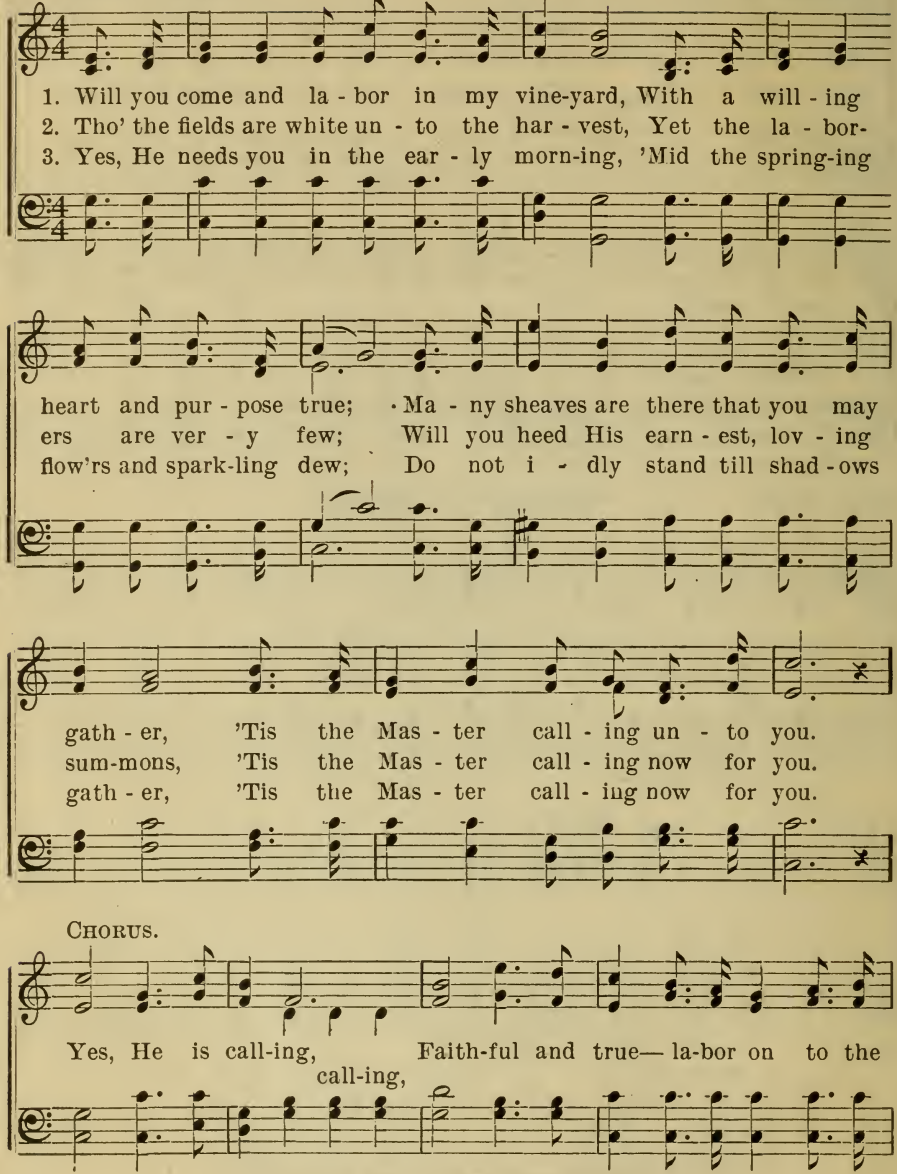
No. 37. Come to Jesus.


1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now,
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you, just now,
Just now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.
Just now, He will save you, He will save you, just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 38. Calling for You.

HELEN L. DUNGAN. J. M. DUNGAN.


1. Will you come and la - bor in my vine-yard, With a will - ing
heart and pur - pose true; Ma - ny sheaves are there that you may
gath - er, 'Tis the Mas - ter call - ing un - to you.
2. Tho' the fields are white un - to the har - vest, Yet the la - bor-
ers are ver - y few; Will you heed His earn - est, lov - ing
sum-mons, 'Tis the Mas - ter call - ing now for you.
3. Yes, He needs you in the ear - ly morn-ing, 'Mid the spring-ing
flow'rs and spark-ling dew; Do not i - dly stand till shad - ows
gath - er, 'Tis the Mas - ter call - ing now for you.
CHORUS.
Yes, He is call-ing, Faith-ful and true— la-bor on to the
call-ing,

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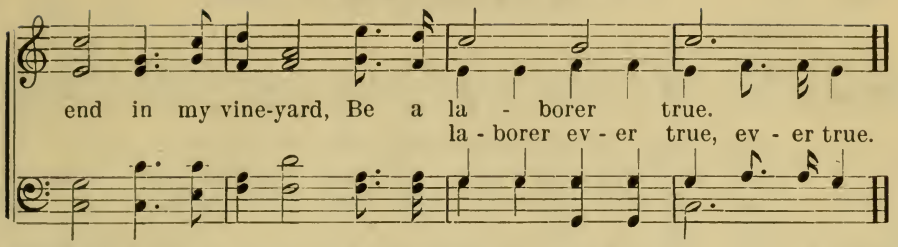
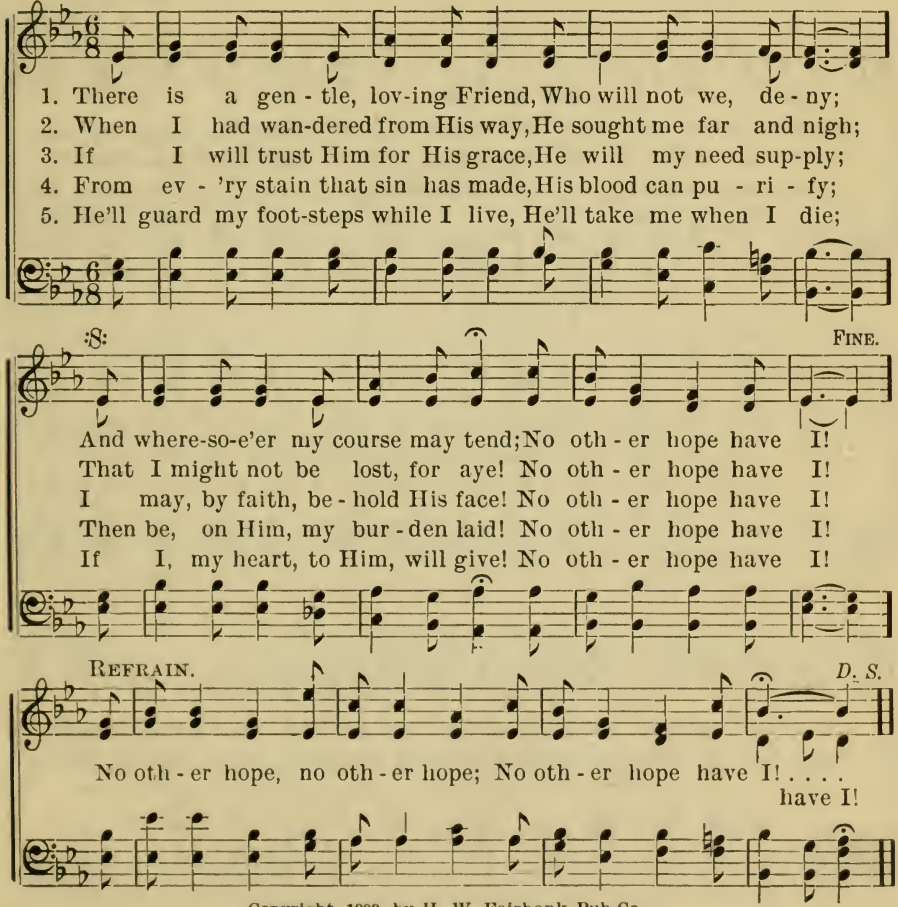


No. 39. No other Hope have I!

E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. There is a gen - tle, lov-ing Friend, Who will not we, de - ny;
2. When I had wan-dered from His way, He sought me far and nigh;
3. If I will trust Him for His grace, He will my need sup-ply;
4. From ev - 'ry stain that sin has made, His blood can pu - ri - fy;
5. He'll guard my foot-steps while I live, He'll take me when I die;
:S:
FINE.
And where-so-e'er my course may tend; No oth - er hope have I!
That I might not be lost, for aye! No oth - er hope have I!
I may, by faith, be - hold His face! No oth - er hope have I!
Then be, on Him, my bur - den laid! No oth - er hope have I!
If I, my heart, to Him, will give! No oth - er hope have I!
REFRAIN.
D. S.
No oth - er hope, no oth - er hope; No oth - er hope have I! . . . .
have I!

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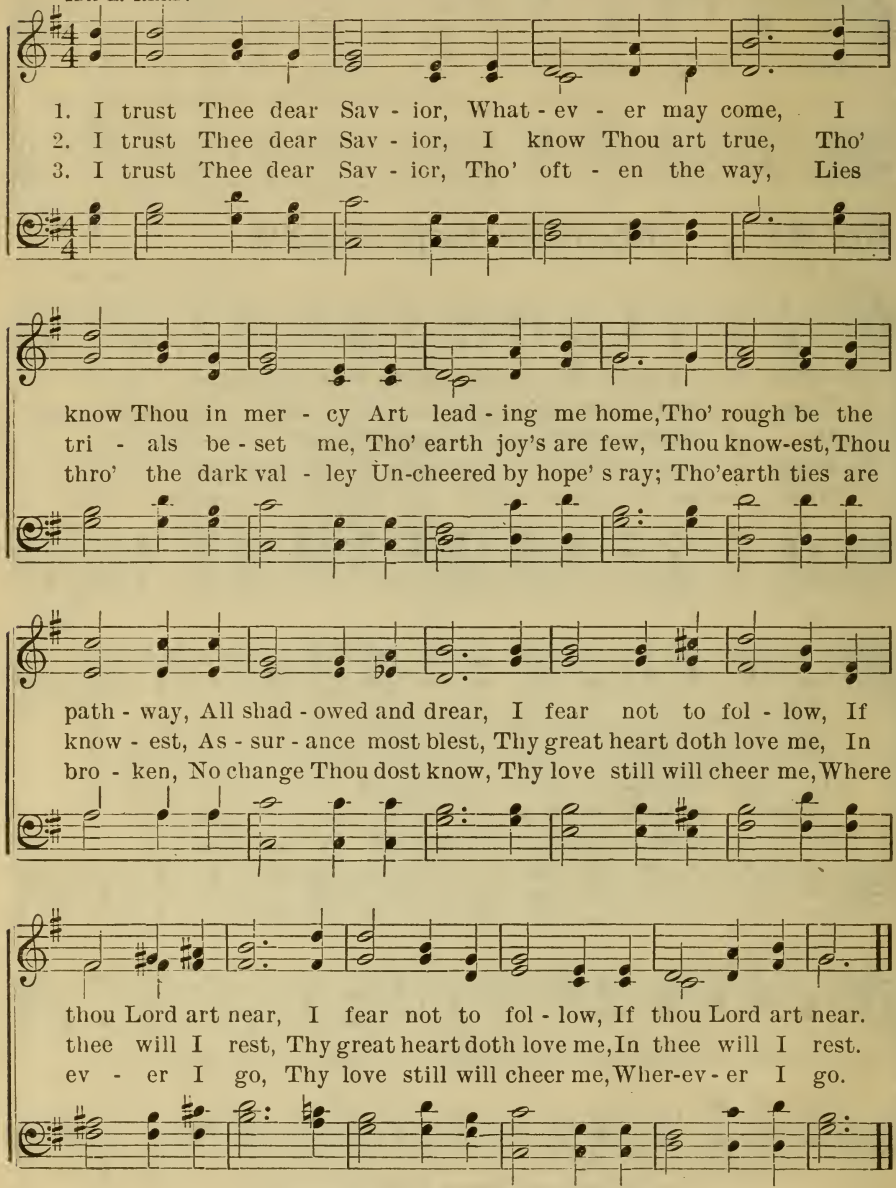
No. 40. I Trust Thee Dear Savior.

IDA L. REED. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. I trust Thee dear Sav - ior, What - ev - er may come, I
2. I trust Thee dear Sav - ior, I know Thou art true, Tho'
3. I trust Thee dear Sav - ior, Tho' oft - en the way, Lies
know Thou in mer - cy Art lead - ing me home, Tho' rough be the
tri - als be - set me, Tho' earth joy's are few, Thou know-est, Thou
thro' the dark val - ley Un-cheered by hope' s ray; Tho' earth ties are
path - way, All shad - owed and drear, I fear not to fol - low, If
know - est, As - sur - ance most blest, Thy great heart doth love me, In
bro - ken, No change Thou dost know, Thy love still will cheer me, Where
thou Lord art near, I fear not to fol - low, If thou Lord art near.
thee will I rest, Thy great heart doth love me, In thee will I rest.
ev - er I go, Thy love still will cheer me, Wher-ev - er I go.

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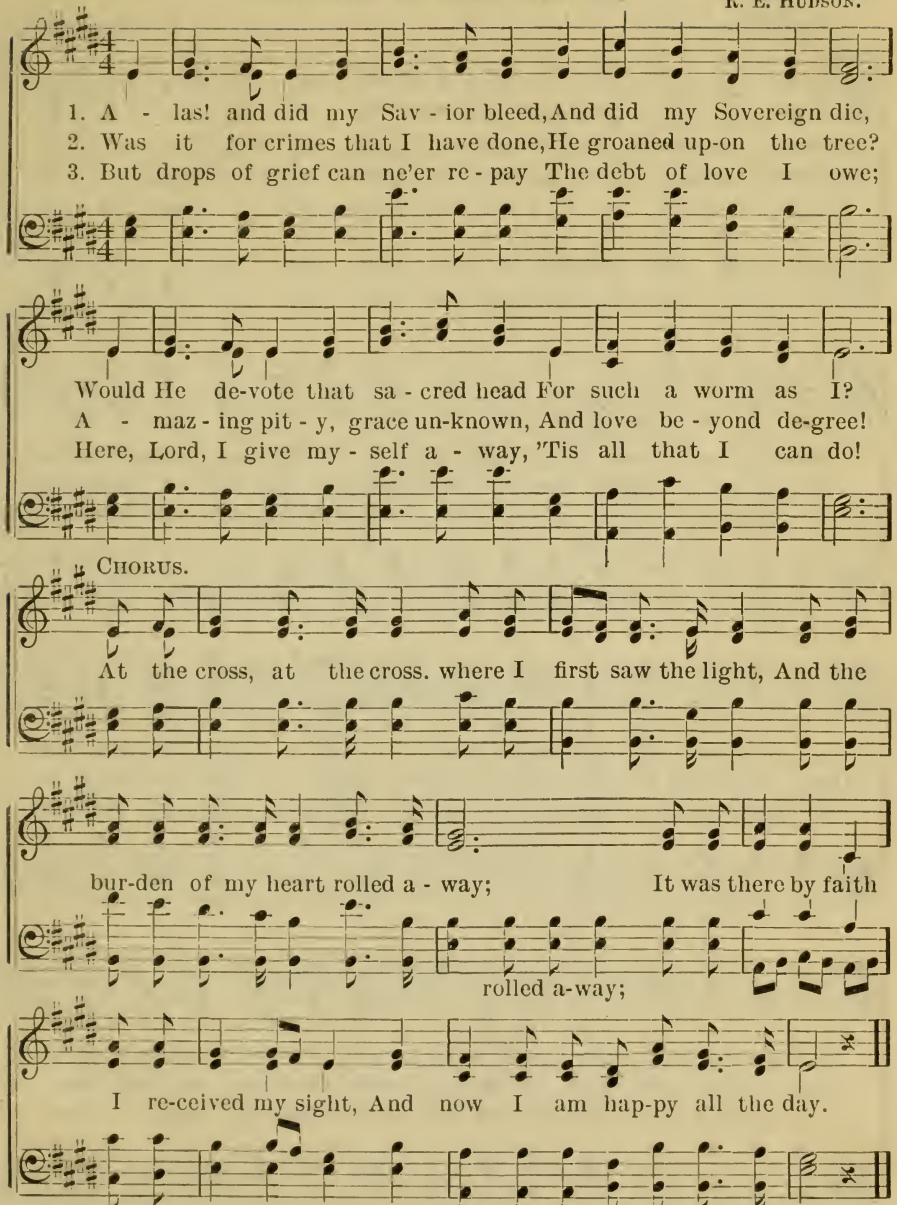
No. 41. At the Cross.

R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be - yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
Chorus.
At the cross, at the cross. where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart rolled a - way; It was there by faith
rolled a-way;
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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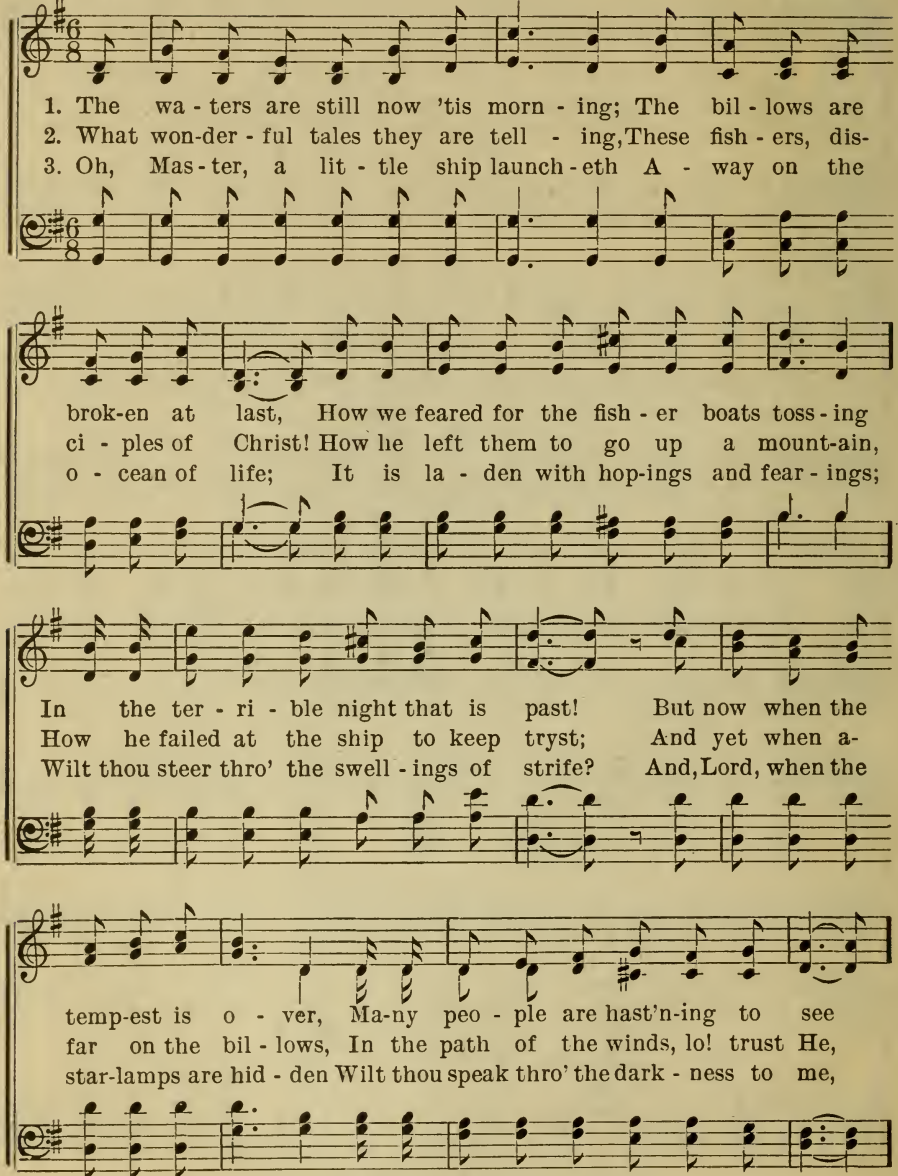
No. 42. By the Sea of Galilee.

HERMIONE. J. B. HERBERT.


1. The wa - ters are still now 'tis morn - ing; The bil - lows are
brok-en at last, How we feared for the fish - er boats toss - ing
In the ter - ri - ble night that is past! But now when the
temp-est is o - ver, Ma-ny peo - ple are hast'n-ing to see
2. What won-der - ful tales they are tell - ing, These fish - ers, dis-
ci - ples of Christ! How he left them to go up a mount-ain,
How he failed at the ship to keep tryst; And yet when a-
far on the bil - lows, In the path of the winds, lo! trust He,
3. Oh, Mas - ter, a lit - tle ship launch - eth A - way on the
o - cean of life; It is la - den with hop-ings and fear - ings;
Wilt thou steer thro' the swell - ings of strife? And, Lord, when the
star-lamps are hid - den Wilt thou speak thro' the dark - ness to me,

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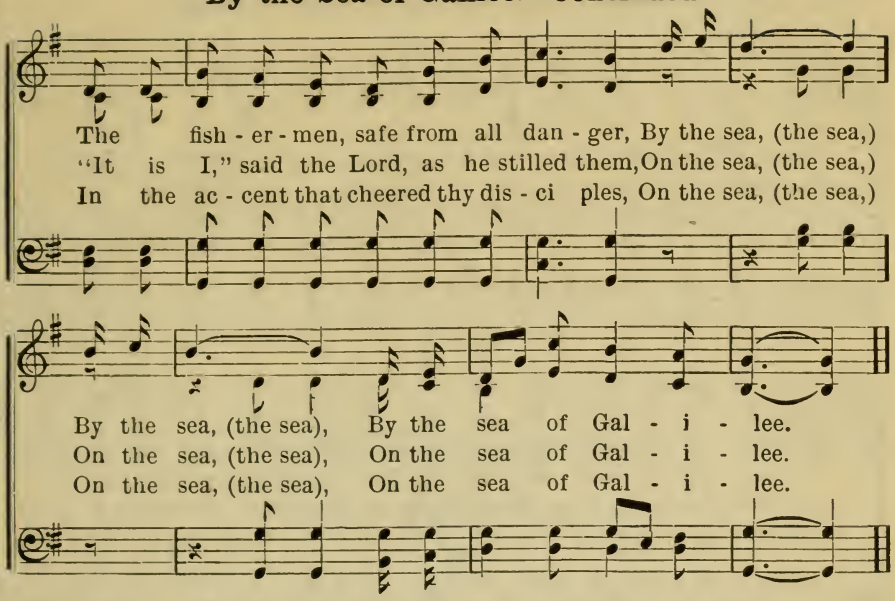
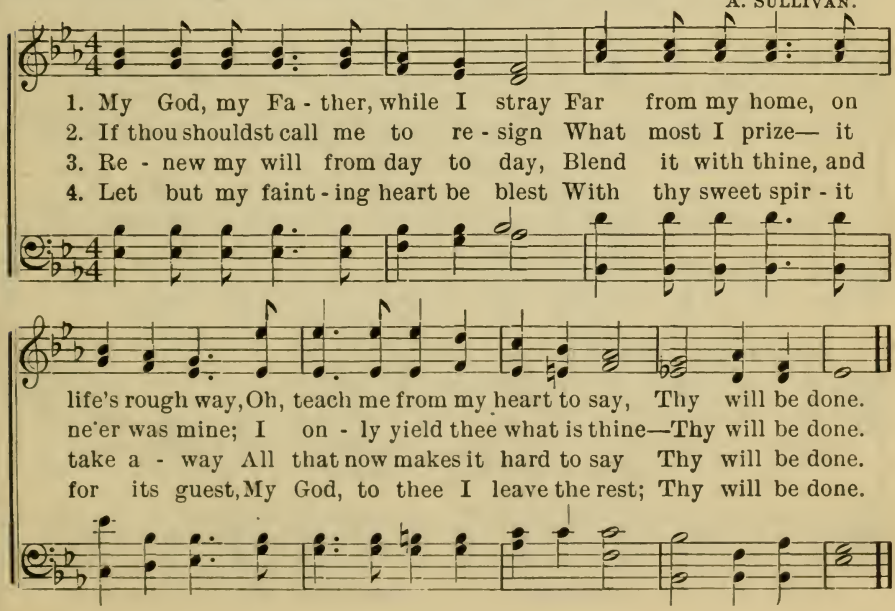

The fish - er - men, safe from all dan - ger, By the sea, (the sea,)
"It is I," said the Lord, as he stilled them, On the sea, (the sea,)
In the ac - cent that cheered thy dis - ci ples, On the sea, (the sea,)
By the sea, (the sea), By the sea of Gal - i - lee.
On the sea, (the sea), On the sea of Gal - i - lee.
On the sea, (the sea), On the sea of Gal - i - lee.

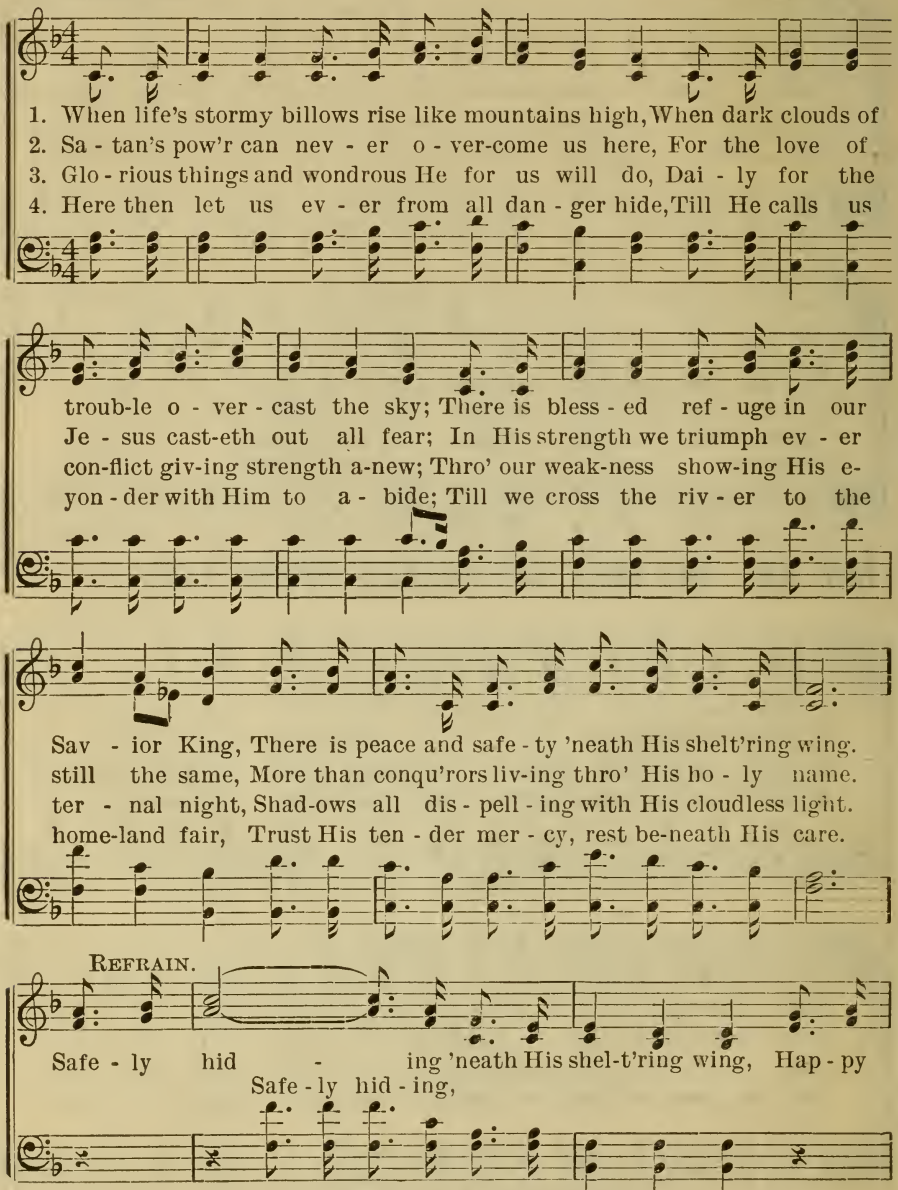
No. 43. My God, My Father, While I Stray.

A. SULLIVAN.


1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done.
2. If thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize— it ne'er was mine; I on - ly yield thee what is thine—Thy will be done.
3. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with thine, and take a - way All that now makes it hard to say Thy will be done.
4. Let but my faint - ing heart be blest With thy sweet spir - it for its guest, My God, to thee I leave the rest; Thy will be done.

No. 44. 'Neath His Sheltering Wing.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.


1. When life's stormy billows rise like mountains high, When dark clouds of
troub-le o - ver - cast the sky; There is bless - ed ref - uge in our
Sav - ior King, There is peace and safe - ty 'neath His shelt'ring wing.
REFRAIN.
Safe - ly hid - ing 'neath His shel-t'ring wing, Hap - py
Safe - ly hid - ing,
2. Sa - tan's pow'r can nev - er o - ver-come us here, For the love of
Je - sus cast-eth out all fear; In His strength we triumph ev - er
still the same, More than conqu'rors liv-ing thro' His ho - ly name.
3. Glo - rious things and wondrous He for us will do, Dai - ly for the
con-flict giv-ing strength a-new; Thro' our weak-ness show-ing His e-
ter - nal night, Shad-ows all dis - pell - ing with His cloudless light.
4. Here then let us ev - er from all dan - ger hide, Till He calls us
yon - der with Him to a - bide; Till we cross the riv - er to the
home-land fair, Trust His ten - der mer - cy, rest be-neath His care.

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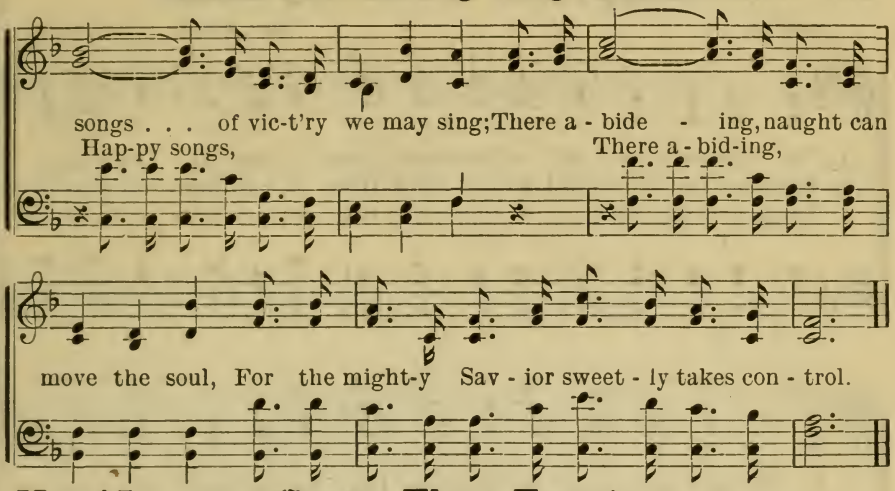
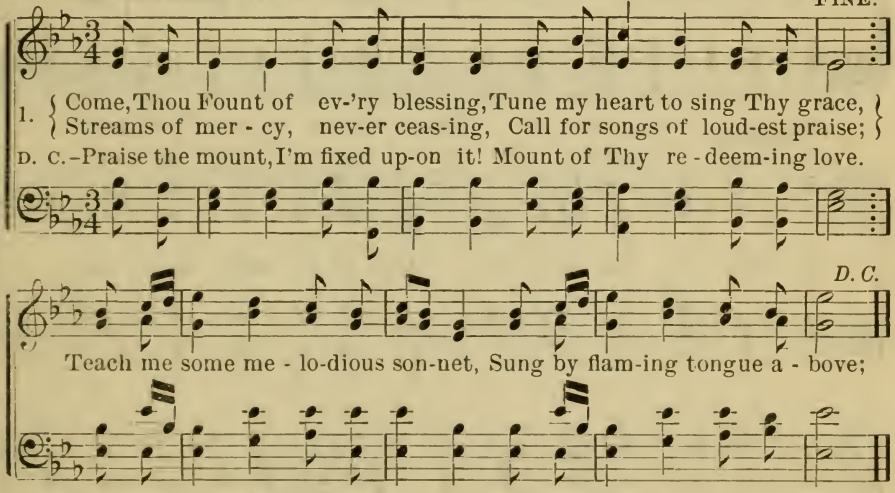

songs . . . of vic-t'ry we may sing;There a - bide - ing,naught can
Hap-py songs,
There a - bid-ing,
move the soul, For the might-y Sav - ior sweet - ly takes con - trol.

No. 45. Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

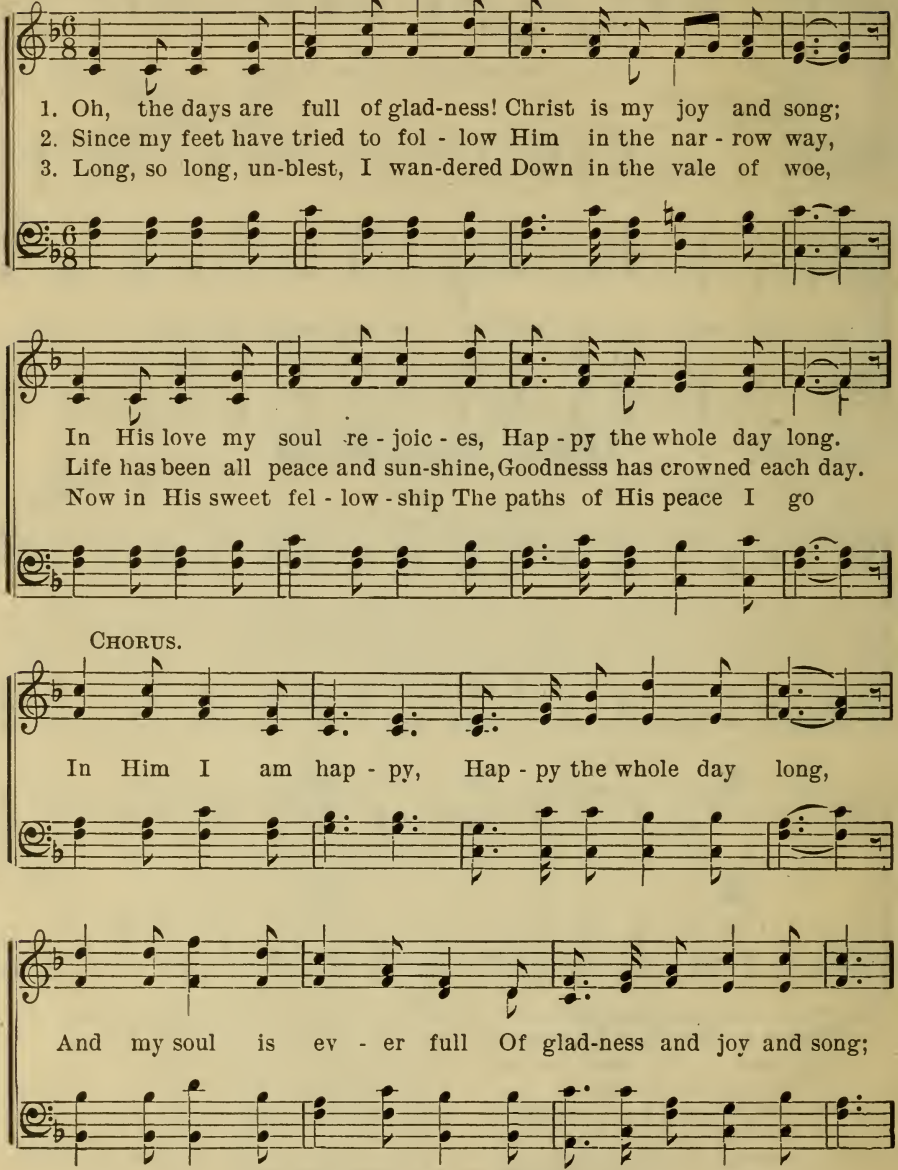

1. { Come,Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing,Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
D. C.–Praise the mount,I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
D. C.
Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongue a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed, His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 46. Happy the Whole Day Long.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Oh, the days are full of glad-ness! Christ is my joy and song;
2. Since my feet have tried to fol - low Him in the nar - row way,
3. Long, so long, un-blest, I wan-dered Down in the vale of woe,
In His love my soul re - joic - es, Hap - py the whole day long.
Life has been all peace and sun-shine, Goodnesss has crowned each day.
Now in His sweet fel - low - ship The paths of His peace I go
CHORUS.
In Him I am hap - py, Hap - py the whole day long,
And my soul is ev - er full Of glad-ness and joy and song;

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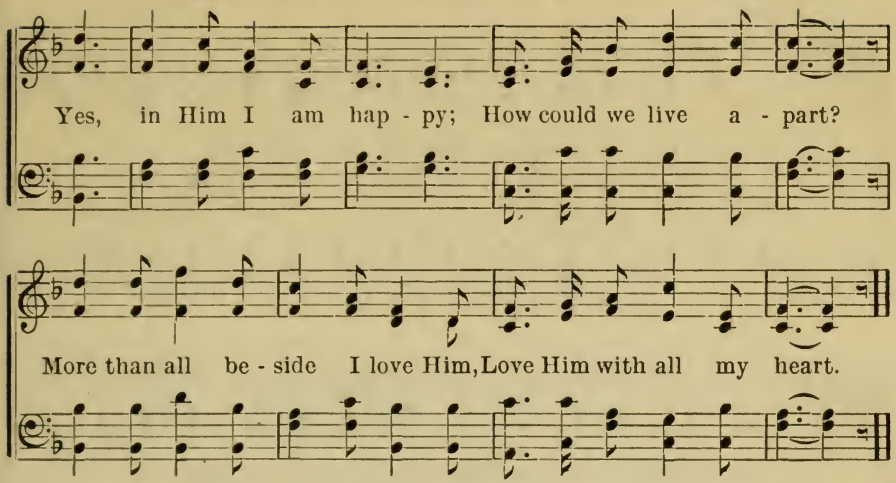
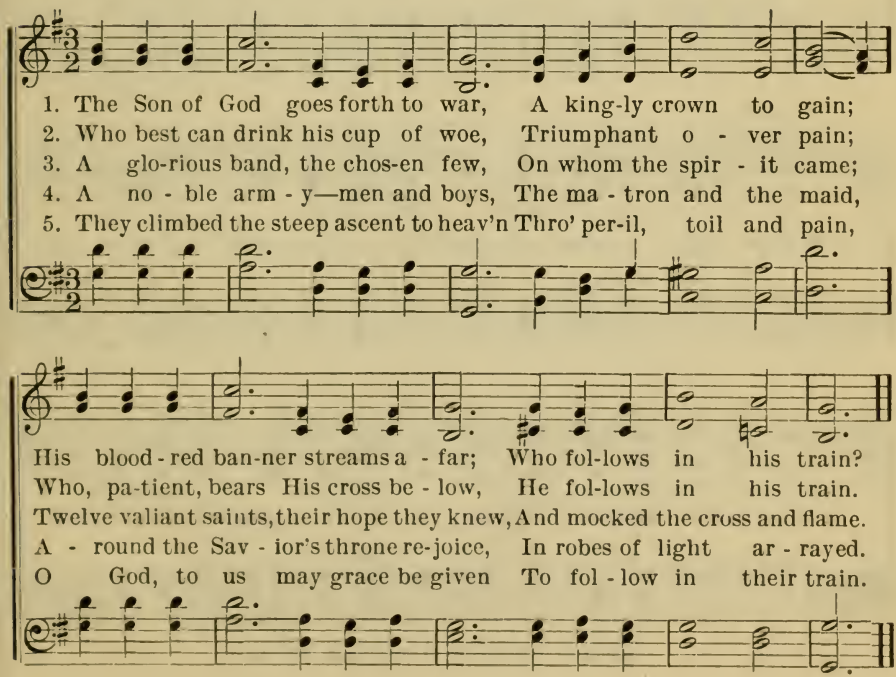
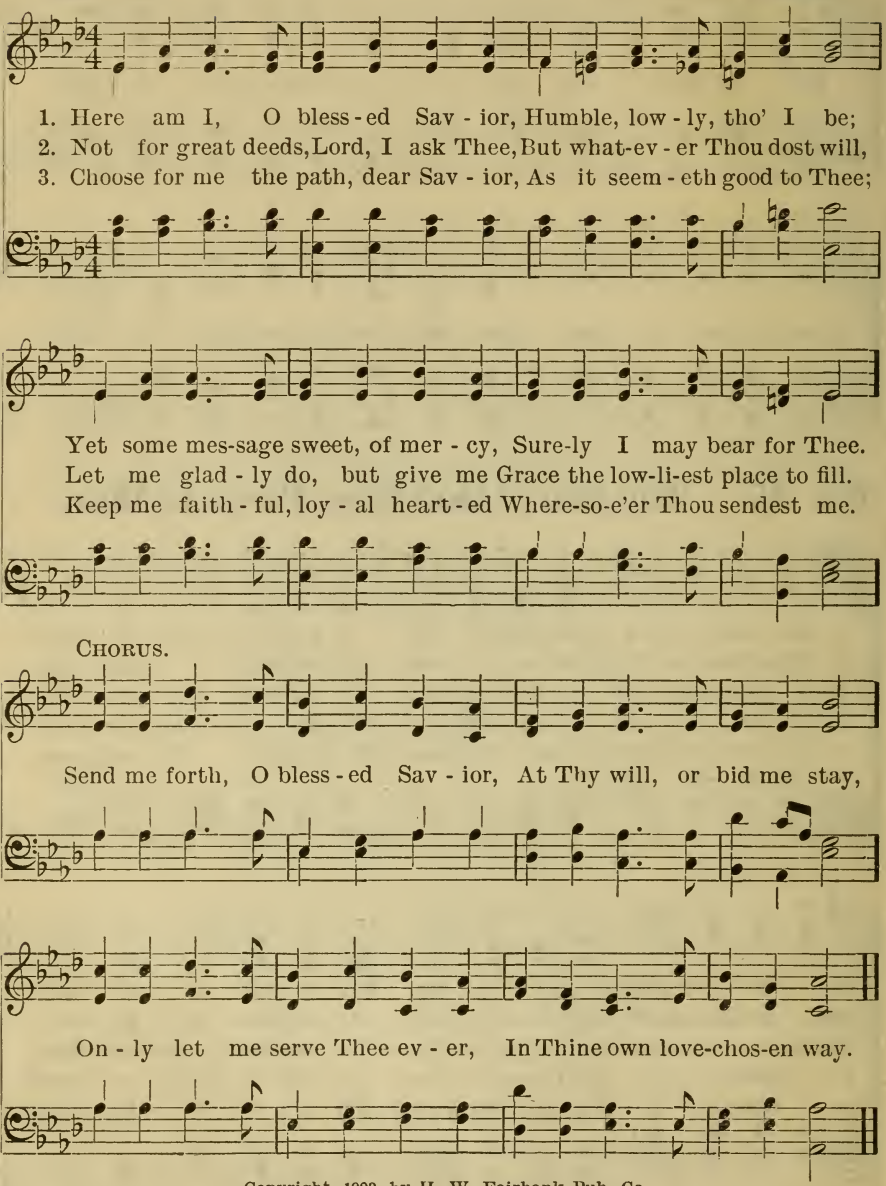


No. 47. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant o - ver pain;
3. A glo-rious band, the chos-en few, On whom the spir - it came;
4. A no - ble arm - y—men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
5. They climbed the steep ascent to heav'n Thro' per-il, toil and pain,
His blood - red ban-ner streams a - far; Who fol-lows in his train?
Who, pa-tient, bears His cross be - low, He fol-lows in his train.
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.
O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train.

No. 48. Here Am I.

IDA L. REED. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Here am I, O bless-ed Sav-ior, Humble, low-ly, tho' I be;
2. Not for great deeds, Lord, I ask Thee, But what-ev-er Thou dost will,
3. Choose for me the path, dear Sav-ior, As it seem-eth good to Thee;
Yet some mes-sage sweet, of mer-cy, Sure-ly I may bear for Thee.
Let me glad-ly do, but give me Grace the low-li-est place to fill.
Keep me faith-ful, loy-al heart-ed Where-so-e'er Thou sendest me.
CHORUS.
Send me forth, O bless-ed Sav-ior, At Thy will, or bid me stay,
On-ly let me serve Thee ev-er, In Thine own love-chos-en way.

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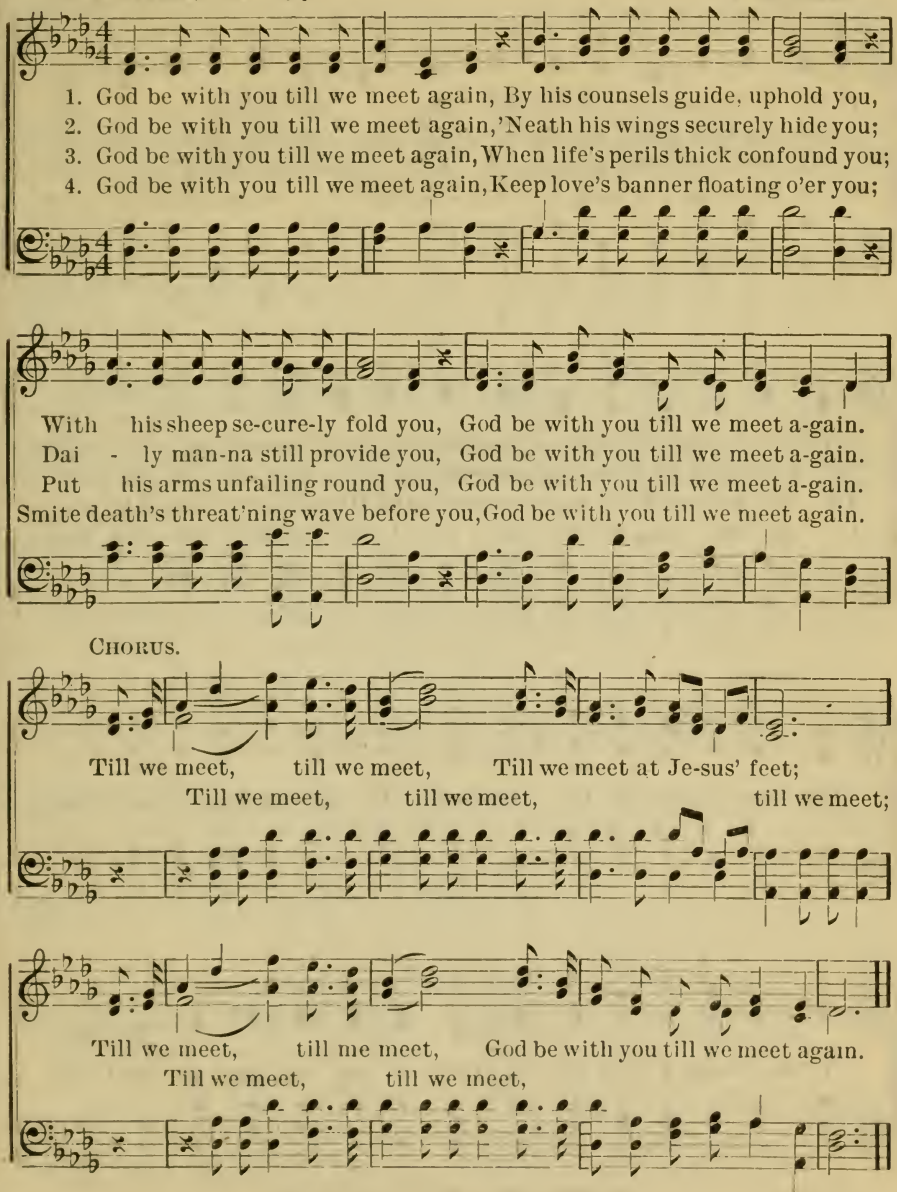
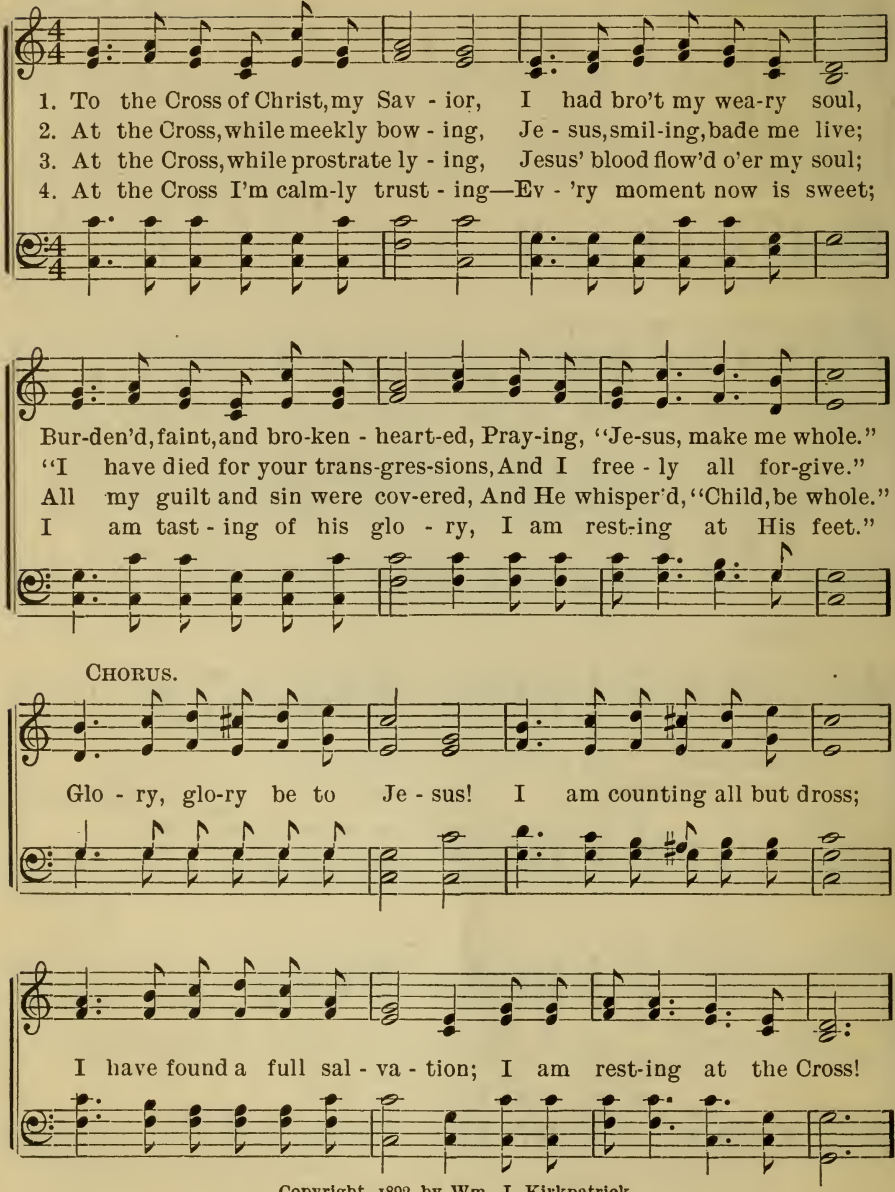
No. 49. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. By per. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again,'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again,When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet again,Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,God be with you till we meet again.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till me meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet,

No. 50. Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. To the Cross of Christ, my Sav - ior, I had bro't my wea-ry soul,
2. At the Cross, while meekly bow - ing, Je - sus, smil-ing, bade me live;
3. At the Cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Jesus' blood flow'd o'er my soul;
4. At the Cross I'm calm-ly trust - ing—Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;
Bur-den'd, faint, and bro-ken - heart-ed, Pray-ing, "Je-sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your trans-gres-sions, And I free - ly all for-give."
All my guilt and sin were cov-ered, And He whisper'd, "Child, be whole."
I am tast - ing of his glo - ry, I am rest-ing at His feet."
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo-ry be to Je - sus! I am counting all but dross;
I have found a full sal - va - tion; I am rest-ing at the Cross!

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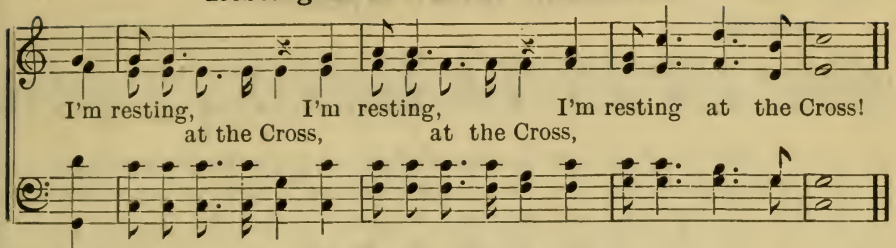
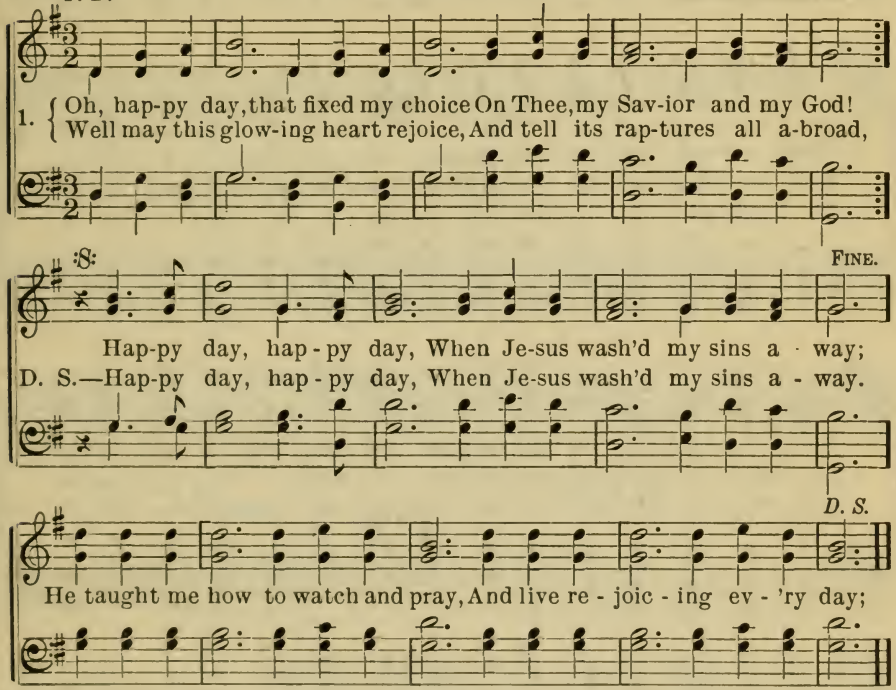


No. 51. Oh, Happy Day.

P. D. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.


1. Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad,
Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way;
D. S.—Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way.
FINE.
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

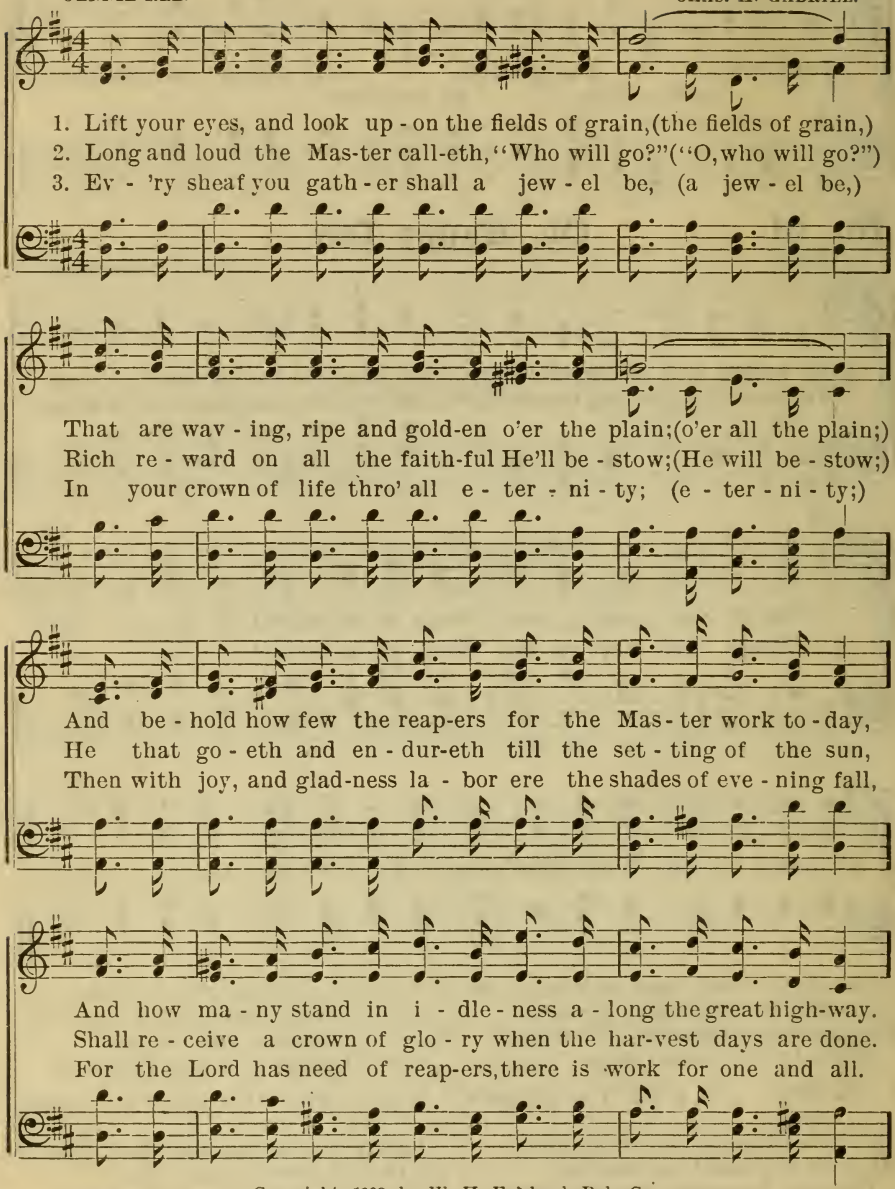
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 52. Lift Your Eyes.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Lift your eyes, and look up - on the fields of grain,(the fields of grain,)
2. Long and loud the Mas-ter call-eth, "Who will go?"("O, who will go?")
3. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath - er shall a jew - el be, (a jew - el be,)
That are wav - ing, ripe and gold-en o'er the plain;(o'er all the plain;)
Rich re - ward on all the faith-ful He'll be - stow;(He will be - stow;)
In your crown of life thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; (e - ter - ni - ty;)
And be - hold how few the reap-ers for the Mas - ter work to - day,
He that go - eth and en - dur-eth till the set - ting of the sun,
Then with joy, and glad-ness la - bor ere the shades of eve - ning fall,
And how ma - ny stand in i - dle - ness a - long the great high-way.
Shall re - ceive a crown of glo - ry when the har-vest days are done.
For the Lord has need of reap-ers, there is work for one and all.

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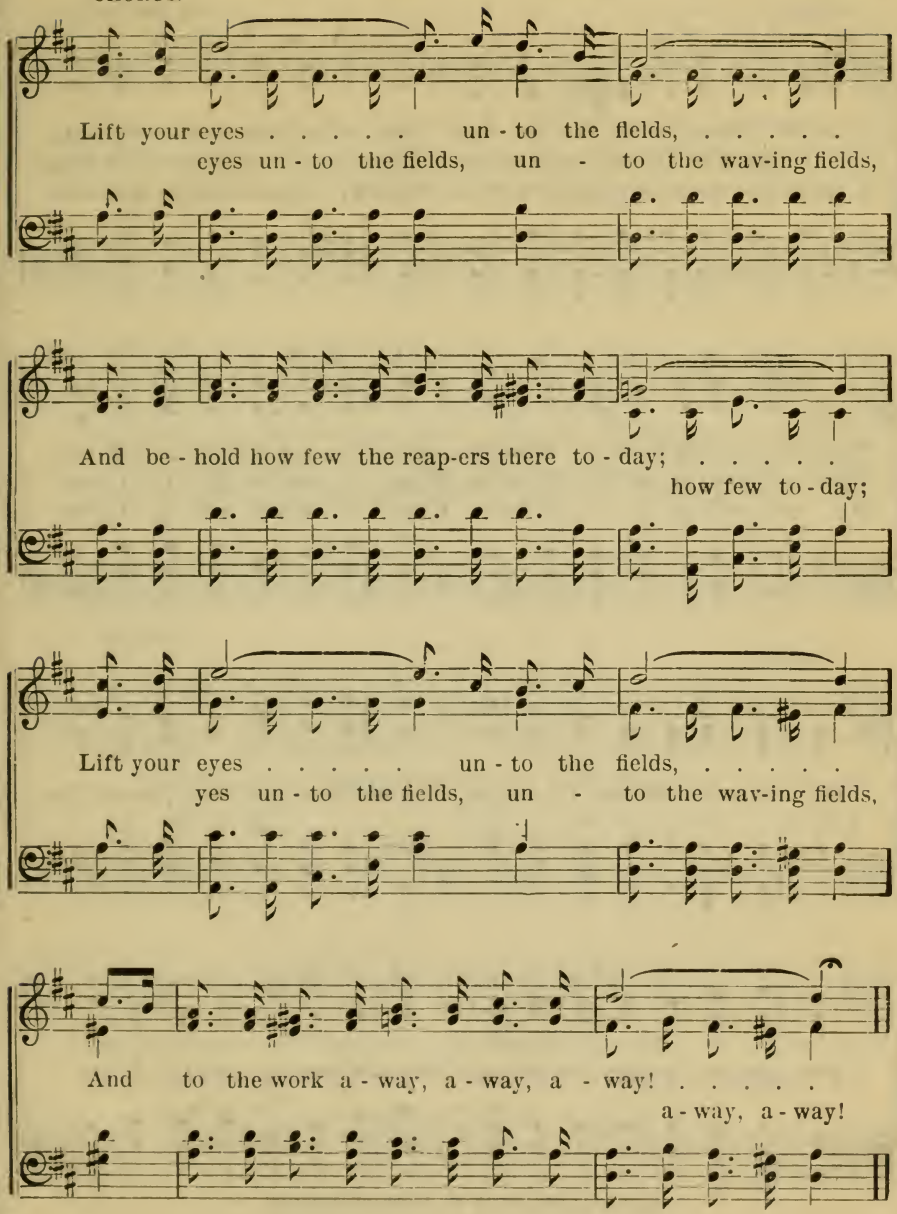
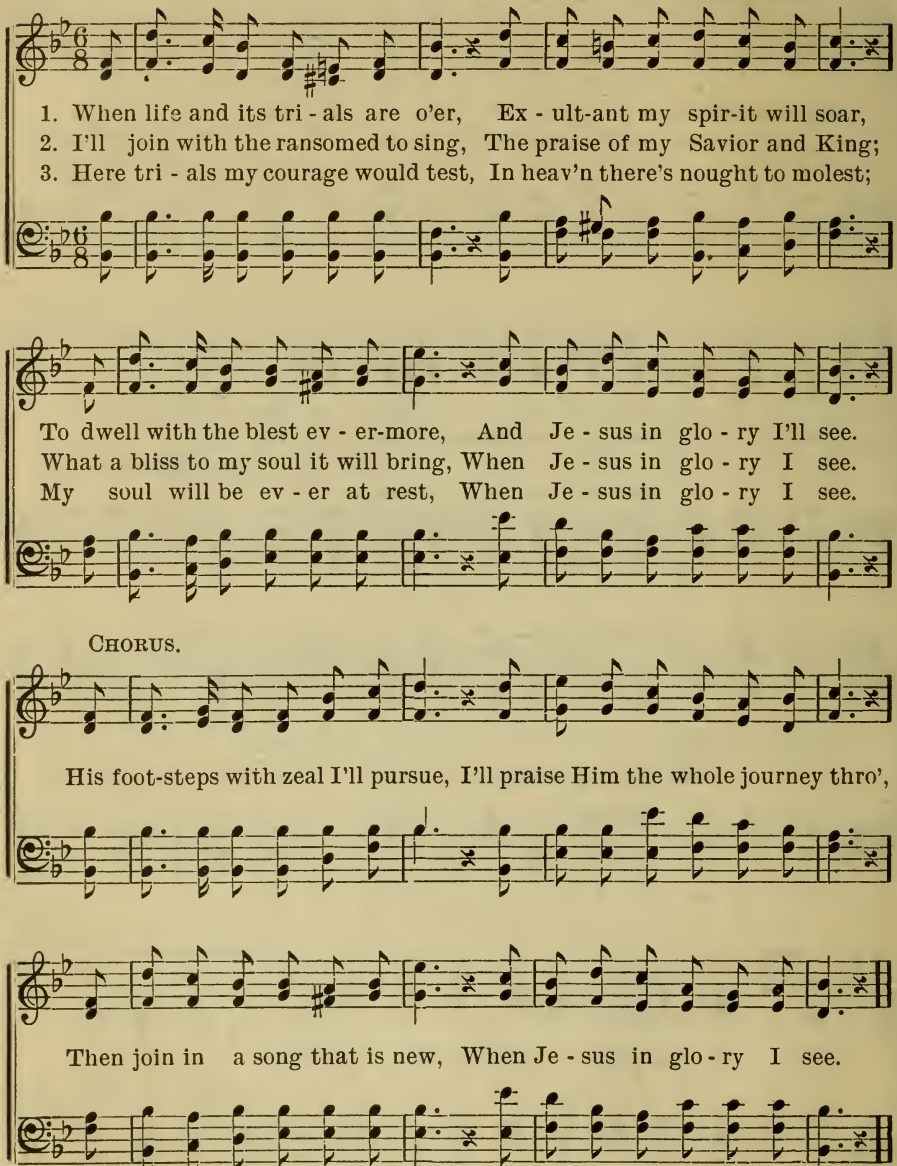
Lift Your Eyes. Concluded.

CHORUS.


Lift your eyes . . . . . un - to the fields, ...
eyes un - to the fields, un - to the wav-ing fields,
And be - hold how few the reap-ers there to - day; . . . . .
how few to - day;
Lift your eyes . . . . . un - to the fields, ...
yes un - to the fields, un - to the wav-ing fields,
And to the work a - way, a - way, a - way! . . . . .
a - way, a - way!

No. 53. When Life and Its Trials Are O'er.

W. S. WM. STEVENSON.


1. When life and its tri - als are o'er, Ex - ult-ant my spir-it will soar,
2. I'll join with the ransomed to sing, The praise of my Savior and King;
3. Here tri - als my courage would test, In heav'n there's nought to molest;
To dwell with the blest ev - er-more, And Je - sus in glo - ry I'll see.
What a bliss to my soul it will bring, When Je - sus in glo - ry I see.
My soul will be ev - er at rest, When Je - sus in glo - ry I see.
CHORUS.
His foot-steps with zeal I'll pursue, I'll praise Him the whole journey thro',
Then join in a song that is new, When Je - sus in glo - ry I see.

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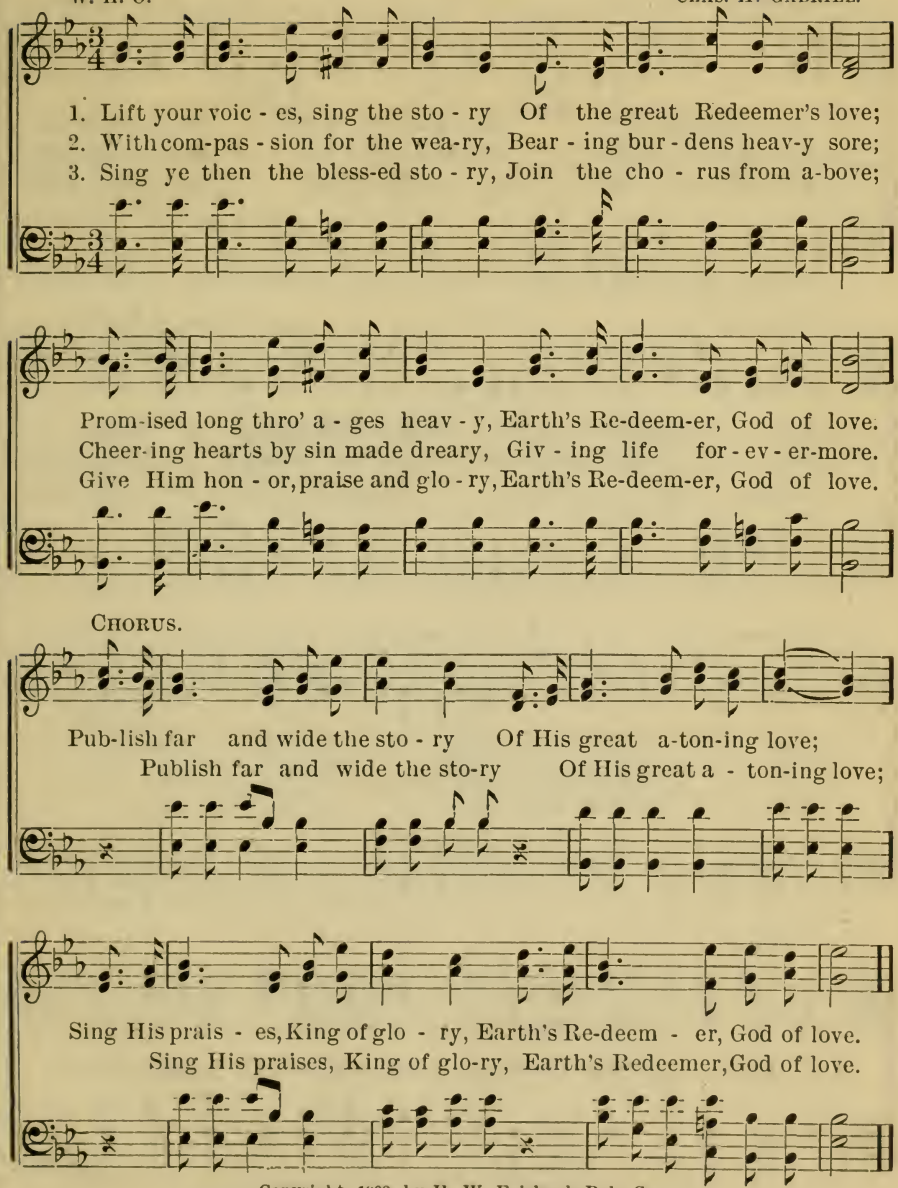
No. 54. Publish the Story.

W. H. O. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Lift your voic - es, sing the sto - ry Of the great Redeemer's love;
2. With com-pas - sion for the wea-ry, Bear - ing bur - dens heav-y sore;
3. Sing ye then the bless-ed sto - ry, Join the cho - rus from a-bove;
Prom-ised long thro' a - ges heav - y, Earth's Re-deem-er, God of love.
Cheer-ing hearts by sin made dreary, Giv - ing life for - ev - er-more.
Give Him hon - or, praise and glo - ry, Earth's Re-deem-er, God of love.
CHORUS.
Pub-lish far and wide the sto - ry Of His great a-ton-ing love;
Publish far and wide the sto-ry Of His great a - ton-ing love;
Sing His prais - es, King of glo - ry, Earth's Re-deem - er, God of love.
Sing His praises, King of glo-ry, Earth's Redeemer, God of love.

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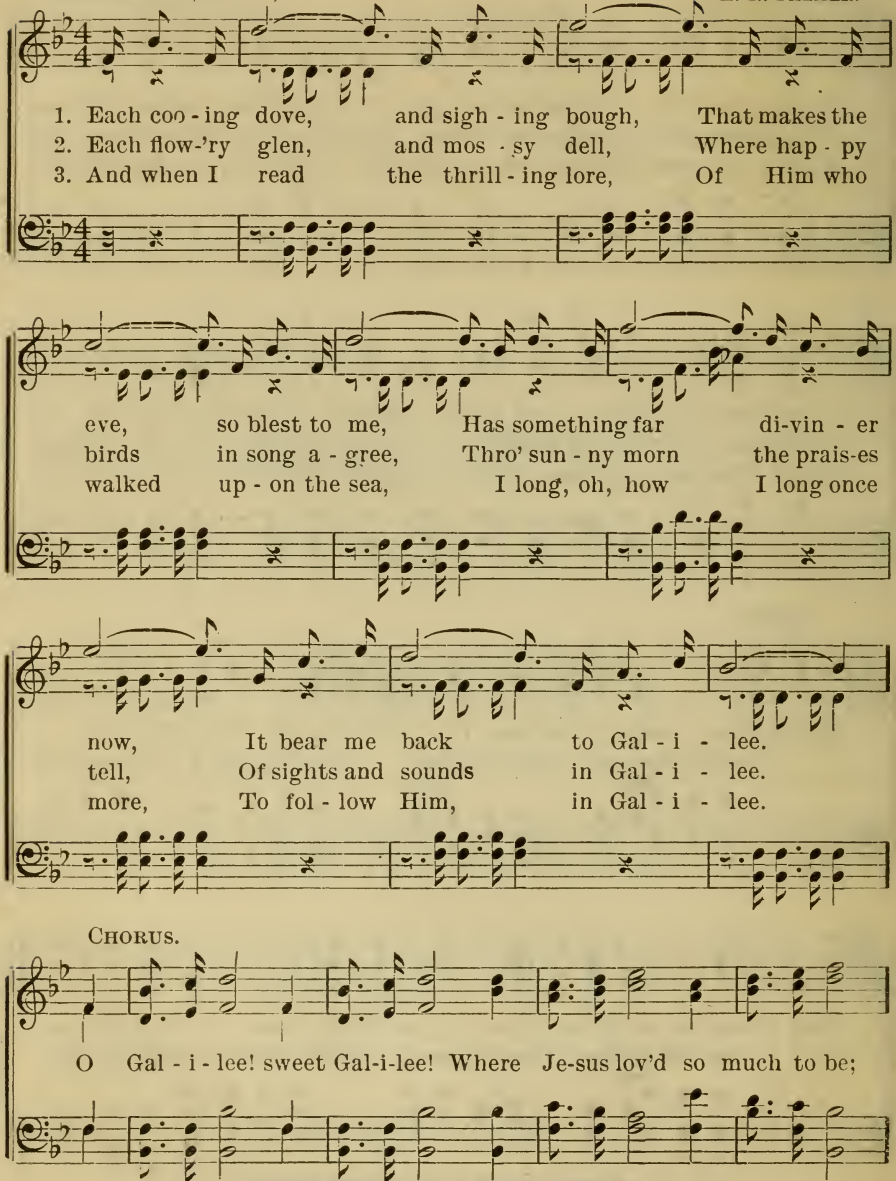
No. 55. Memories of Galilee.

ROB. MORRIS, L. L. D. H. R. PALMER.


1. Each coo - ing dove, and sigh - ing bough, That makes the
2. Each flow-'ry glen, and mos - sy dell, Where hap - py
3. And when I read the thrill - ing lore, Of Him who
eve, so blest to me, Has something far di-vin - er
birds in song a - gree, Thro' sun - ny morn the prais-es
walked up - on the sea, I long, oh, how I long once
now, It bear me back to Gal - i - lee.
tell, Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
more, To fol - low Him, in Gal - i - lee.
CHORUS.
O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus lov'd so much to be;

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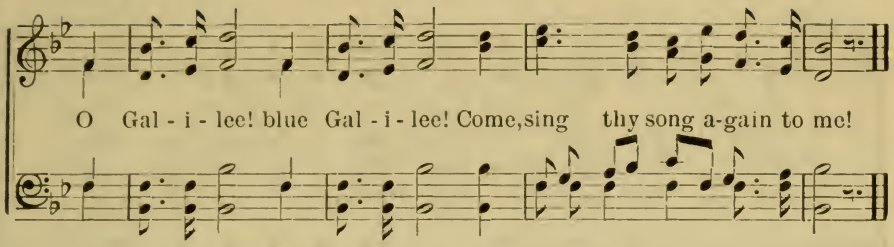
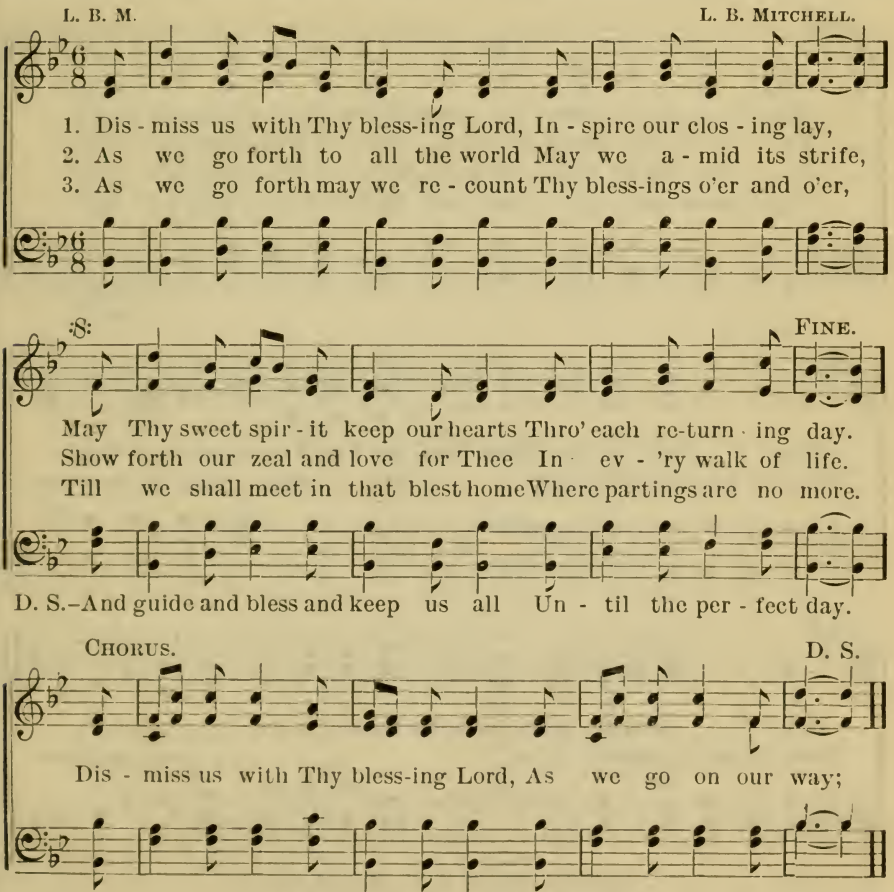


No. 56. Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing Lord.

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.

1. Dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing Lord, In - spire our clos - ing lay,
2. As we go forth to all the world May we a - mid its strife,
3. As we go forth may we re - count Thy bless-ings o'er and o'er,
:8:
FINE.
May Thy sweet spir - it keep our hearts Thro' each re-turn - ing day.
Show forth our zeal and love for Thee In ev - 'ry walk of life.
Till we shall meet in that blest home Where partings are no more.
D. S.–And guide and bless and keep us all Un - til the per - fect day.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing Lord, As we go on our way;

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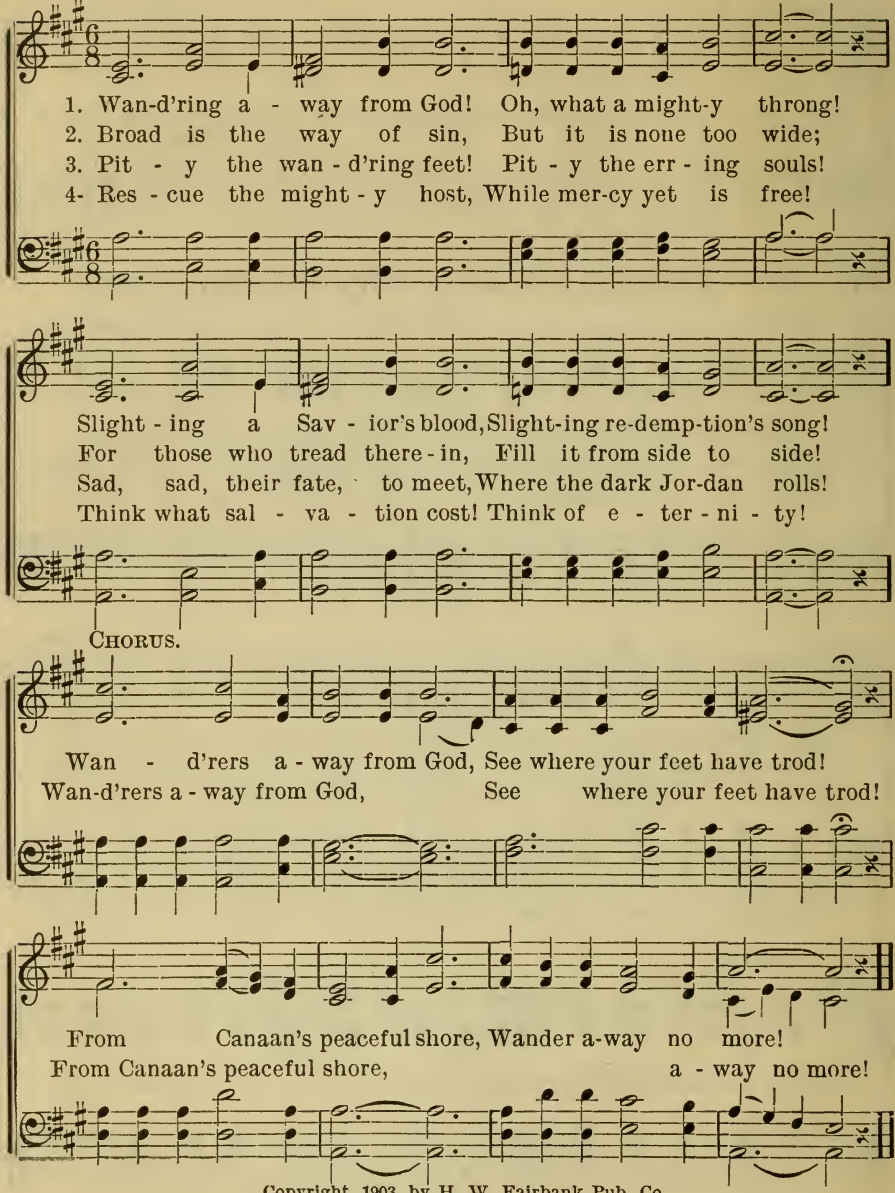
No. 57. Wand'ring Away From Home.

E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. Wan-d'ring a - way from God! Oh, what a might-y throng!
2. Broad is the way of sin, But it is none too wide;
3. Pit - y the wan - d'ring feet! Pit - y the err - ing souls!
4- Res - cue the might - y host, While mer-cy yet is free!
Slight - ing a Sav - ior's blood, Slight-ing re-demp-tion's song!
For those who tread there - in, Fill it from side to side!
Sad, sad, their fate, to meet, Where the dark Jor-dan rolls!
Think what sal - va - tion cost! Think of e - ter - ni - ty!
CHORUS.
Wan - d'rers a - way from God, See where your feet have trod!
Wan-d'rers a - way from God, See where your feet have trod!
From Canaan's peaceful shore, Wander a-way no more!
From Canaan's peaceful shore, a - way no more!

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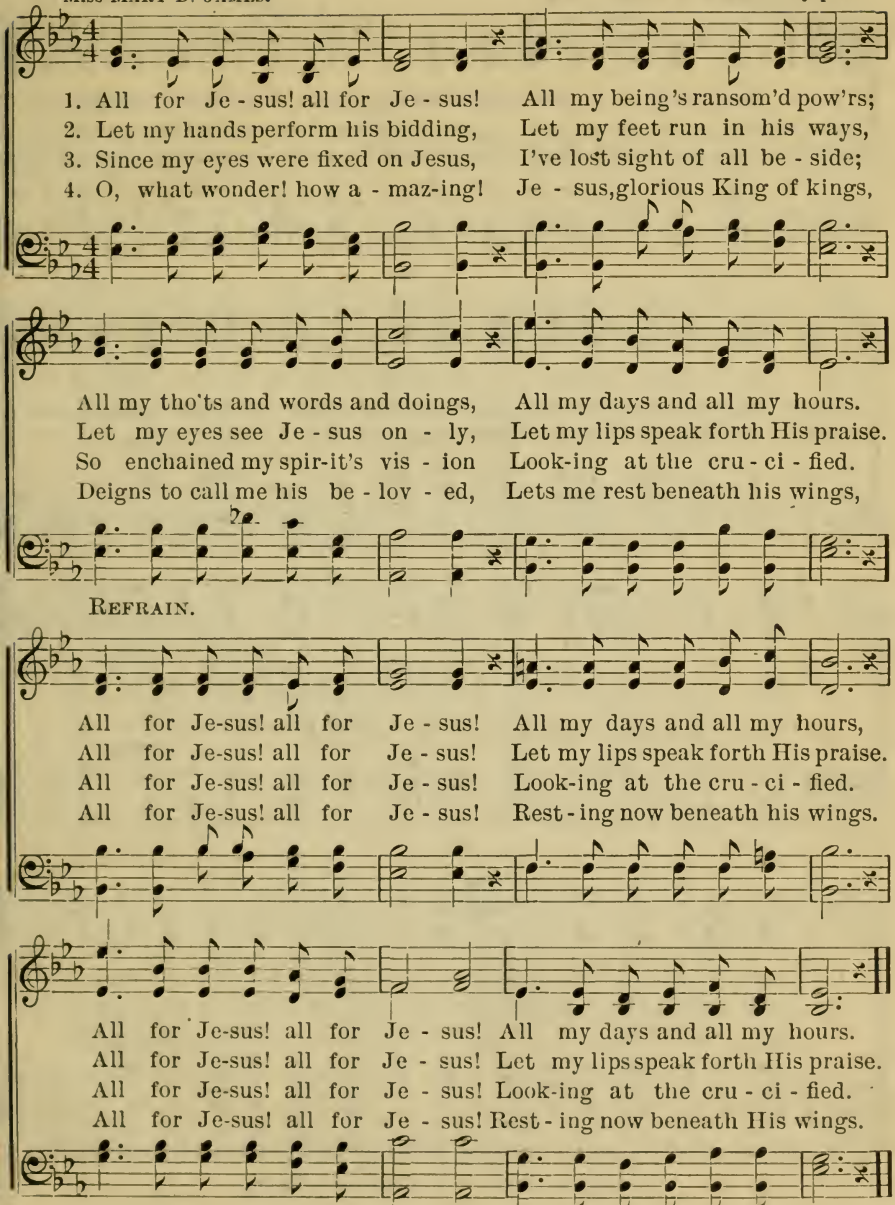
No. 58. All For Jesus.

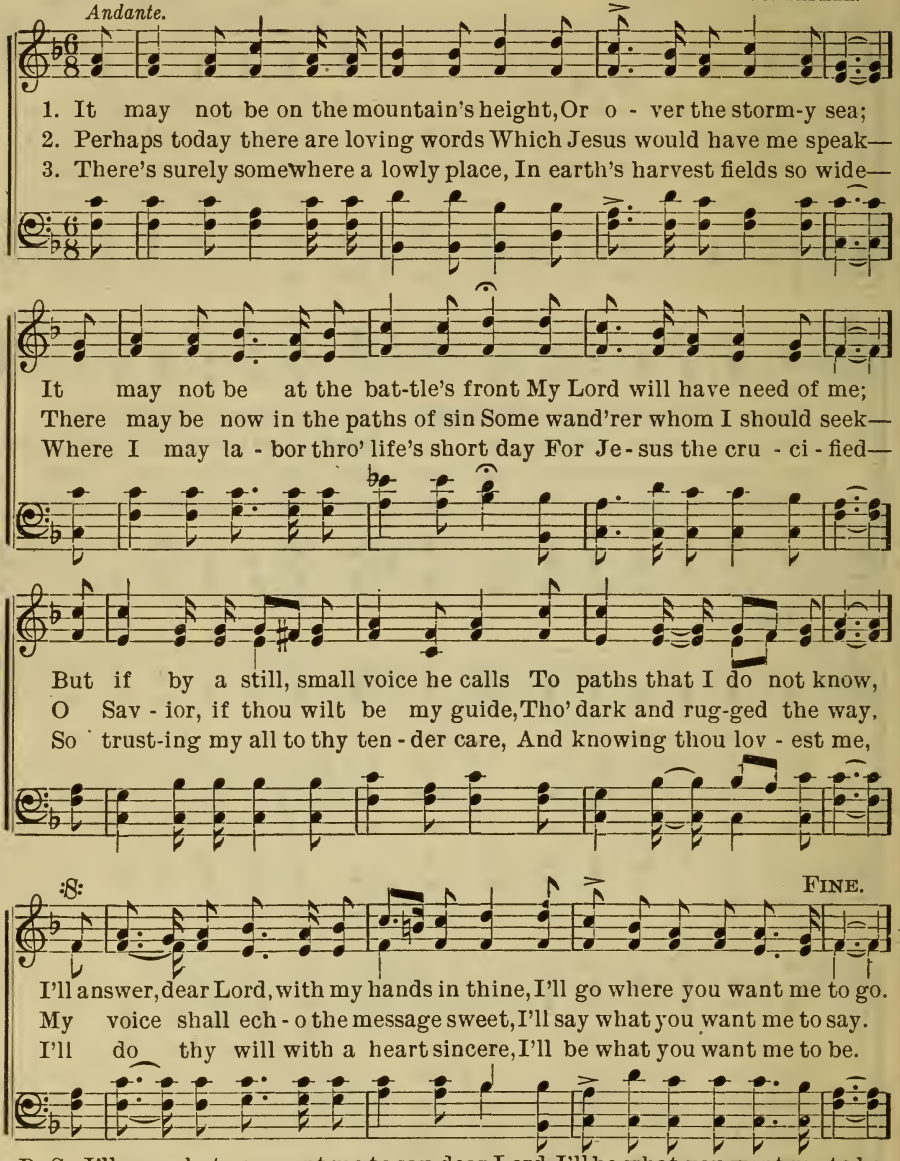
Miss Mary D. James. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp. by per.


1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all be - side;
4. O, what wonder! how a - maz-ing! Je - sus,glorious King of kings,
All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So enchained my spir-it's vis - ion Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me his be - lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath his wings,
Refrain.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours,
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now beneath his wings.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now beneath His wings.

No. 59. I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps today there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—
But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to thy ten - der care, And knowing thou lov - est me,
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hands in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

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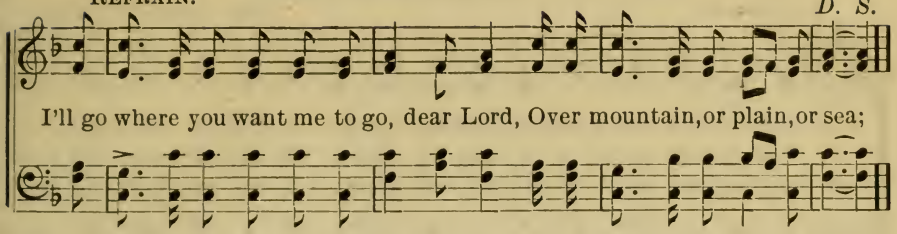
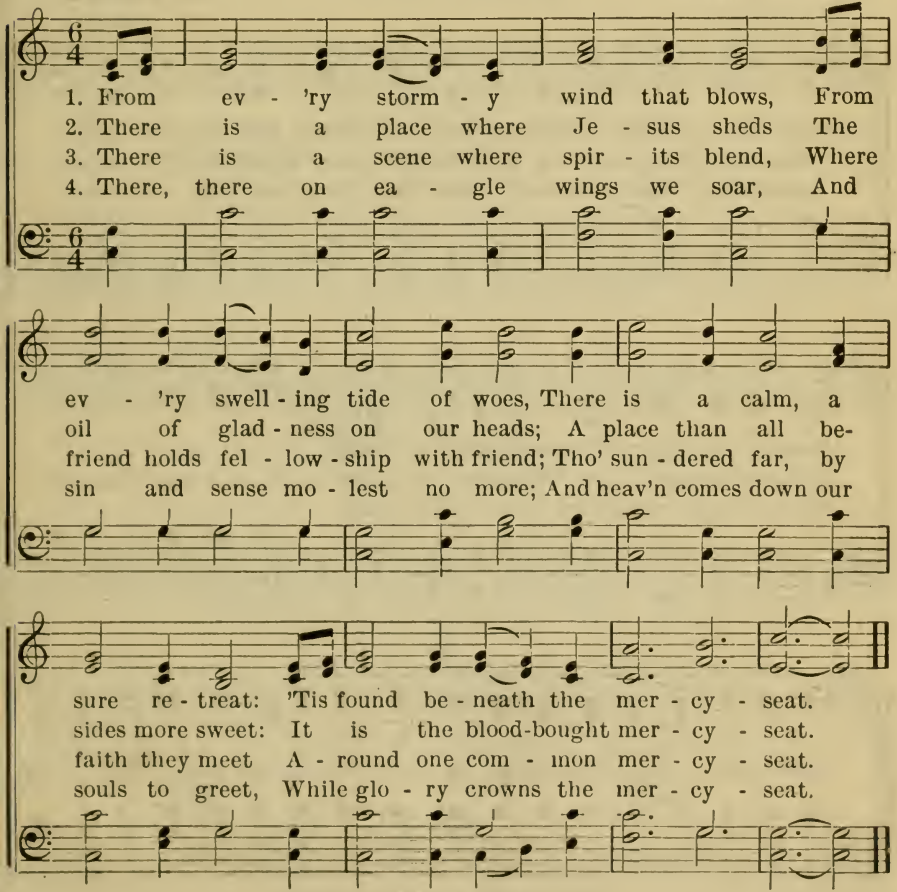
I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go. Concluded.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



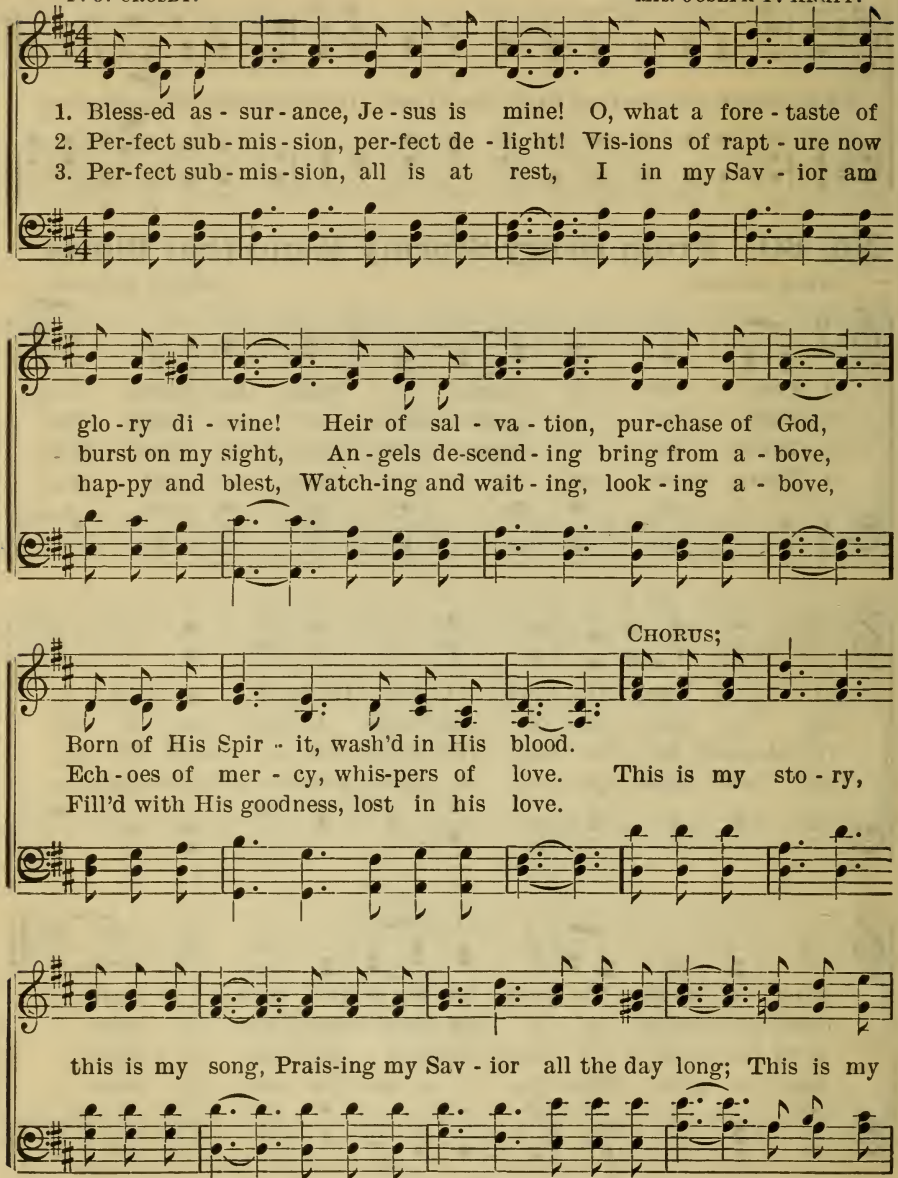
No. 60. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And
ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-
friend holds fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
sin and sense mo - lest no more; And heav'n comes down our
sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

No. 61. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light! Vis-ions of rapt - ure now
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend - ing bring from a - bove,
hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,
CHORUS;
Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in his love.
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

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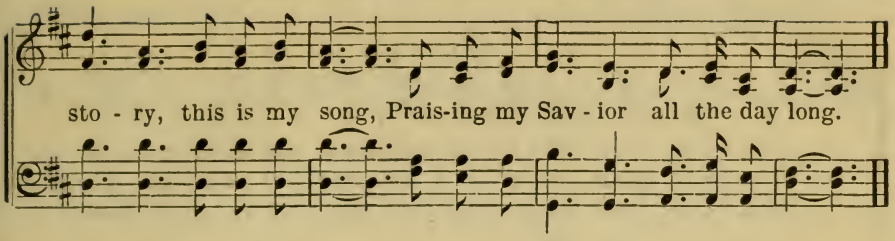
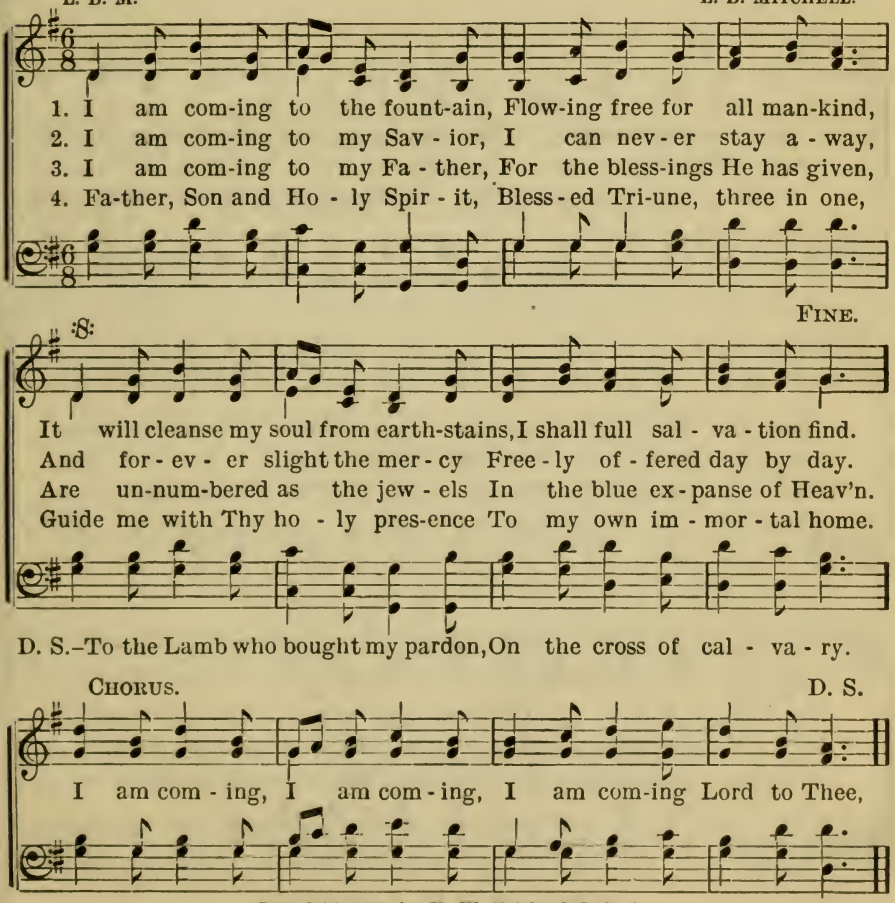


No. 62. I am Coming.

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.


1. I am com-ing to the fount-ain, Flow-ing free for all man-kind,
2. I am com-ing to my Sav - ior, I can nev-er stay a - way,
3. I am com-ing to my Fa - ther, For the bless-ings He has given,
4. Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless-ed Tri-une, three in one,
FINE.
It will cleanse my soul from earth-stains, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
And for-ev - er slight the mer-cy Free-ly of - fered day by day.
Are un-num-bered as the jew - els In the blue ex-panse of Heav'n.
Guide me with Thy ho - ly pres-ence To my own im - mor - tal home.
D. S.–To the Lamb who bought my pardon, On the cross of cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I am com - ing, I am com - ing, I am com-ing Lord to Thee,

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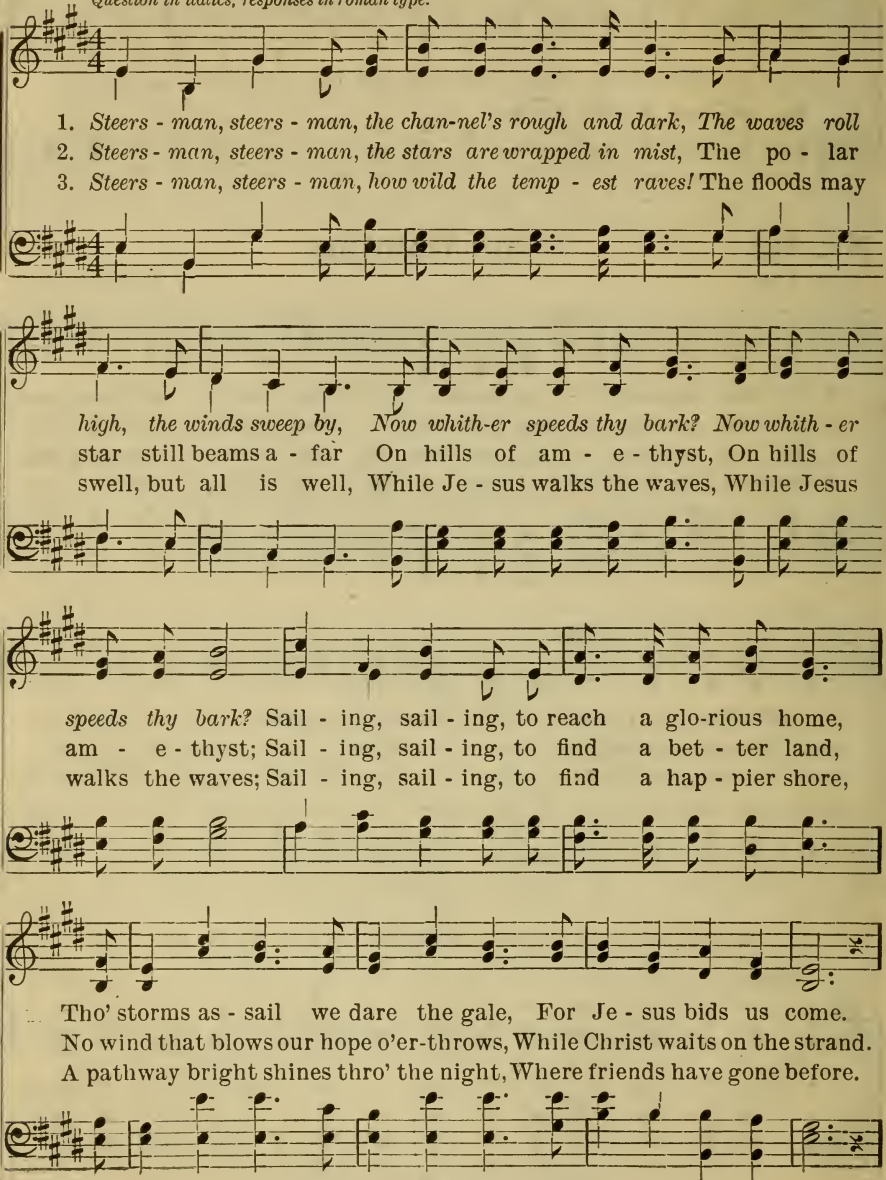
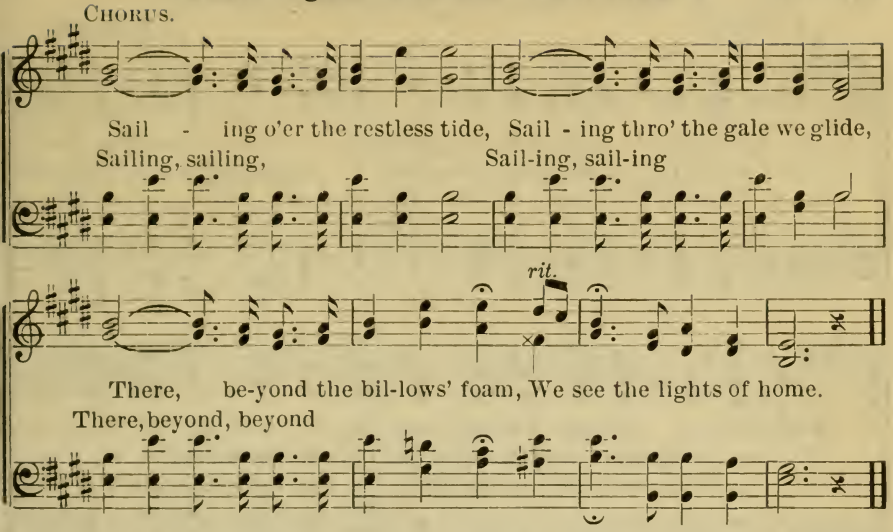
No. 63. The Lights of Home.

PRISCILLA J. OWNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question in italics, responses in roman type.

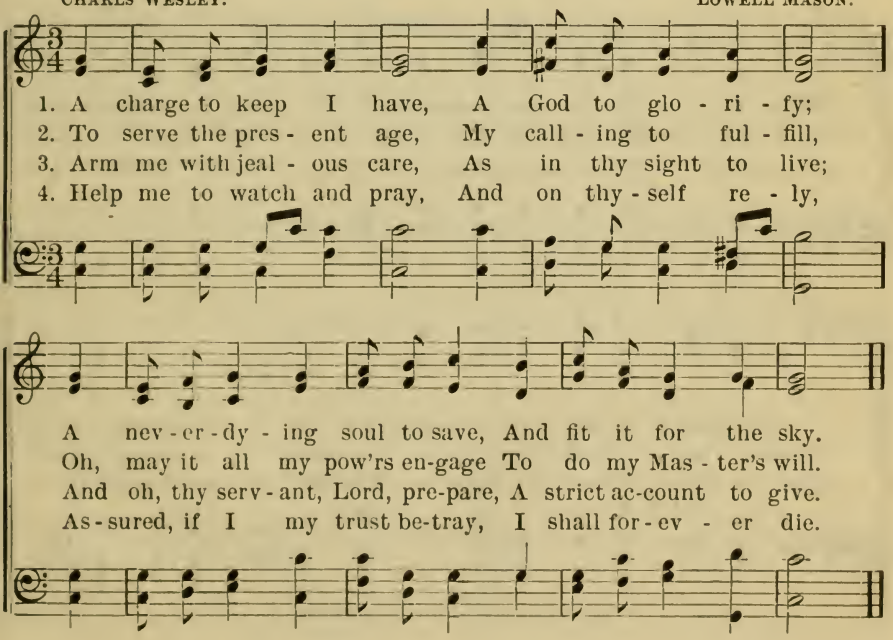

1. Steers - man, steers - man, the chan-nel's rough and dark, The waves roll
2. Steers - man, steers - man, the stars are wrapped in mist, The po - lar
3. Steers - man, steers - man, how wild the temp - est raves! The floods may
high, the winds sweep by, Now whith-er speeds thy bark? Now whith - er
star still beams a - far On hills of am - e - thyst, On hills of
swell, but all is well, While Je - sus walks the waves, While Jesus
speeds thy bark? Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glo-rious home,
am - e - thyst; Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet - ter land,
walks the waves; Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a hap - pier shore,
Tho' storms as - sail we dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come.
No wind that blows our hope o'er-throws, While Christ waits on the strand.
A pathway bright shines thro' the night, Where friends have gone before.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


Chorus.
Sail - ing o'er the restless tide, Sail - ing thro' the gale we glide,
Sailing, sailing, Sail-ing, sail-ing
rit.
There, be-yond the bil-lows' foam, We see the lights of home.
There, beyond, beyond

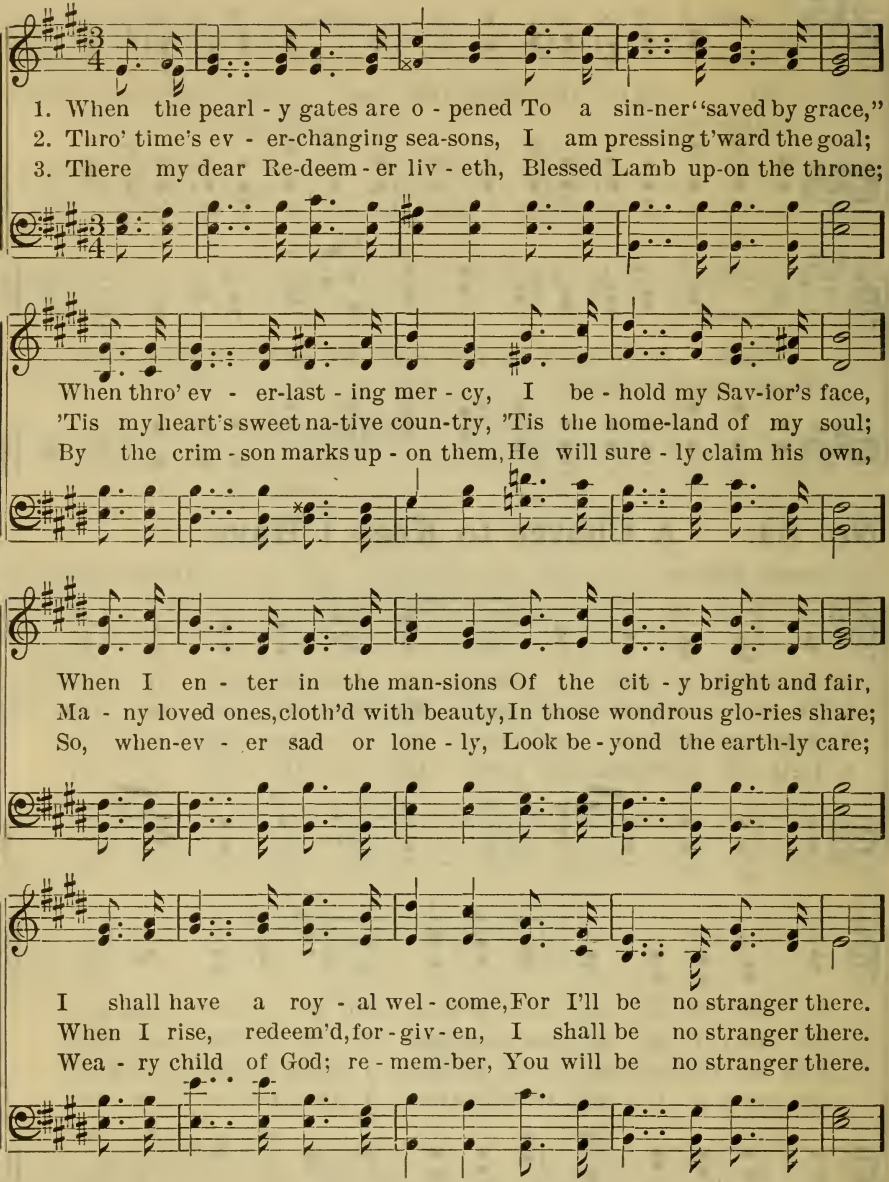
No. 64. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charls Wesley. Lowell Mason.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
And oh, thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 65. I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.


1. When the pearl - y gates are o - pened To a sin-ner "saved by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev - er-changing sea-sons, I am pressing t'ward the goal;
3. There my dear Re-deem - er liv - eth, Blessed Lamb up-on the throne;
When thro' ev - er-last - ing mer - cy, I be - hold my Sav-ior's face,
'Tis my heart's sweet na-tive coun-try, 'Tis the home-land of my soul;
By the crim - son marks up - on them, He will sure - ly claim his own,
When I en - ter in the man-sions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
Ma - ny loved ones, cloth'd with beauty, In those wondrous glo-ries share;
So, when-ev - er sad or lone - ly, Look be - yond the earth-ly care;
I shall have a roy - al wel - come, For I'll be no stranger there.
When I rise, redeem'd, for - giv - en, I shall be no stranger there.
Wea - ry child of God; re - mem-ber, You will be no stranger there.

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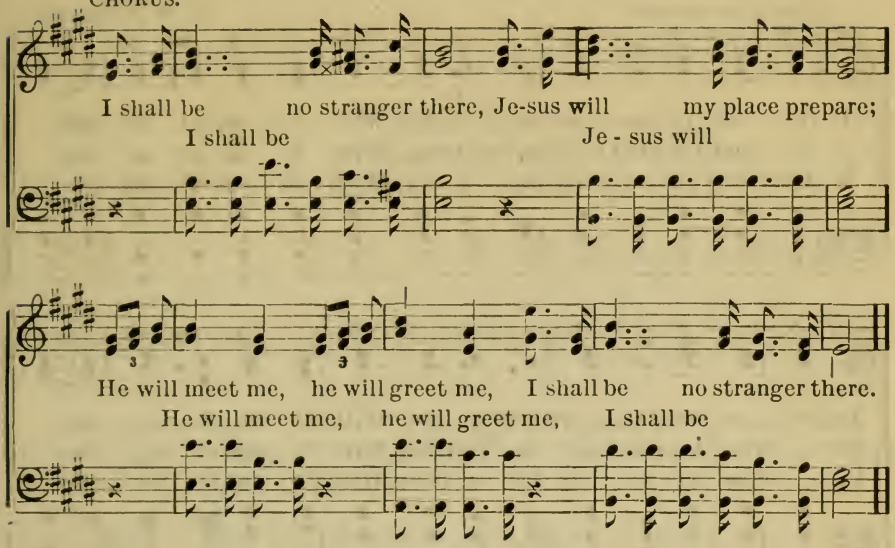
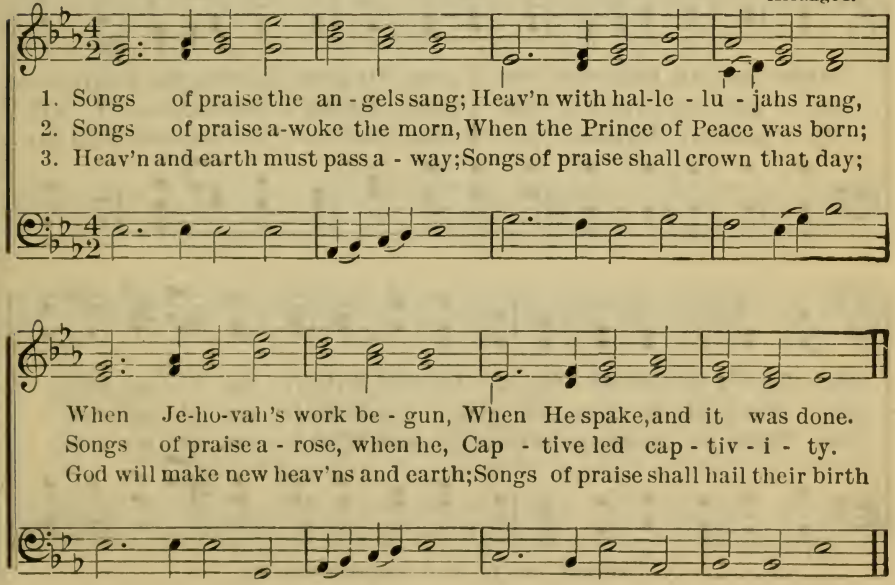
I Shall Be No Stranger There. Concluded.

CHORUS.


I shall be no stranger there, Je-sus will my place prepare;
I shall be Je - sus will
He will meet me, he will greet me, I shall be no stranger there.
He will meet me, he will greet me, I shall be

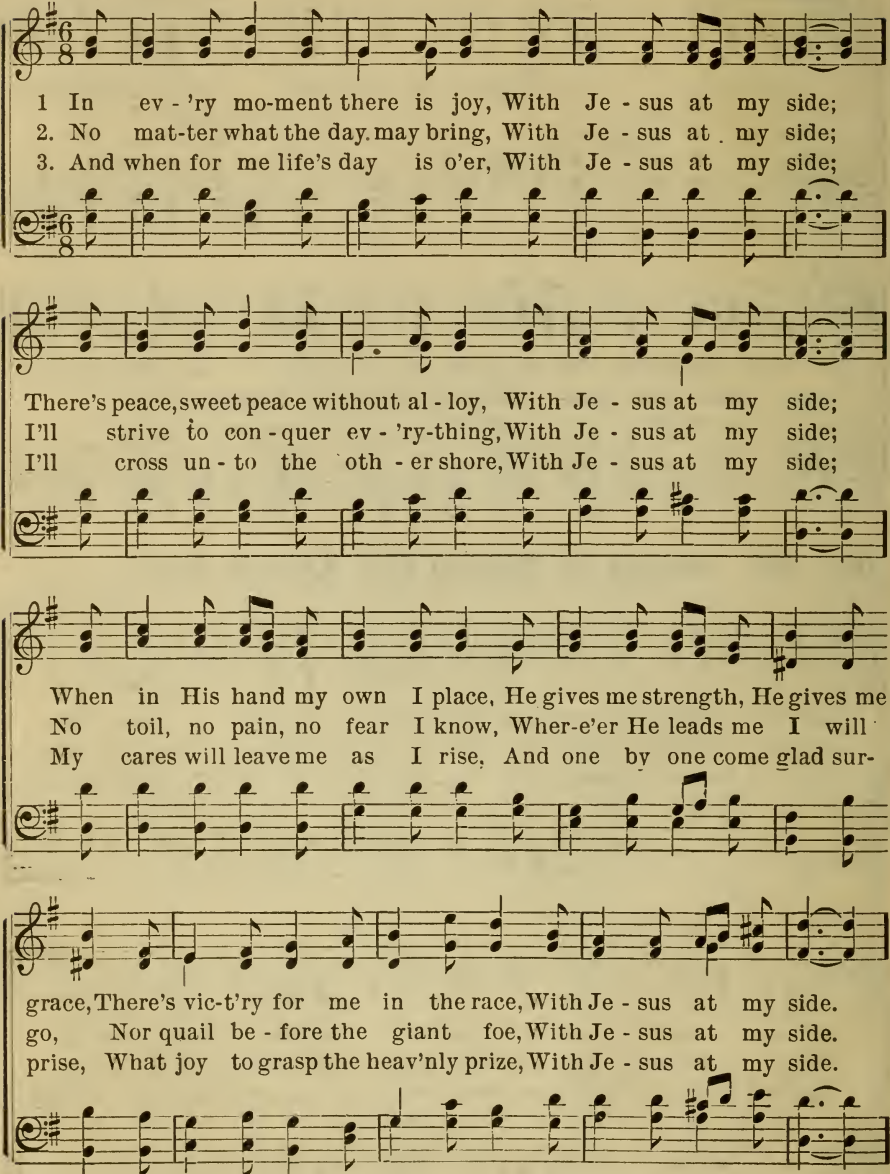
No. 66. Songs of Praise the Angels Sang.

Arranged.


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heav'n with hal-le - lu - jahs rang,
2. Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
3. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way; Songs of praise shall crown that day;
When Je-ho-vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise a - rose, when he, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
God will make new heav'ns and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth

No. 67. With Jesus at My Side.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1 In ev - 'ry mo-ment there is joy, With Je - sus at my side;
2. No mat-ter what the day may bring, With Je - sus at my side;
3. And when for me life's day is o'er, With Je - sus at my side;
There's peace, sweet peace without al - loy, With Je - sus at my side;
I'll strive to con - quer ev - 'ry-thing, With Je - sus at my side;
I'll cross un - to the oth - er shore, With Je - sus at my side;
When in His hand my own I place, He gives me strength, He gives me
No toil, no pain, no fear I know, Wher-e'er He leads me I will
My cares will leave me as I rise, And one by one come glad sur-
grace, There's vic-t'ry for me in the race, With Je - sus at my side.
go, Nor quail be - fore the giant foe, With Je - sus at my side.
prise, What joy to grasp the heav'nly prize, With Je - sus at my side.

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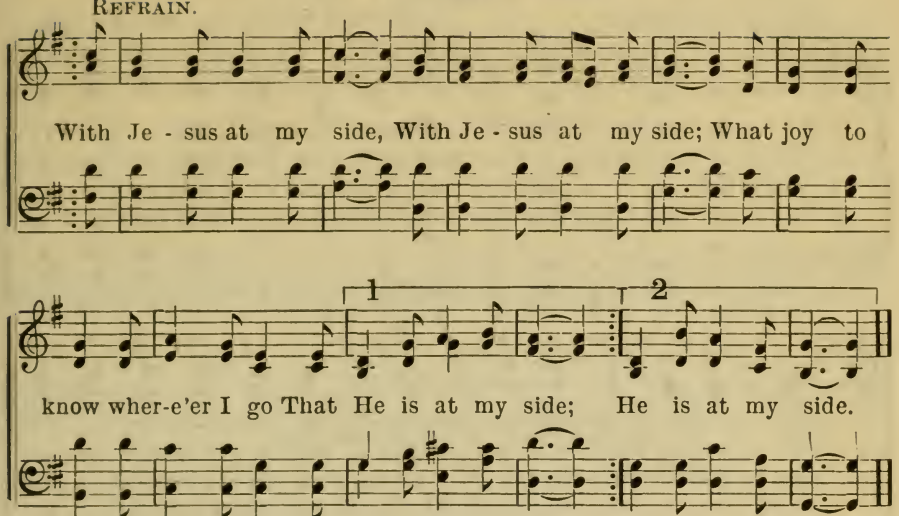
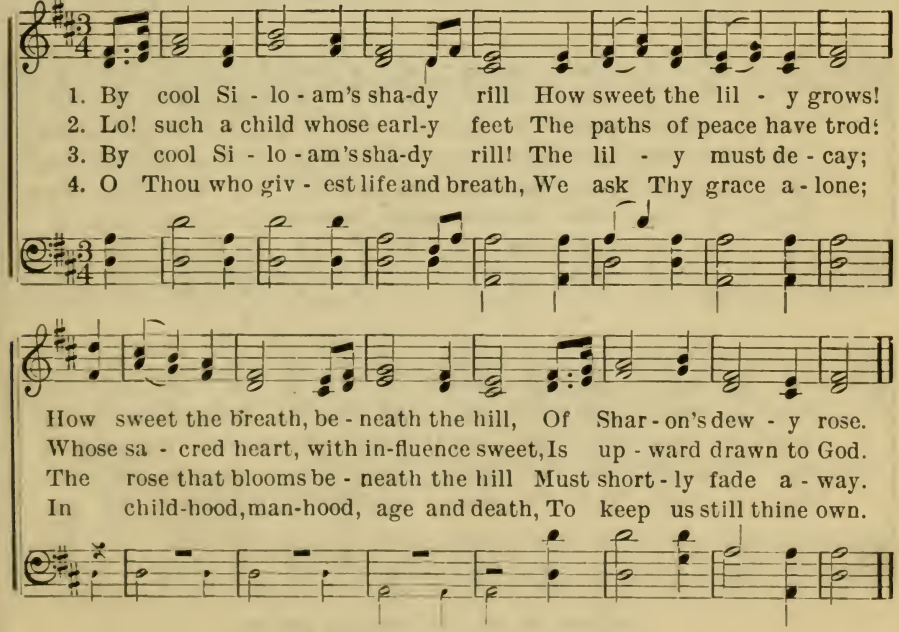
With Jesus at My Side. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

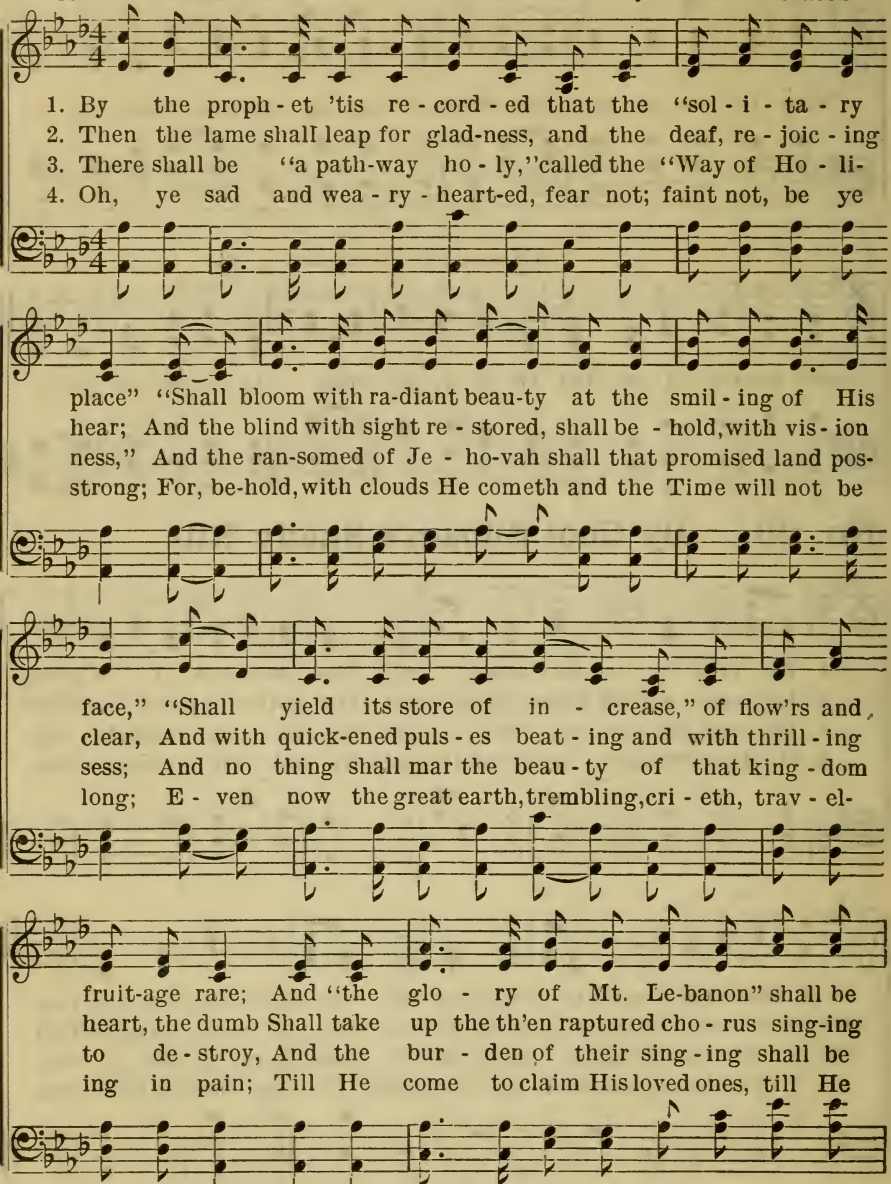


No. 68. By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha-dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such a child whose earl-y feet The paths of peace have trod:
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha-dy rill! The lil - y must de - cay;
4. O Thou who giv - est life and breath, We ask Thy grace a - lone;
How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose.
Whose sa - cred heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
In child-hood, man-hood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

No. 69. Thy Kingdom Come.

Mrs. A. M. TOMLINSON. Chorus and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. By the proph - et 'tis re - cord - ed that the "sol - i - ta - ry
2. Then the lame shall leap for glad-ness, and the deaf, re - joic - ing
3. There shall be "a path-way ho - ly," called the "Way of Ho - li-
4. Oh, ye sad and wea - ry - heart-ed, fear not; faint not, be ye
place" "Shall bloom with ra-diant beau-ty at the smil - ing of His
hear; And the blind with sight re - stored, shall be - hold, with vis - ion
ness," And the ran-somed of Je - ho-vah shall that promised land pos-
strong; For, be-hold, with clouds He cometh and the Time will not be
face," "Shall yield its store of in - crease," of flow'rs and
clear, And with quick-ened puls - es beat - ing and with thrill - ing
sess; And no thing shall mar the beau - ty of that king - dom
long; E - ven now the great earth, trembling, cri - eth, trav - el-
fruit-age rare; And "the glo - ry of Mt. Le-banon" shall be
heart, the dumb Shall take up the th'en raptured cho - rus sing-ing
to de - stroy, And the bur - den of their sing - ing shall be
ing in pain; Till He come to claim His loved ones, till He

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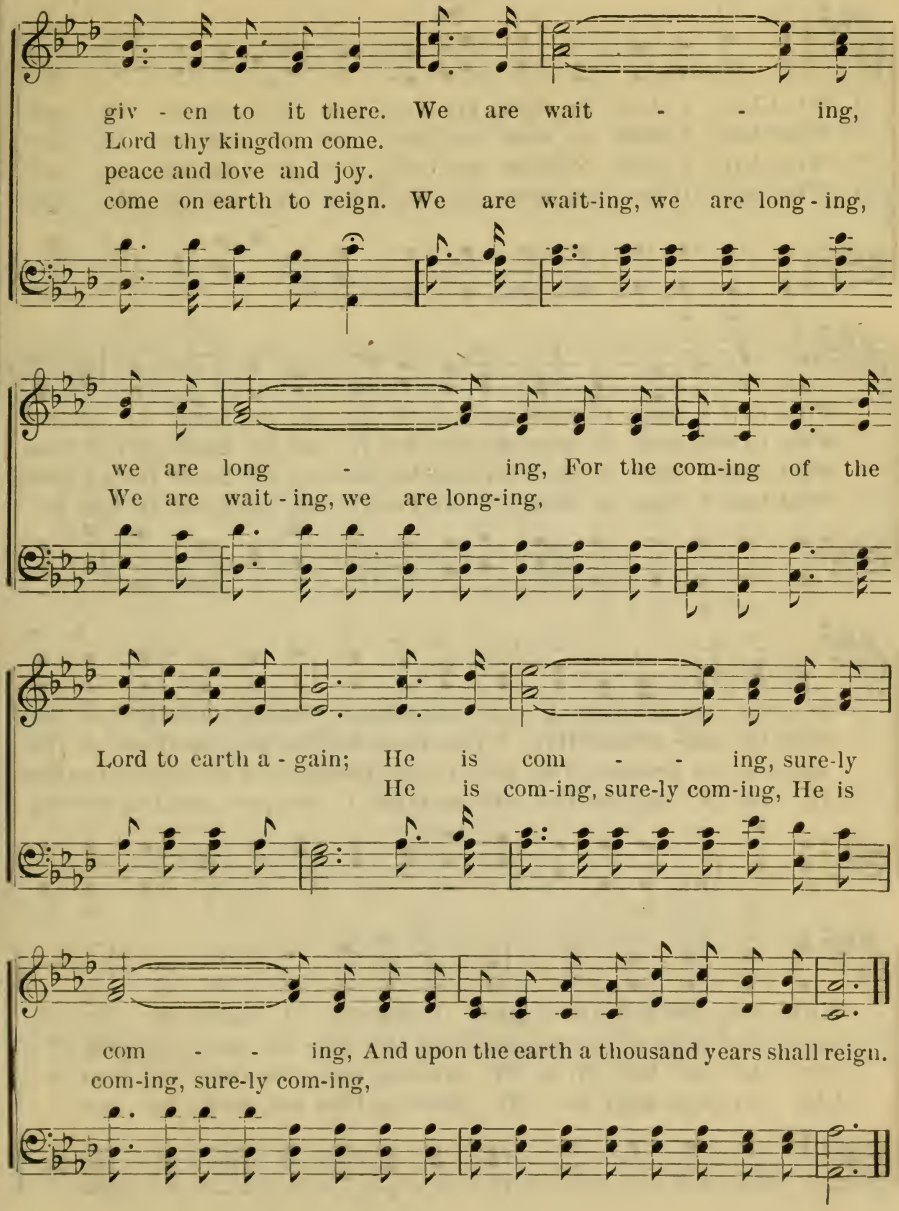
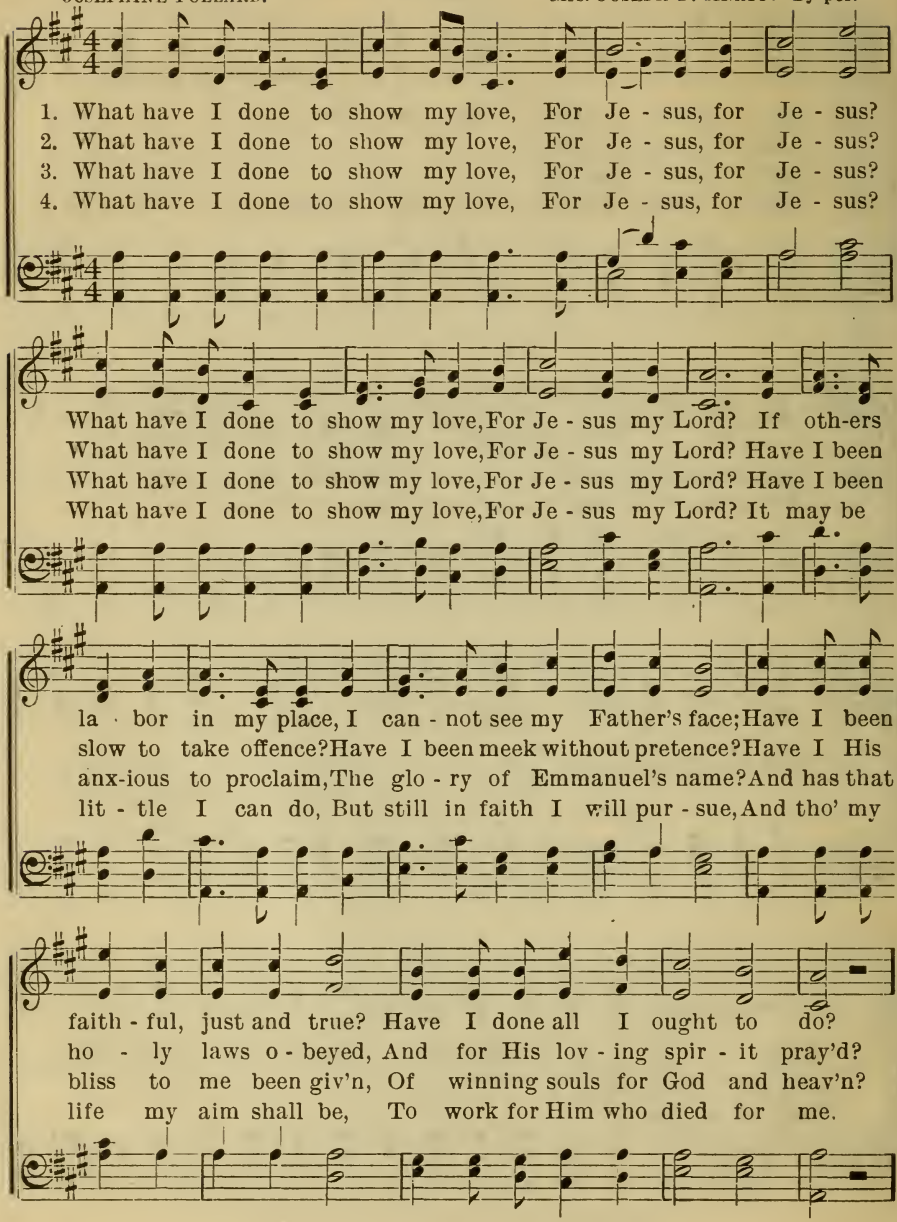
Thy Kingdom Come. Concluded.

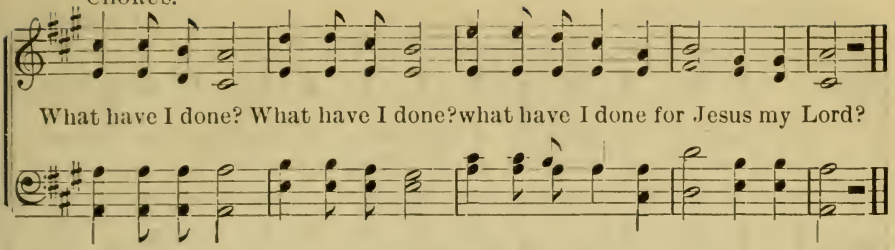
CHORUS.

giv - en to it there. We are wait - - ing,
Lord thy kingdom come.
peace and love and joy.
come on earth to reign. We are wait-ing, we are long - ing,
we are long - ing, For the com-ing of the
We are wait - ing, we are long-ing,
Lord to earth a - gain; He is com - - ing, sure-ly
He is com-ing, sure-ly com-ing, He is
com - - ing, And upon the earth a thousand years shall reign.
com-ing, sure-ly com-ing,

No. 70. What Have I Done?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

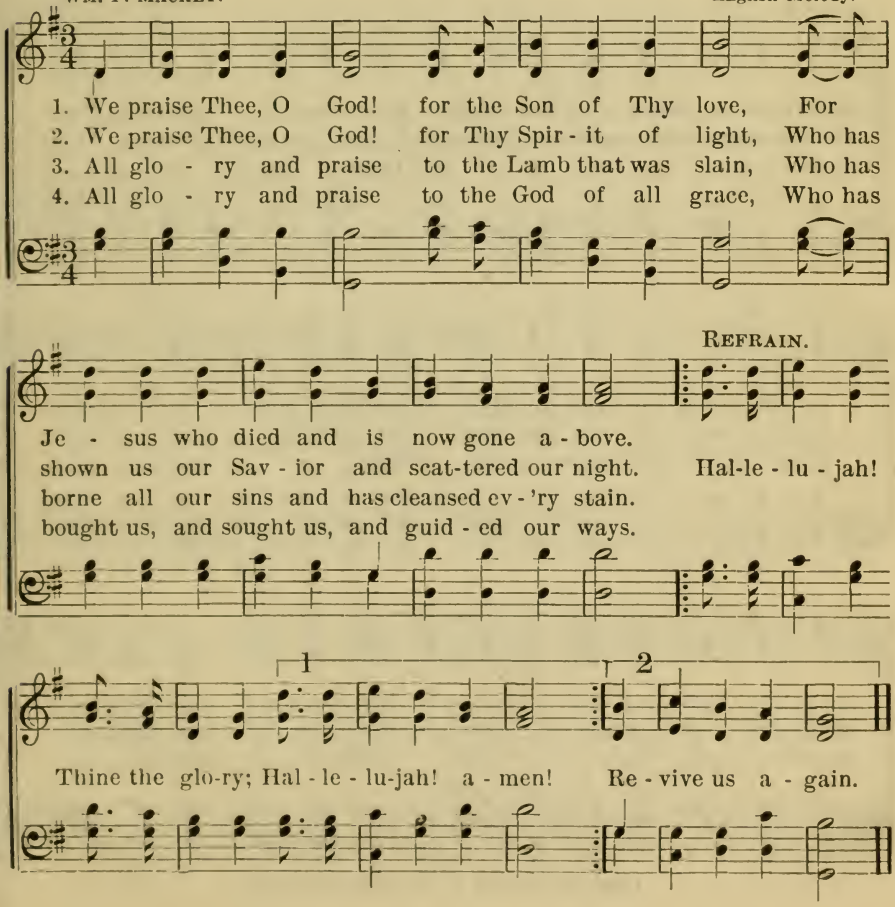

1. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus?
2. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus?
3. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus?
4. What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus, for Je - sus?
What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? If oth-ers
What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? Have I been
What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? Have I been
What have I done to show my love, For Je - sus my Lord? It may be
la - bor in my place, I can - not see my Father's face; Have I been
slow to take offence? Have I been meek without pretence? Have I His
anx-ious to proclaim, The glo - ry of Emmanuel's name? And has that
lit - tle I can do, But still in faith I will pur - sue, And tho' my
faith - ful, just and true? Have I done all I ought to do?
ho - ly laws o - beyed, And for His lov - ing spir - it pray'd?
bliss to me been giv'n, Of winning souls for God and heav'n?
life my aim shall be, To work for Him who died for me.

CHORUS.



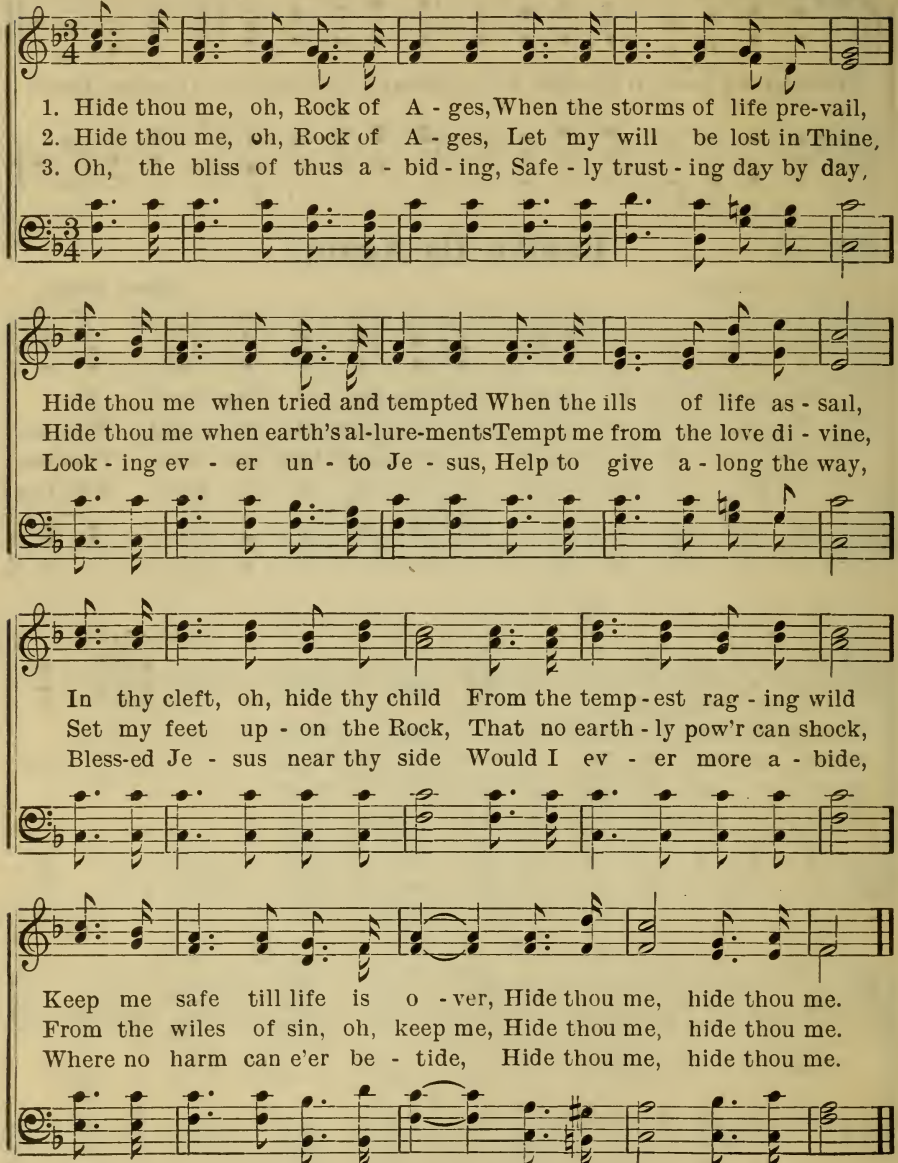
No. 71. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKEY. English Melody.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
REFRAIN.
Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
shown us our Sav - ior and scat-tered our night. Hal-le - lu - jah!
borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
1
2
Thine the glo-ry; Hal - le - lu-jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 72. Hide Thou Me.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Hide thou me, oh, Rock of A - ges, When the storms of life pre-vail,
2. Hide thou me, oh, Rock of A - ges, Let my will be lost in Thine,
3. Oh, the bliss of thus a - bid - ing, Safe - ly trust - ing day by day,
Hide thou me when tried and tempted When the ills of life as - sail,
Hide thou me when earth's al-lure-ments Tempt me from the love di - vine,
Look - ing ev - er un - to Je - sus, Help to give a - long the way,
In thy cleft, oh, hide thy child From the temp - est rag - ing wild
Set my feet up - on the Rock, That no earth - ly pow'r can shock,
Bless-ed Je - sus near thy side Would I ev - er more a - bide,
Keep me safe till life is o - ver, Hide thou me, hide thou me.
From the wiles of sin, oh, keep me, Hide thou me, hide thou me.
Where no harm can e'er be - tide, Hide thou me, hide thou me.

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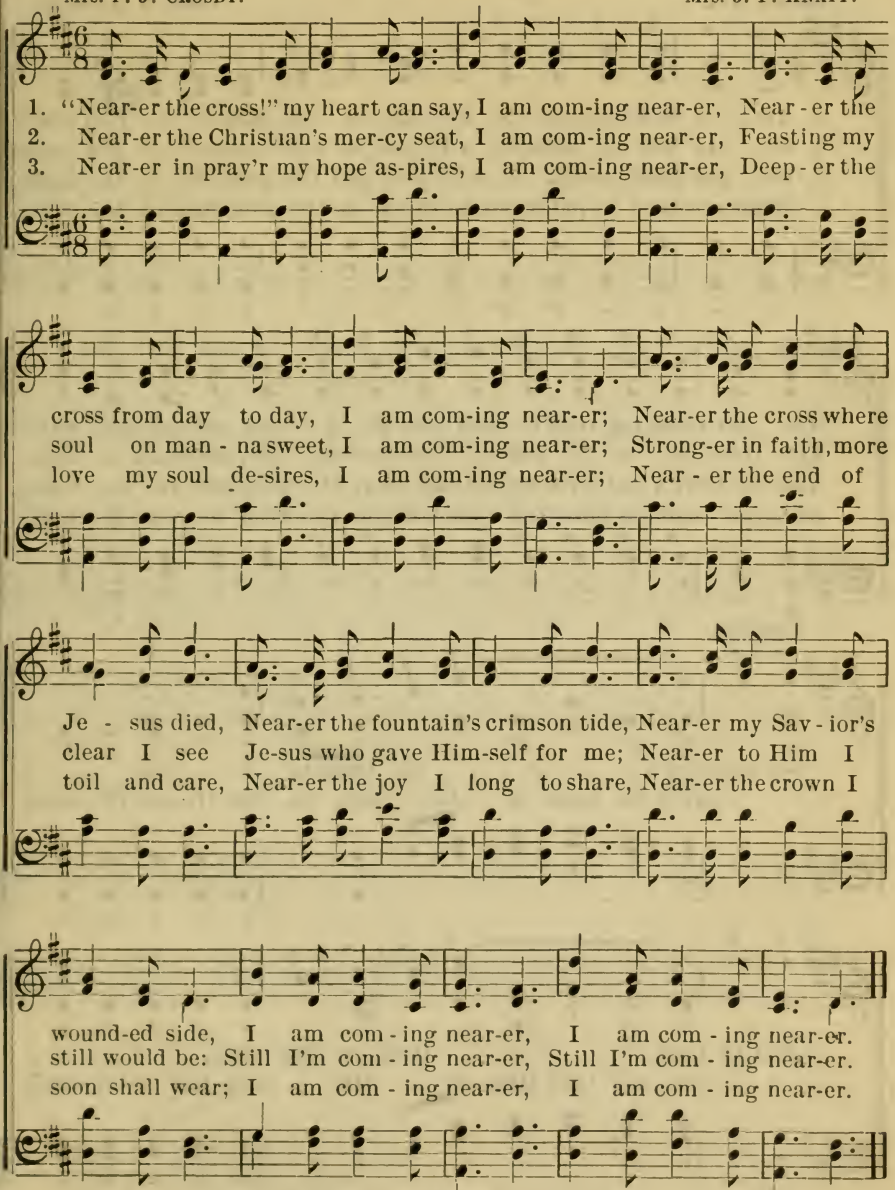
No. 73. Nearer the Cross.

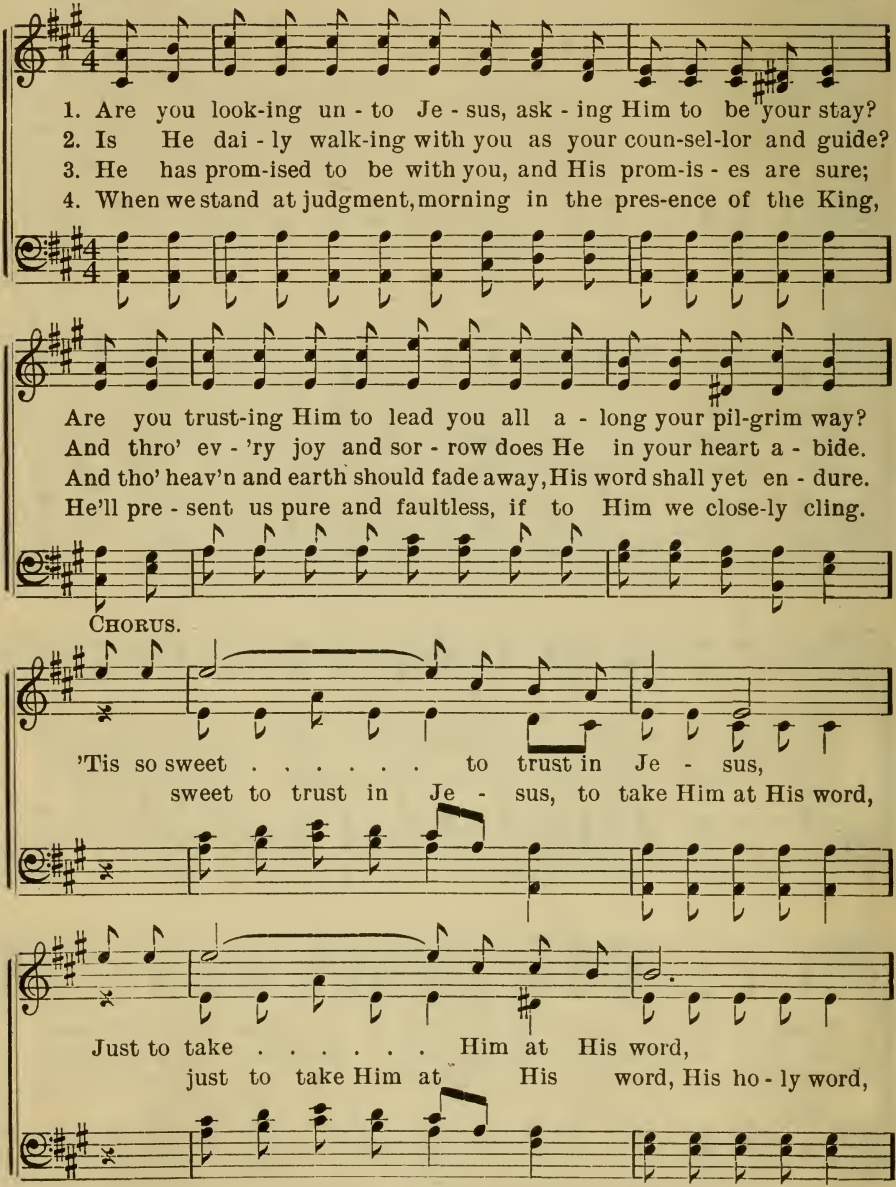
Mrs. F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near - er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep - er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the end of
Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com - ing near-er, Still I'm com - ing near-er.
soon shall wear; I am com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.

By per.

No. 74. The Promise of the Lord.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Are you look-ing un - to Je - sus, ask - ing Him to be your stay?
2. Is He dai - ly walk-ing with you as your coun-sel-lor and guide?
3. He has prom-ised to be with you, and His prom-is - es are sure;
4. When we stand at judgment, morning in the pres-ence of the King,
Are you trust-ing Him to lead you all a - long your pil-grim way?
And thro' ev - 'ry joy and sor - row does He in your heart a - bide.
And tho' heav'n and earth should fade away, His word shall yet en - dure.
He'll pre - sent us pure and faultless, if to Him we close-ly cling.
CHORUS.
'Tis so sweet . . . . . to trust in Je - sus,
sweet to trust in Je - sus, to take Him at His word,
Just to take . . . . . Him at His word,
just to take Him at His word, His ho - ly word,

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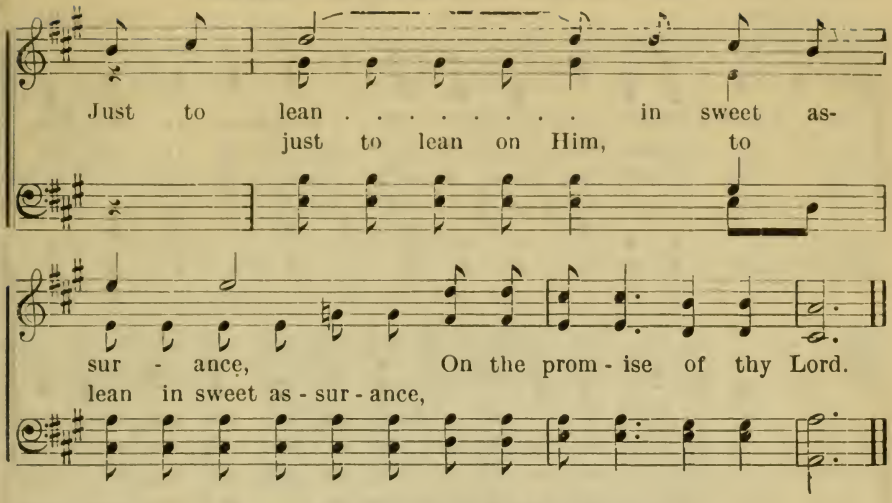
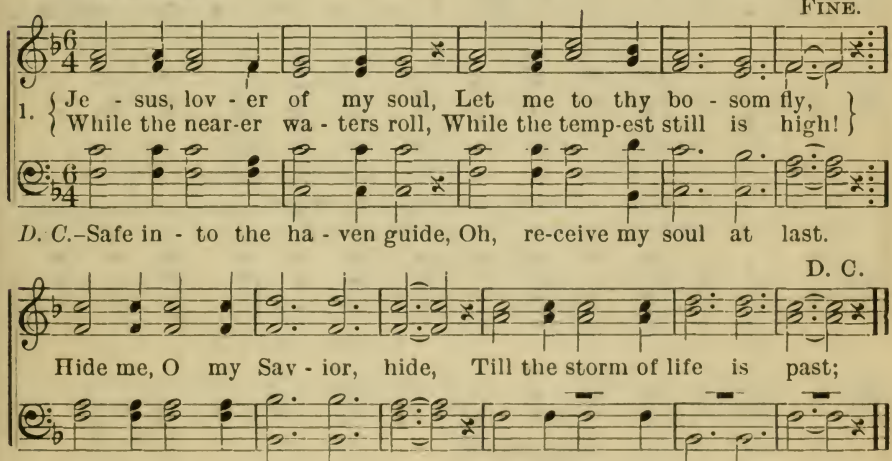


No. 75. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

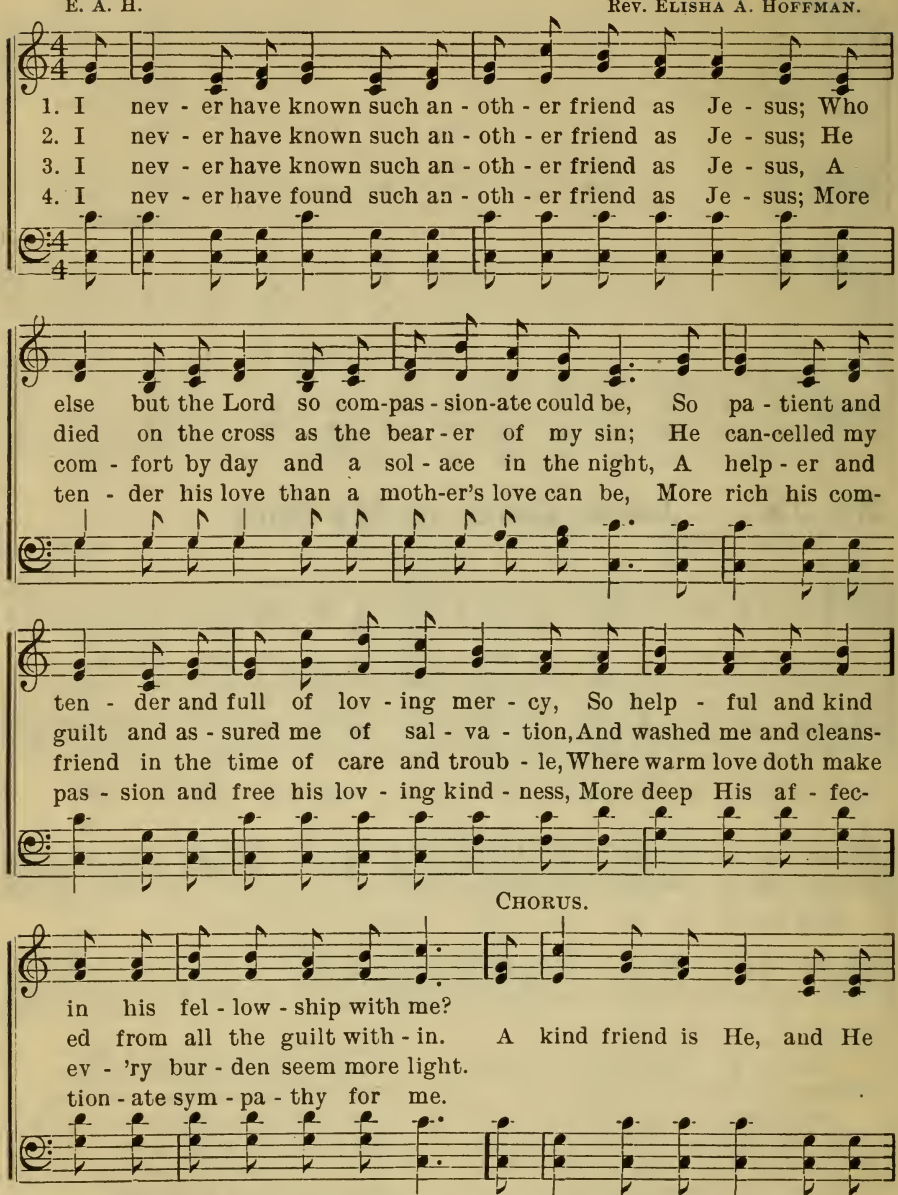

FINE.
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the temp-est still is high!
D. C.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee
Leave, oh, leave me not alone.
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head.
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou are full of truth and grace.

No. 76. A Kind Friend Is Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I nev - er have known such an - oth - er friend as Je - sus; Who
2. I nev - er have known such an - oth - er friend as Je - sus; He
3. I nev - er have known such an - oth - er friend as Je - sus, A
4. I nev - er have found such an - oth - er friend as Je - sus; More
else but the Lord so com-pas - sion-ate could be, So pa - tient and
died on the cross as the bear - er of my sin; He can-celled my
com - fort by day and a sol - ace in the night, A help - er and
ten - der his love than a moth-er's love can be, More rich his com-
ten - der and full of lov - ing mer - cy, So help - ful and kind
guilt and as - sured me of sal - va - tion, And washed me and cleans-
friend in the time of care and troub - le, Where warm love doth make
pas - sion and free his lov - ing kind - ness, More deep His af - fec-
Chorus.
in his fel - low - ship with me?
ed from all the guilt with - in. A kind friend is He, and He
ev - 'ry bur - den seem more light.
tion - ate sym - pa - thy for me.

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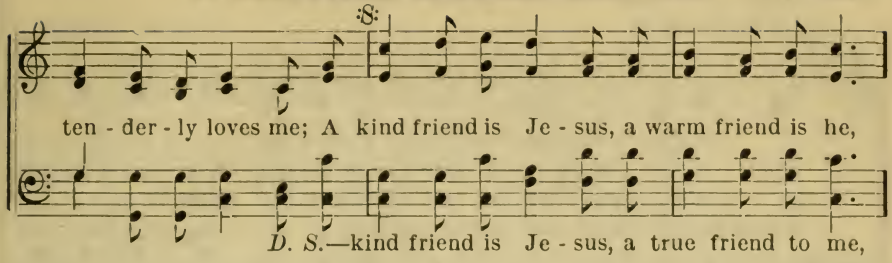
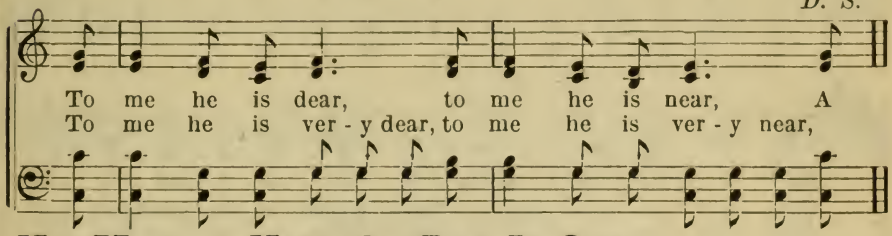
A Kind Friend Is Jesus. Concluded.

FINE.

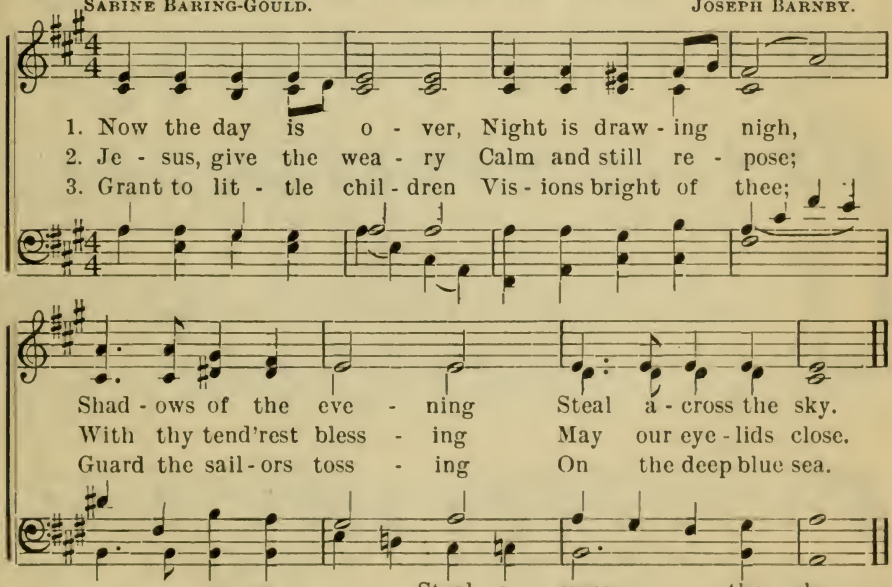


D. S.



No. 77. Now the Day Is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

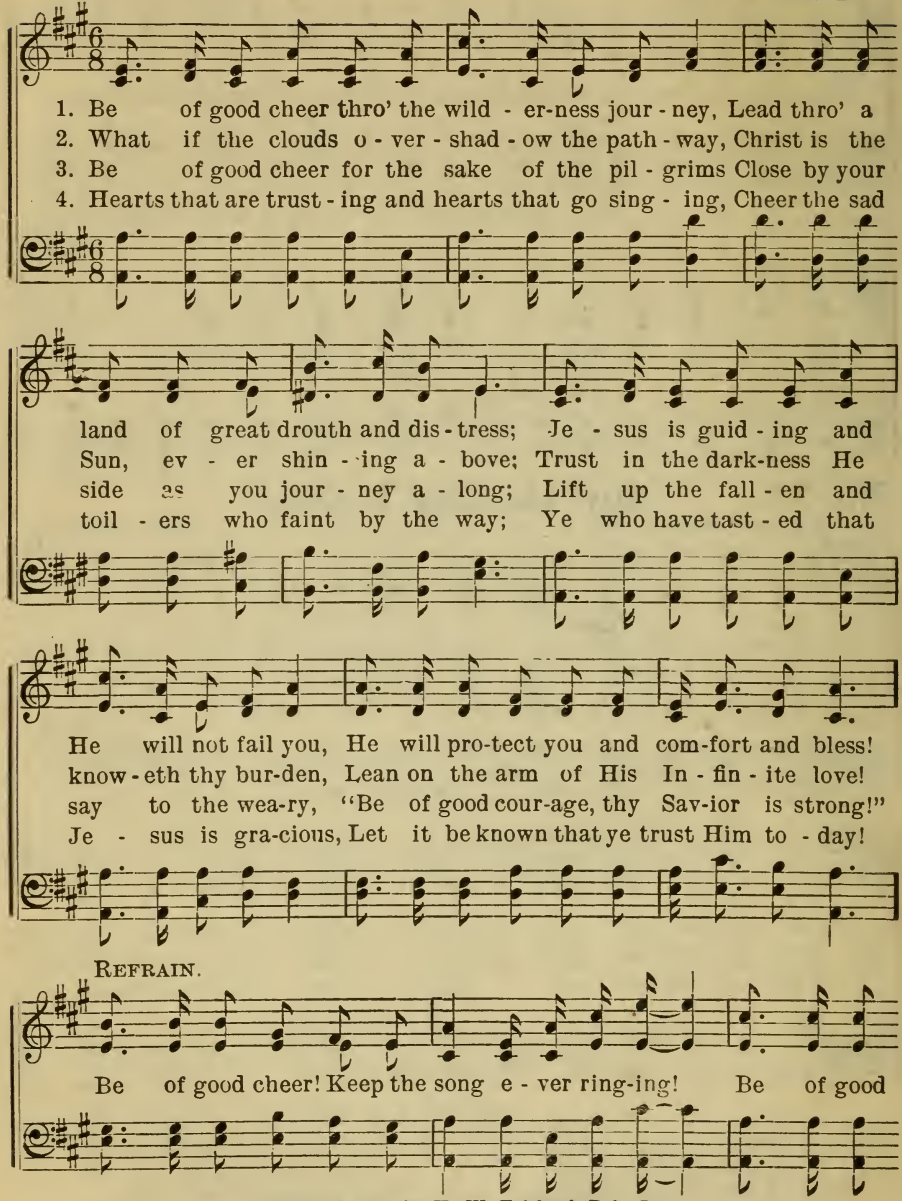

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and still re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Steal a - cross the sky.

4 Thro' the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

No. 78. Be of Good Cheer!

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. Be of good cheer thro' the wild - er-ness jour - ney, Lead thro' a
2. What if the clouds o - ver - shad - ow the path - way, Christ is the
3. Be of good cheer for the sake of the pil - grims Close by your
4. Hearts that are trust - ing and hearts that go sing - ing, Cheer the sad
land of great drouth and dis - tress; Je - sus is guid - ing and
Sun, ev - er shin - ing a - bove; Trust in the dark-ness He
side as you jour - ney a - long; Lift up the fall - en and
toil - ers who faint by the way; Ye who have tast - ed that
He will not fail you, He will pro-tect you and com-fort and bless!
know - eth thy bur-den, Lean on the arm of His In - fin - ite love!
say to the wea-ry, "Be of good cour-age, thy Sav-ior is strong!"
Je - sus is gra-cious, Let it be known that ye trust Him to - day!
REFRAIN.
Be of good cheer! Keep the song e - ver ring-ing! Be of good

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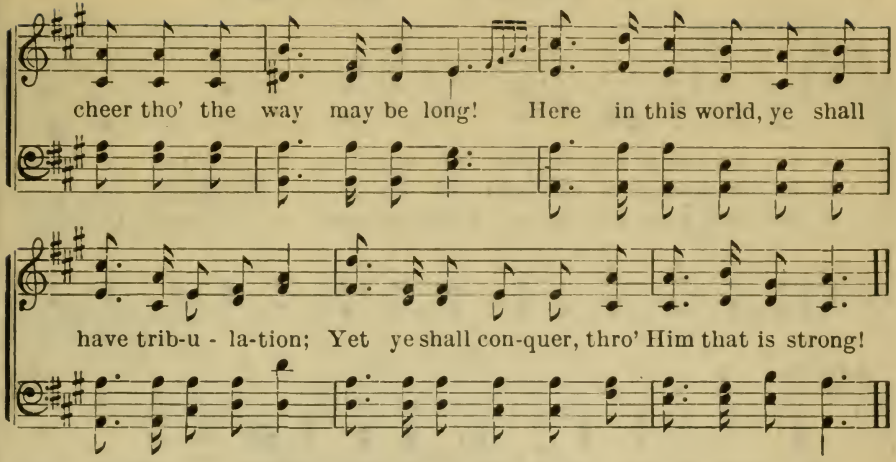
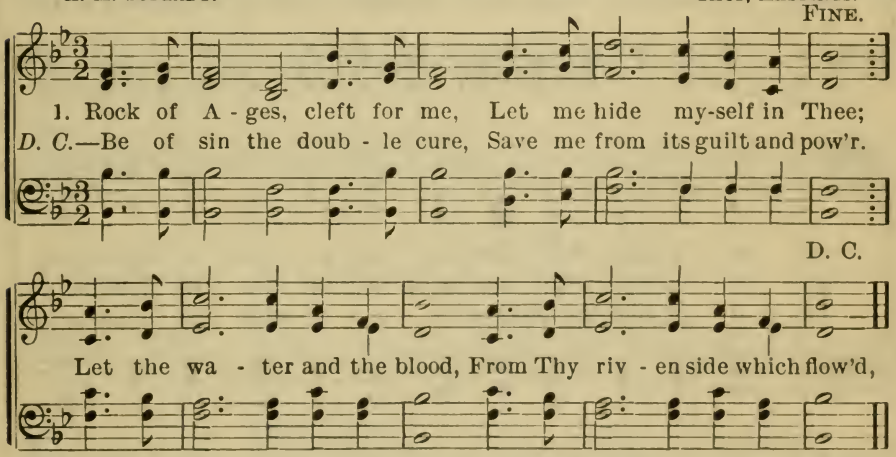


No. 79. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS, HASTINGS.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

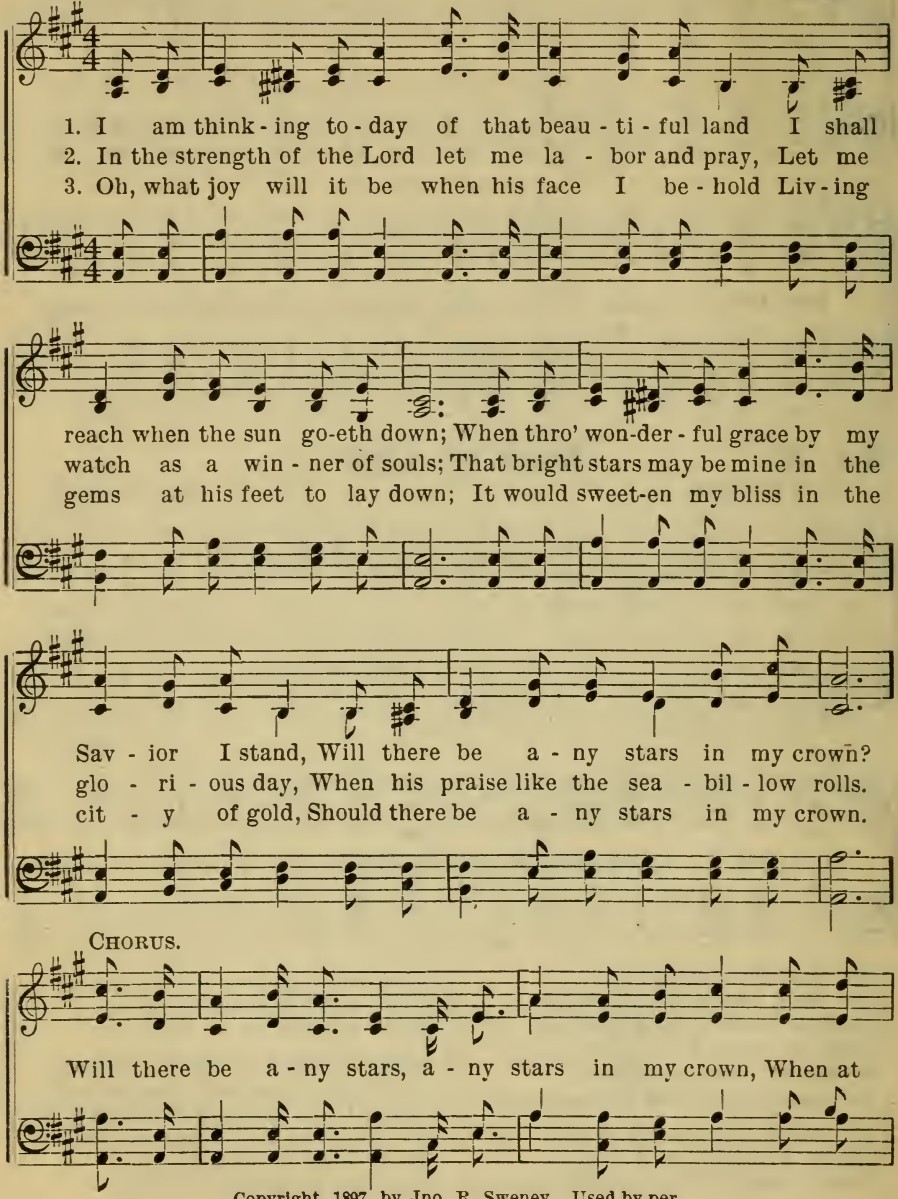
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 80. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der - ful grace by my
Sav - ior I stand, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
glo - ri - ous day, When his praise like the sea - bil - low rolls.
3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I be - hold Liv - ing
gems at his feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the
cit - y of gold, Should there be a - ny stars in my crown.
Chorus.
Will there be a - ny stars, a - ny stars in my crown, When at

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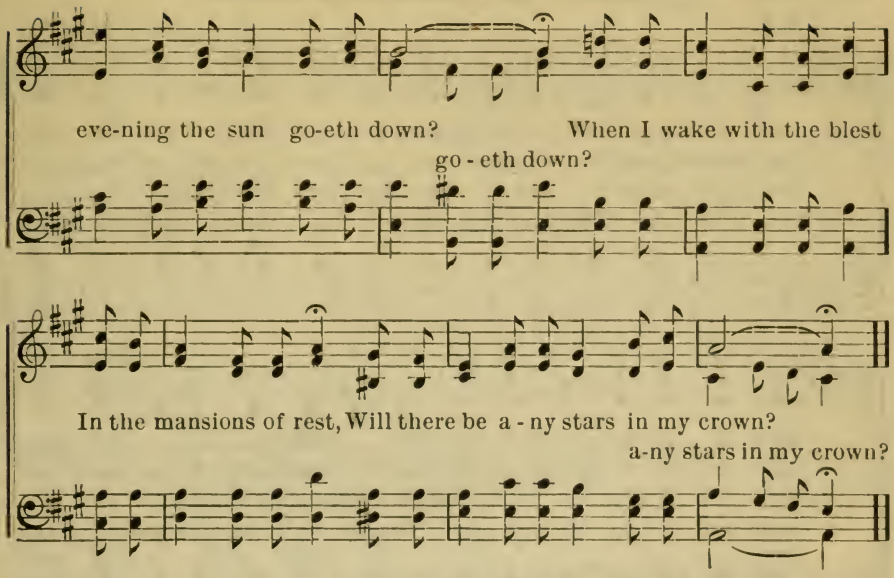
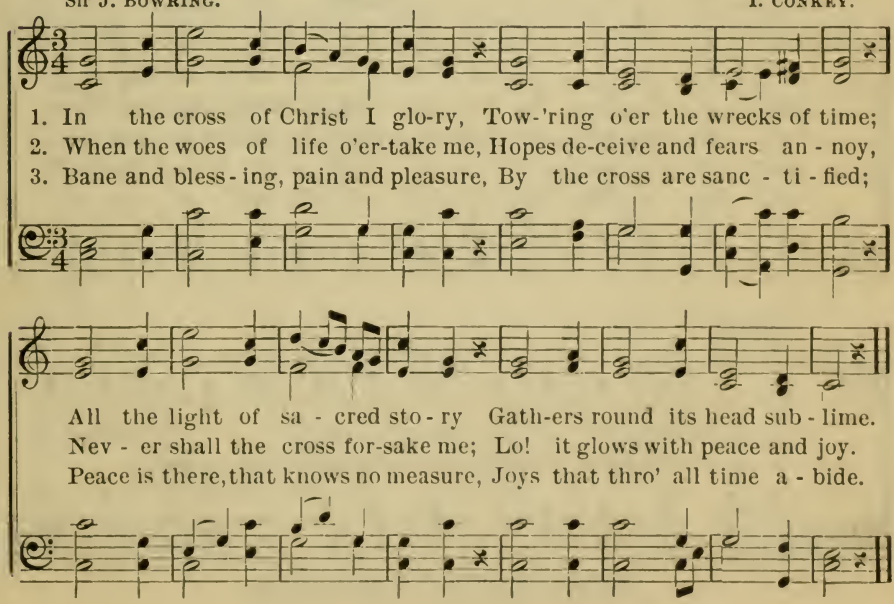

eve-ning the sun go-eth down? When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?
a-ny stars in my crown?

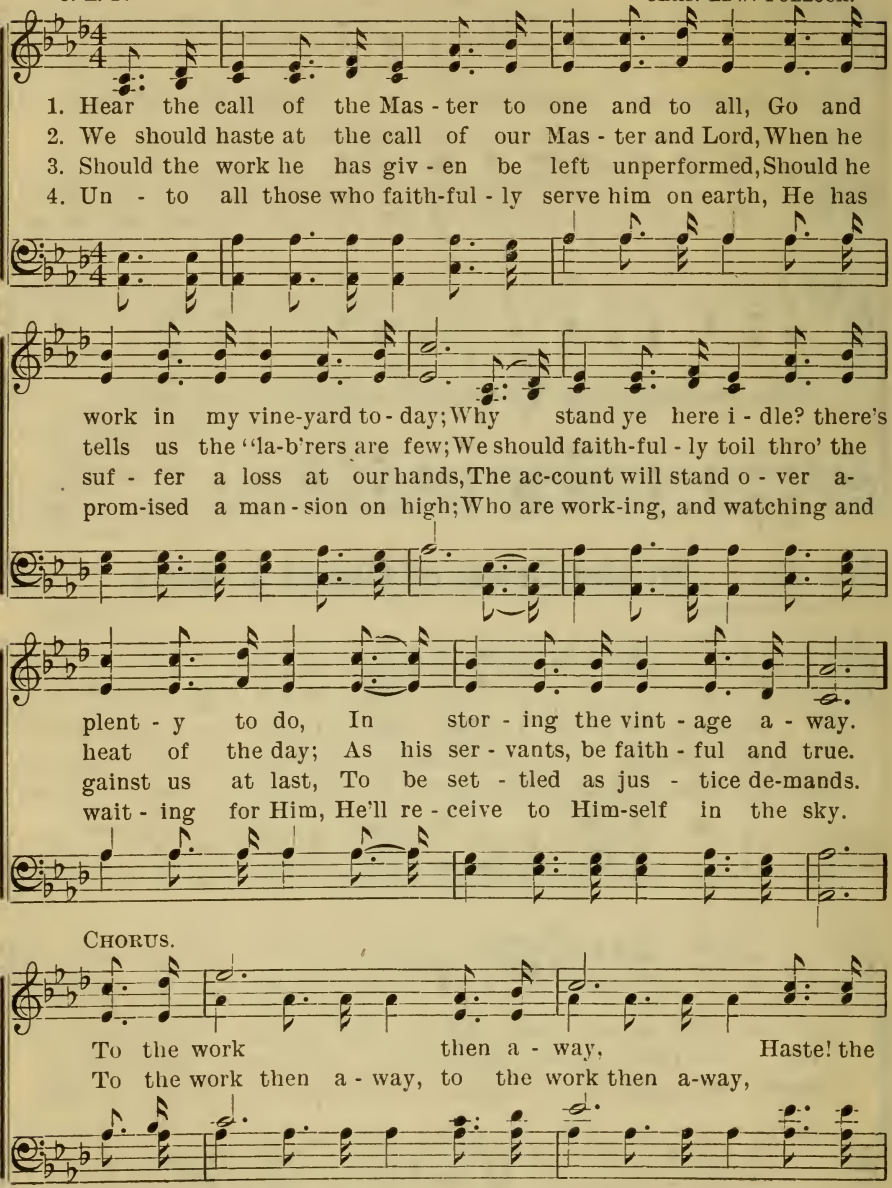
No. 81. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Sir J. Bowring. I. Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

No. 82. Hear the Master's Call.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. Hear the call of the Mas - ter to one and to all, Go and work in my vine-yard to - day; Why stand ye here i - dle? there's plent - y to do, In stor - ing the vint - age a - way.
2. We should haste at the call of our Mas - ter and Lord, When he tells us the "la-b'rers are few; We should faith-ful - ly toil thro' the heat of the day; As his ser - vants, be faith - ful and true.
3. Should the work he has giv - en be left unperformed, Should he suf - fer a loss at our hands, The ac-count will stand o - ver a- gainst us at last, To be set - tled as jus - tice de-mands.
4. Un - to all those who faith-ful - ly serve him on earth, He has prom-ised a man - sion on high; Who are work-ing, and watching and wait - ing for Him, He'll re - ceive to Him-self in the sky.
CHORUS.
To the work then a - way, Haste! the
To the work then a - way, to the work then a-way,

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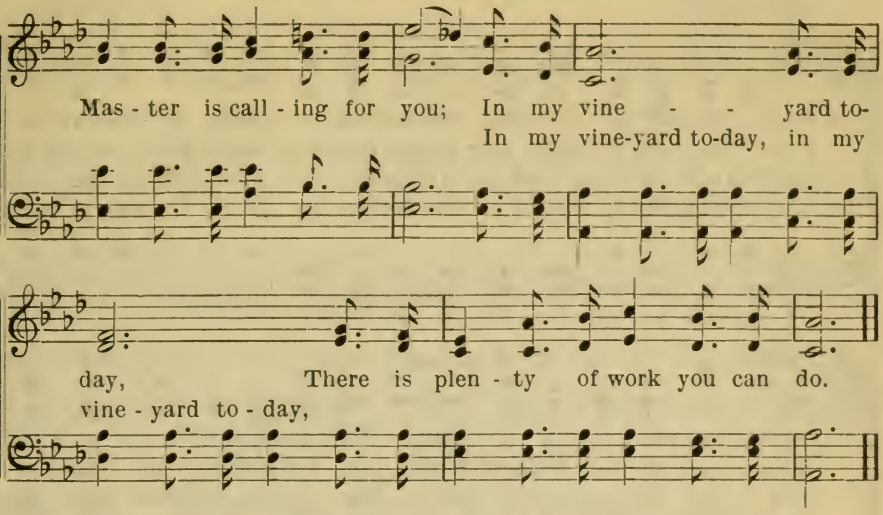
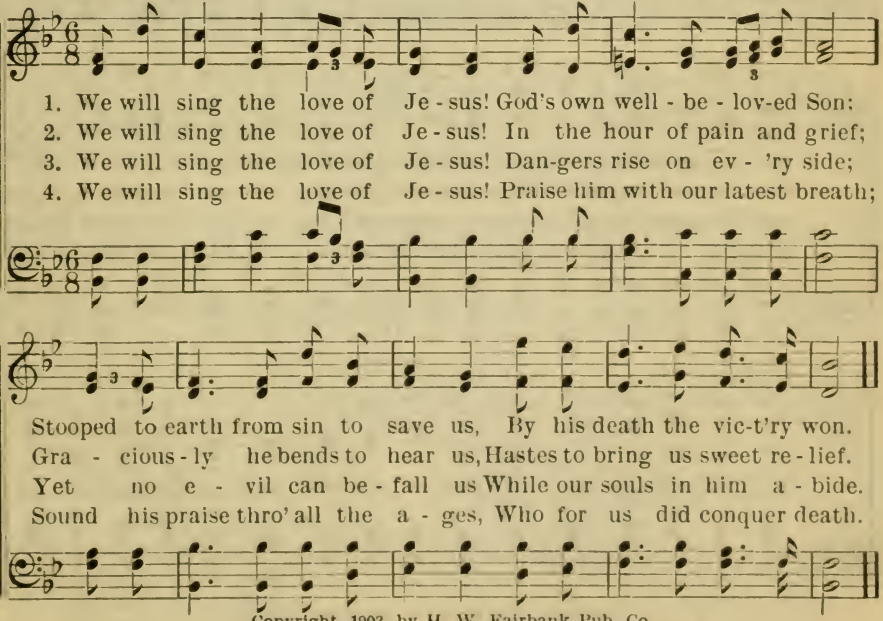


No. 83. We Will Sing the Love of Jesus.

WM. STEVENSON. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. We will sing the love of Je - sus! God's own well - be - lov-ed Son:
2. We will sing the love of Je - sus! In the hour of pain and grief;
3. We will sing the love of Je - sus! Dan-gers rise on ev - 'ry side;
4. We will sing the love of Je - sus! Praise him with our latest breath;
Stooped to earth from sin to save us, By his death the vic-t'ry won.
Gra - cious-ly he bends to hear us, Hastes to bring us sweet re - lief.
Yet no e - vil can be - fall us While our souls in him a - bide.
Sound his praise thro' all the a - ges, Who for us did conquer death.

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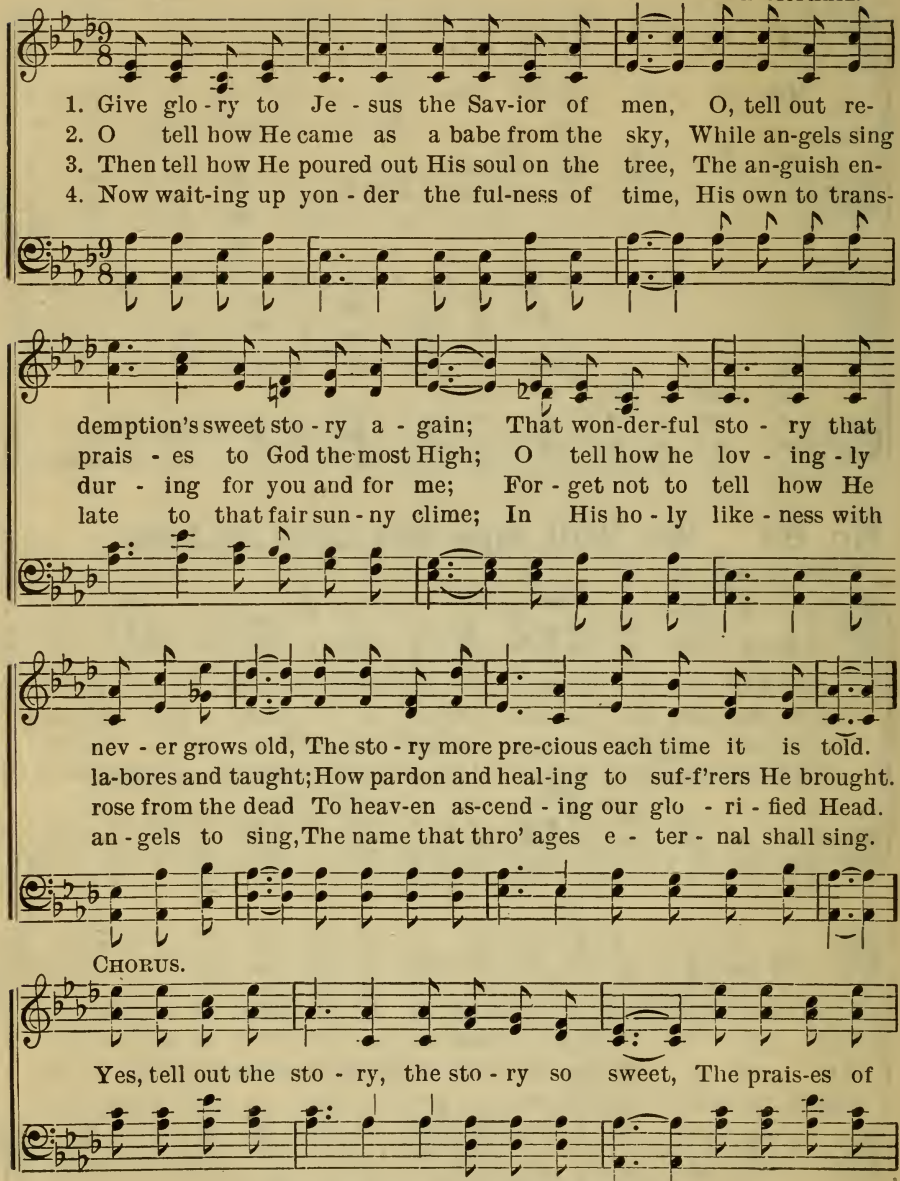
No. 84. Redemption's Sweet Story.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.


1. Give glo - ry to Je - sus the Sav-ior of men, O, tell out re-
2. O tell how He came as a babe from the sky, While an-gels sing
3. Then tell how He poured out His soul on the tree, The an-guish en-
4. Now wait-ing up yon - der the ful-ness of time, His own to trans-
demption's sweet sto - ry a - gain; That won-der-ful sto - ry that
prais - es to God the most High; O tell how he lov - ing - ly
dur - ing for you and for me; For - get not to tell how He
late to that fair sun - ny clime; In His ho - ly like - ness with
nev - er grows old, The sto - ry more pre-cious each time it is told.
la-bores and taught; How pardon and heal-ing to suf-f'rers He brought.
rose from the dead To heav-en as-cend - ing our glo - ri - fied Head.
an - gels to sing, The name that thro' ages e - ter - nal shall sing.
CHORUS.
Yes, tell out the sto - ry, the sto - ry so sweet, The prais-es of

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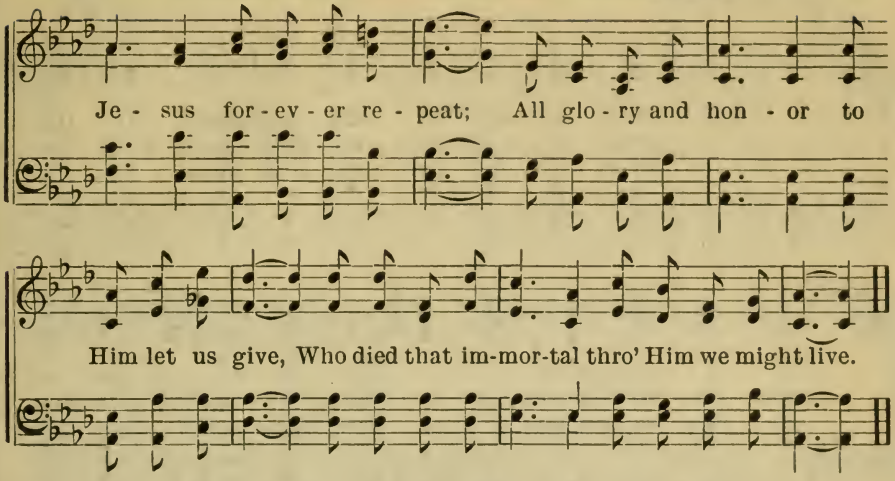
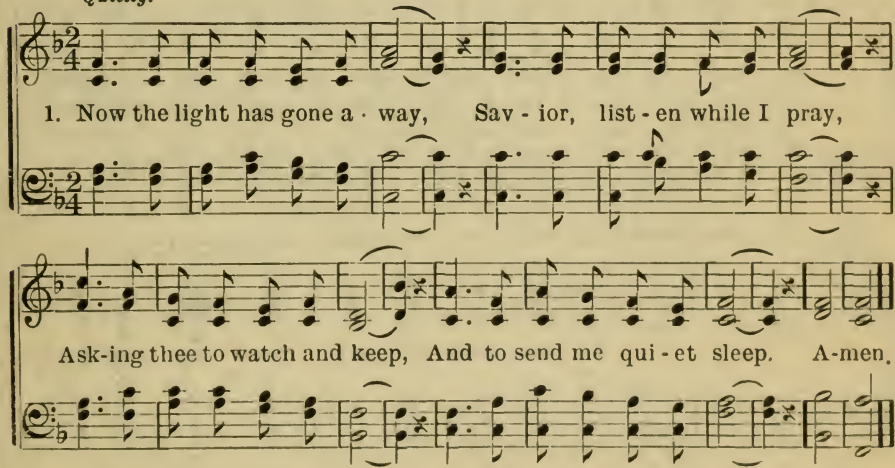


No. 85. Now the Light Has Gone Away.

Quietly.



2 Jesus, Savior, wash away,
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like thee.

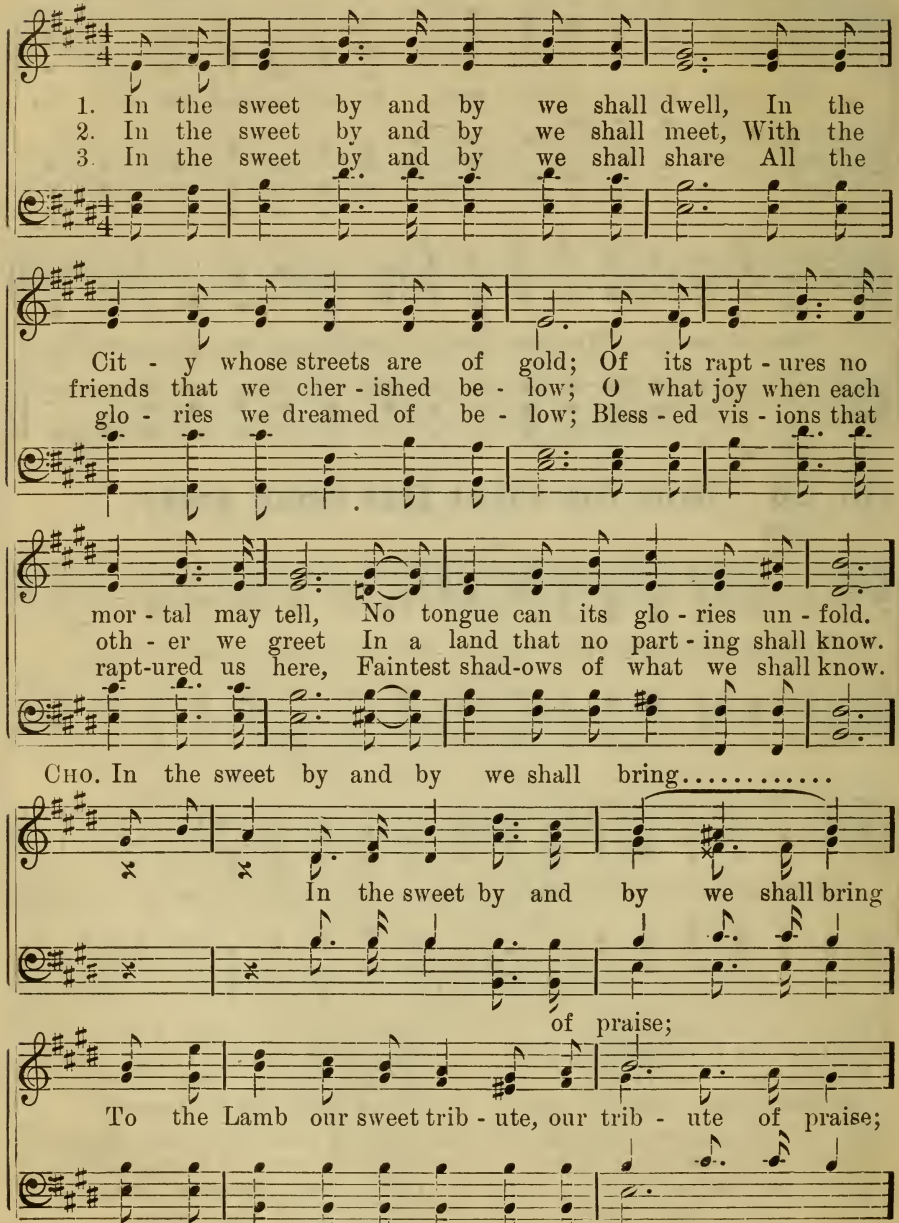
3 Let my near and dear ones be,
Always near and dear to thee;
O bring me and all I love
To thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening prize I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from thee,
O how good thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love thee more and more,
Always better than before.

No. 86. In the sweet by and by we shall bring.

WM. STEVENSON. H. G. SWENEY.


1. In the sweet by and by we shall dwell, In the
2. In the sweet by and by we shall meet, With the
3. In the sweet by and by we shall share All the
Cit - y whose streets are of gold; Of its rapt - ures no
friends that we cher - ished be - low; O what joy when each
glo - ries we dreamed of be - low; Bless - ed vis - ions that
mor - tal may tell, No tongue can its glo - ries un - fold.
oth - er we greet In a land that no part - ing shall know.
rapt-ured us here, Faintest shad-ows of what we shall know.
CHO. In the sweet by and by we shall bring.....
In the sweet by and by we shall bring
of praise;
To the Lamb our sweet trib - ute, our trib - ute of praise;

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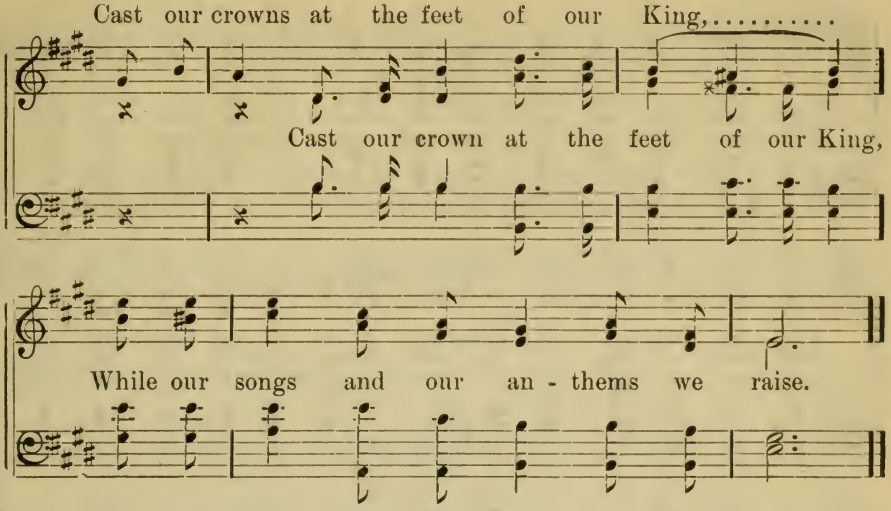
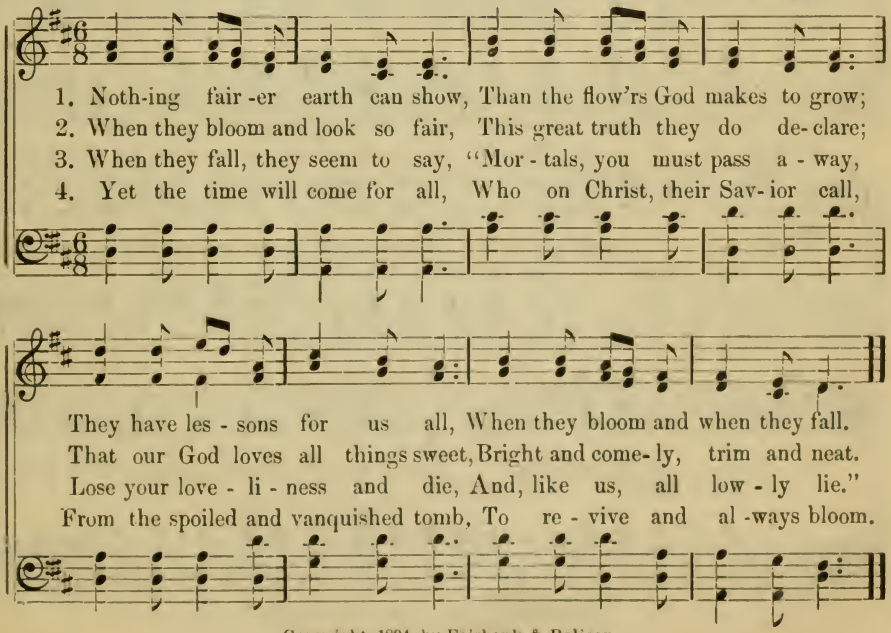
In the sweet by and by we shall bring. Concluded.



No. 87 Nothing Fairer Earth Can Show.

H. G. SWENEY.


1. Noth-ing fair-er earth can show, Than the flow'rs God makes to grow;
2. When they bloom and look so fair, This great truth they do de-clare;
3. When they fall, they seem to say, "Mor - tals, you must pass a - way,
4. Yet the time will come for all, Who on Christ, their Sav-ior call,
They have les - sons for us all, When they bloom and when they fall.
That our God loves all things sweet, Bright and come-ly, trim and neat.
Lose your love - li - ness and die, And, like us, all low - ly lie."
From the spoiled and vanquished tomb, To re - vive and al-ways bloom.

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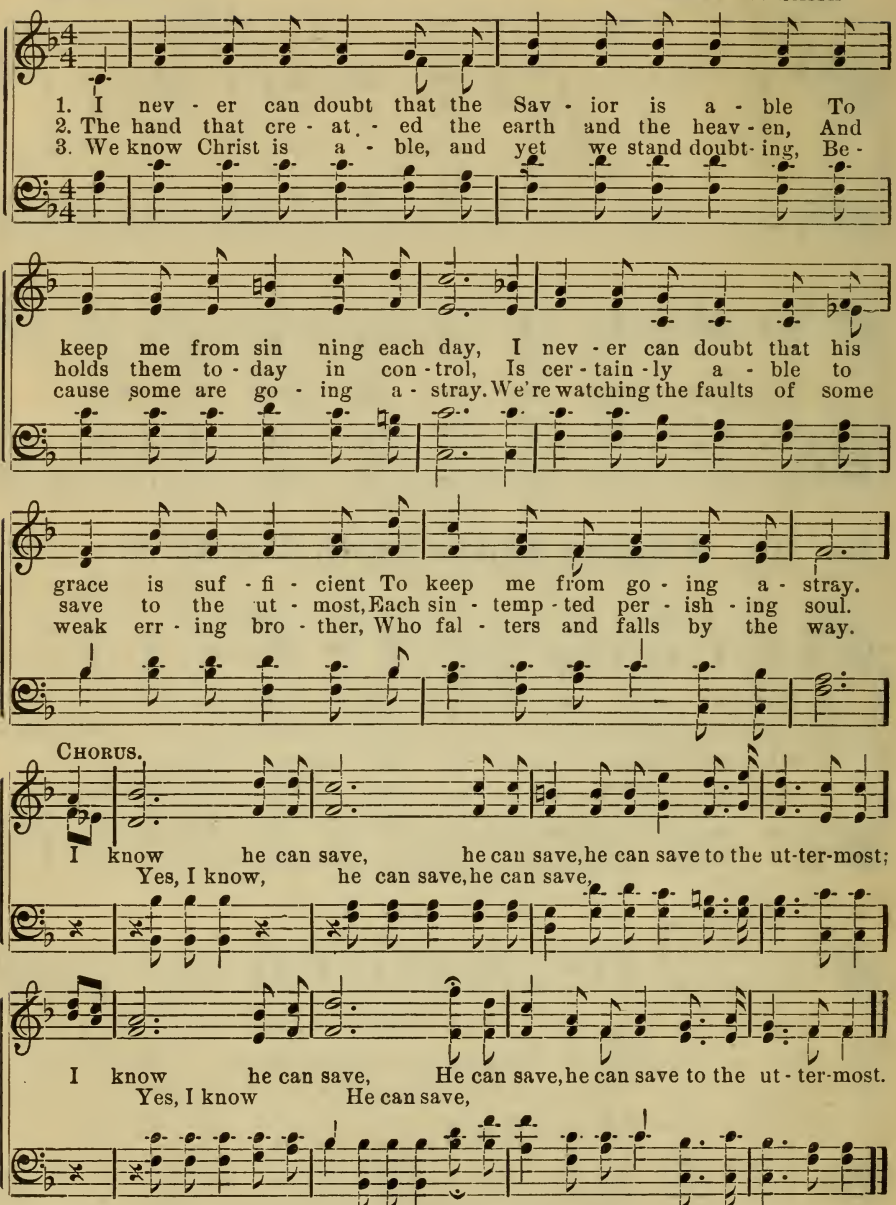
No. 88. Jesus Can Save.

L. W. S. LANTA W. SMITH.

1. I nev - er can doubt that the Sav - ior is a - ble To
2. The hand that cre - at - ed the earth and the heav - en, And
3. We know Christ is a - ble, and yet we stand doubt - ing, Be -
keep me from sin ning each day, I nev - er can doubt that his
holds them to - day in con - trol, Is cer - tain - ly a - ble to
cause some are go - ing a - stray. We're watching the faults of some
grace is suf - fi - cient To keep me from go - ing a - stray.
save to the ut - most, Each sin - temp - ted per - ish - ing soul.
weak err - ing bro - ther, Who fal - ters and falls by the way.
CHORUS.
I know he can save, he can save, he can save to the ut-ter-most;
Yes, I know, he can save, he can save,
I know he can save, He can save, he can save to the ut - ter-most.
Yes, I know He can save,

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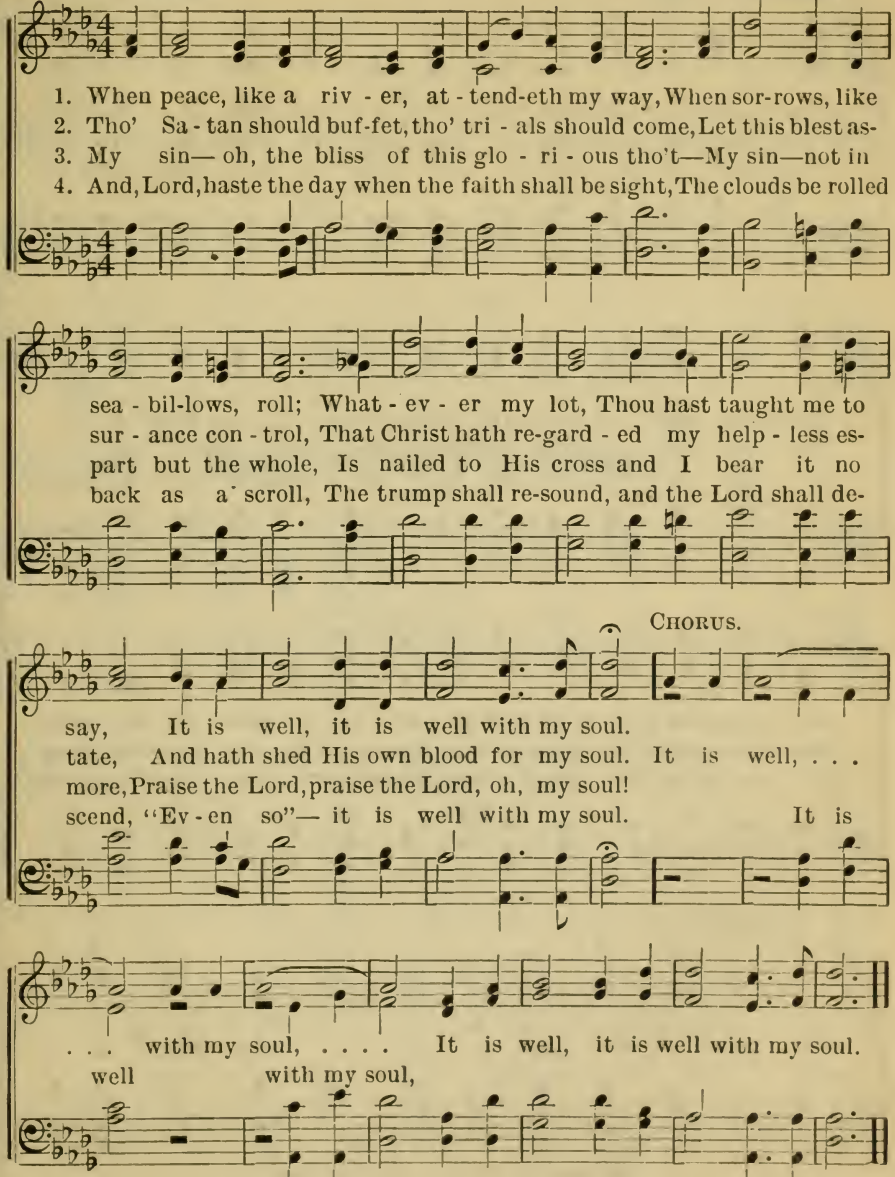
No. 89. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows, like sea - bil-lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my help - less es- tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well, . . .
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall de- scend, "Ev - en so"— it is well with my soul. It is
CHORUS.
. . . with my soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,

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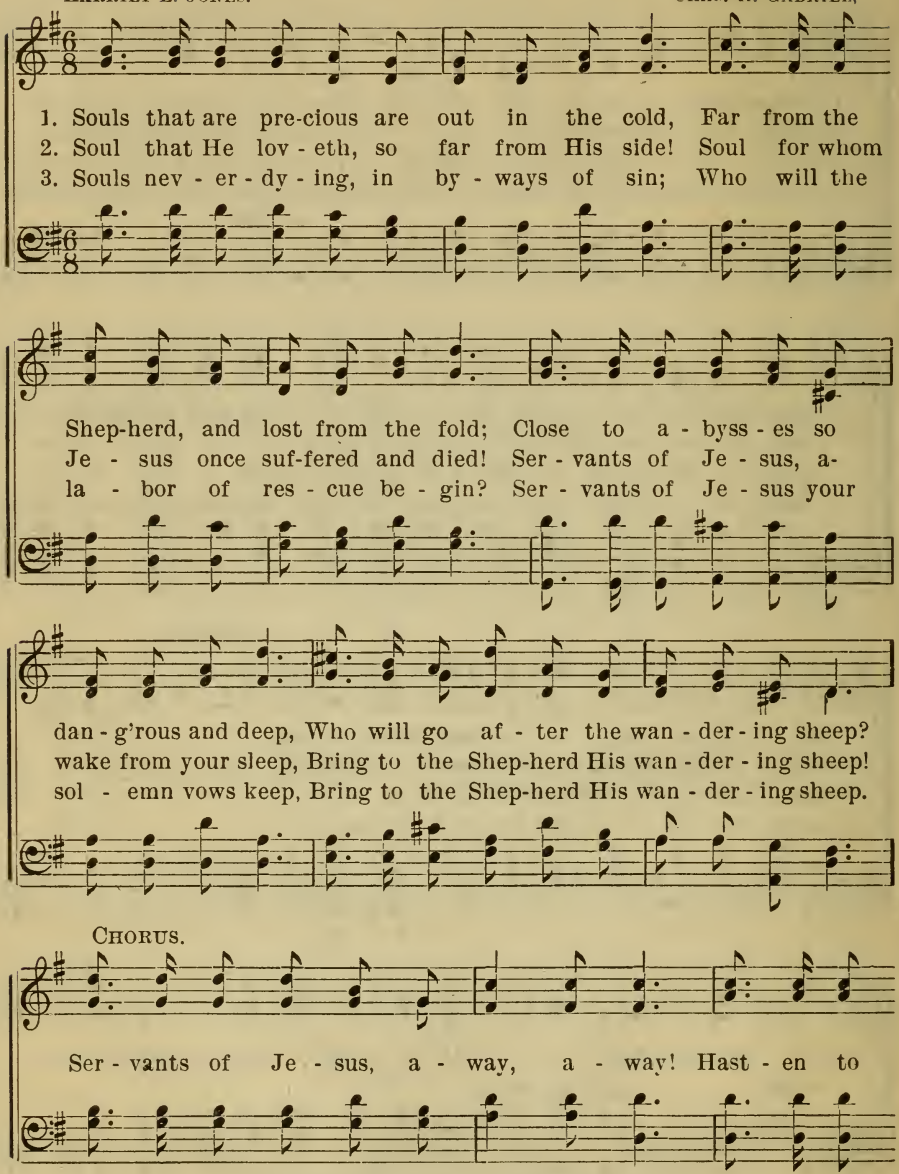
No. 90. Gather His Wandering Sheep.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Souls that are pre-cious are out in the cold, Far from the
2. Soul that He lov-eth, so far from His side! Soul for whom
3. Souls nev-er-dy-ing, in by-ways of sin; Who will the
Shep-herd, and lost from the fold; Close to a-byss-es so
Je-sus once suf-fered and died! Ser-vants of Je-sus, a-
la-bor of res-cue be-gin? Ser-vants of Je-sus your
dan-g'rous and deep, Who will go af-ter the wan-der-ing sheep?
wake from your sleep, Bring to the Shep-herd His wan-der-ing sheep!
sol-emn vows keep, Bring to the Shep-herd His wan-der-ing sheep.
CHORUS.
Ser-vants of Je-sus, a-way, a-way! Hast-en to

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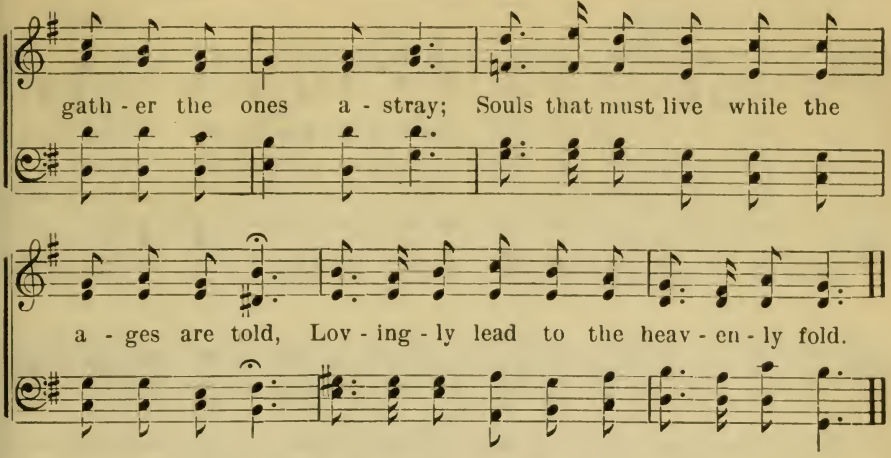
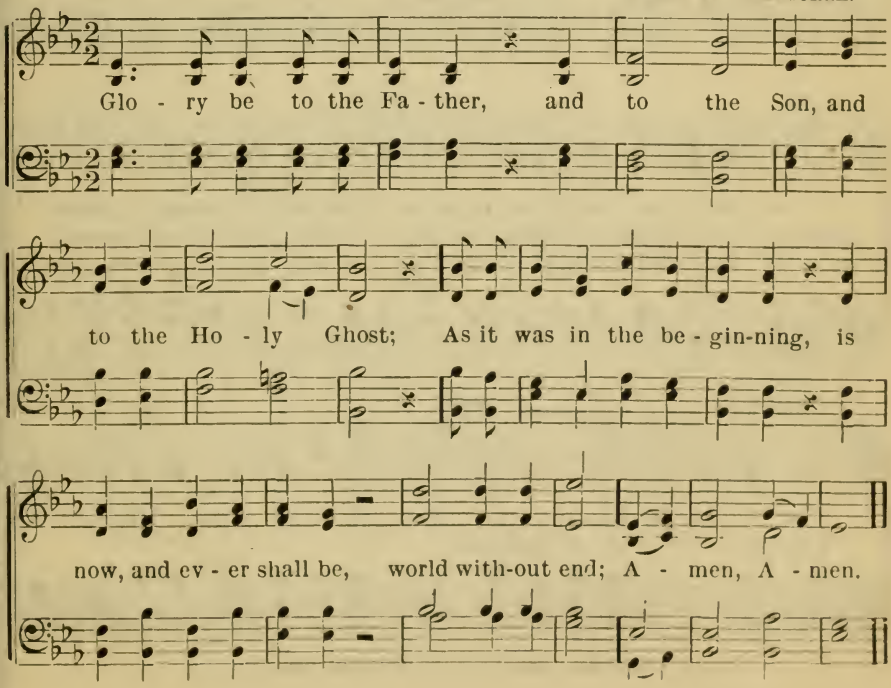


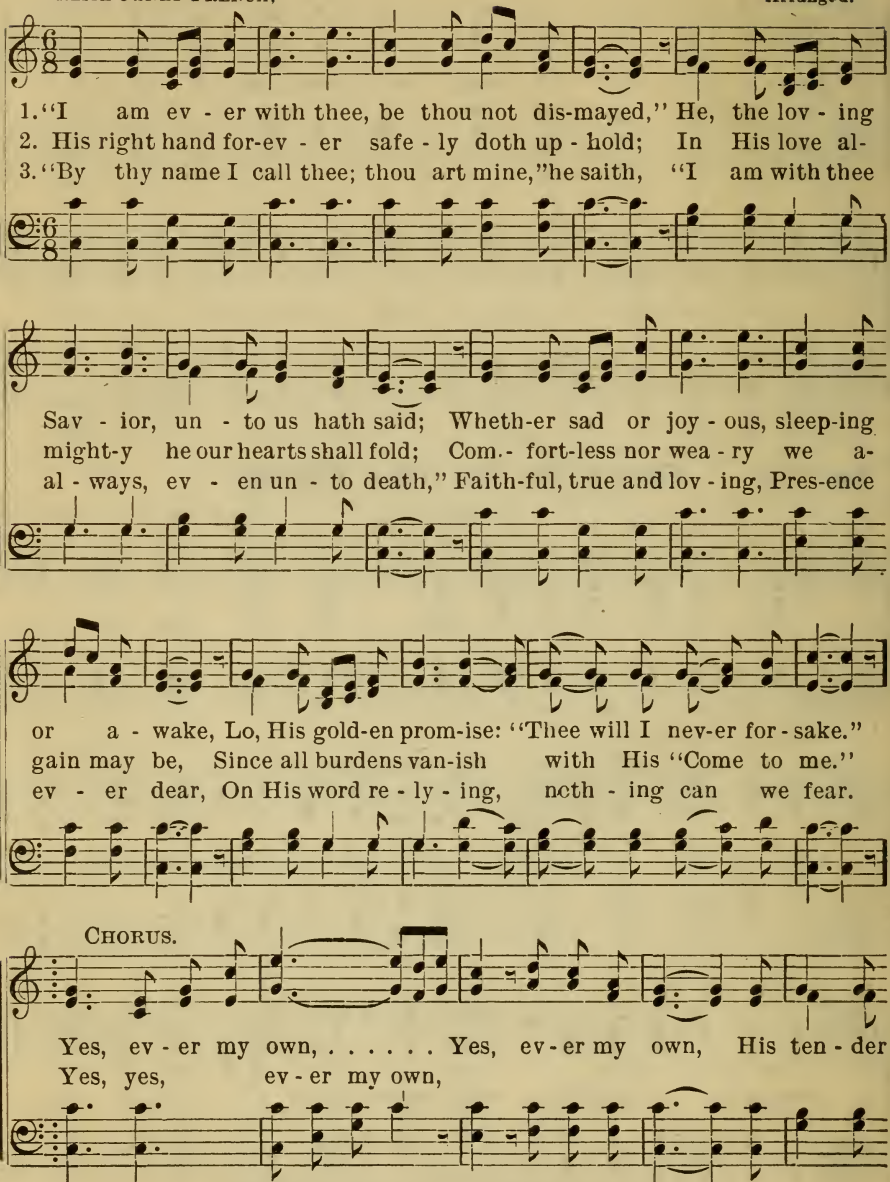
No. 91. Glory Be To The Father.

Gloria Patri. HENRY W. GREATOREX.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and
to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin-ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end; A - men, A - men.

No. 92. Ever My Own.

ELSIE JANET FRENCH. Arranged.


1. "I am ev - er with thee, be thou not dis-mayed," He, the lov - ing
2. His right hand for-ev - er safe - ly doth up - hold; In His love al-
3. "By thy name I call thee; thou art mine," he saith, "I am with thee
Sav - ior, un - to us hath said; Wheth-er sad or joy - ous, sleep-ing
might-y he our hearts shall fold; Com - fort-less nor wea - ry we a-
al - ways, ev - en un - to death," Faith-ful, true and lov - ing, Pres-ence
or a - wake, Lo, His gold-en prom-ise: "Thee will I nev-er for - sake."
gain may be, Since all burdens van-ish with His "Come to me."
ev - er dear, On His word re - ly - ing, noth - ing can we fear.
CHORUS.
Yes, ev - er my own, ... Yes, ev - er my own, His ten - der
Yes, yes, ev - er my own,

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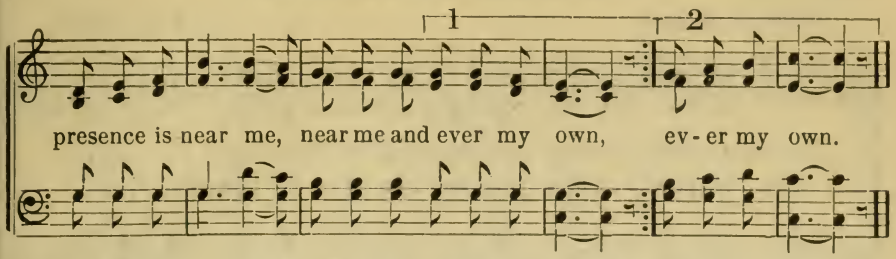
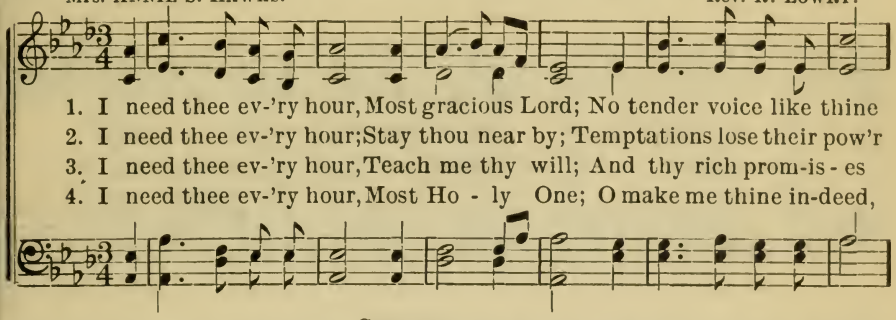
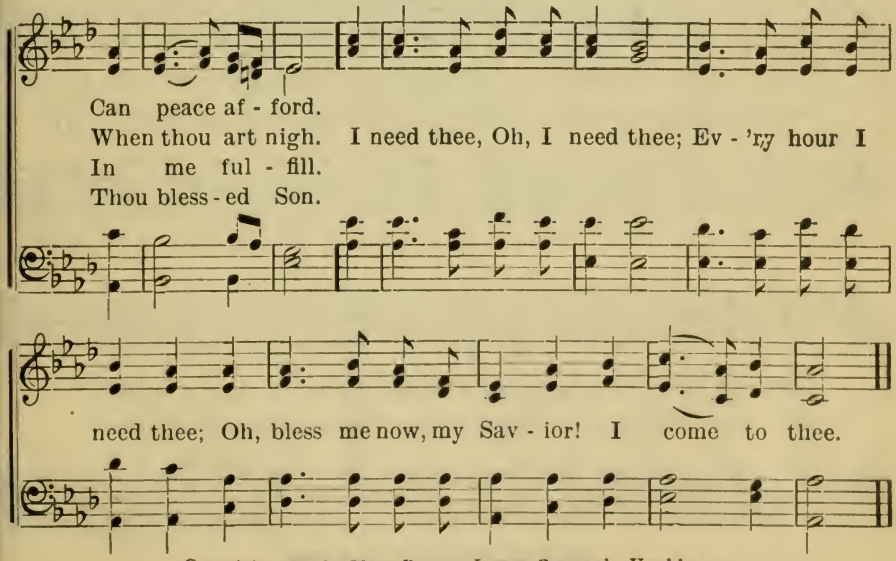


No. 93. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine
2. I need thee ev-'ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
3. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich prom-is - es
4. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine in-deed,

CHORUS.

Can peace af - ford.
When thou art nigh. I need thee, Oh, I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
In me ful - fill.
Thou bless - ed Son.
need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior! I come to thee.

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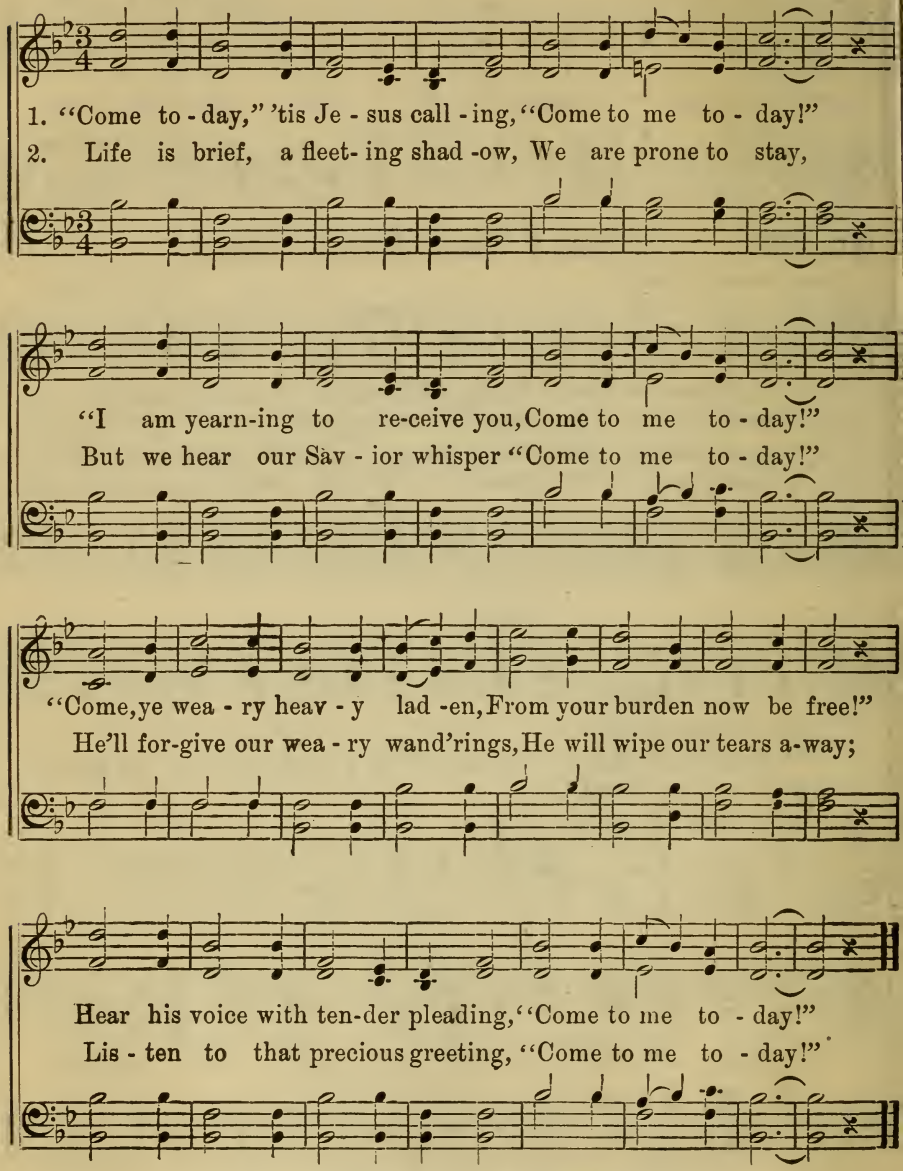
No. 94 Come to Me To-Day!

MINNIE B. LOWRY. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. "Come to - day," 'tis Je - sus call - ing, "Come to me to - day!"
2. Life is brief, a fleet- ing shad -ow, We are prone to stay,
"I am yearn-ing to re-ceive you, Come to me to - day!"
But we hear our Sav - ior whisper "Come to me to - day!"
"Come, ye wea - ry heav - y lad -en, From your burden now be free!"
He'll for-give our wea - ry wand'rings, He will wipe our tears a-way;
Hear his voice with ten-der pleading, "Come to me to - day!"
Lis - ten to that precious greeting, "Come to me to - day!"

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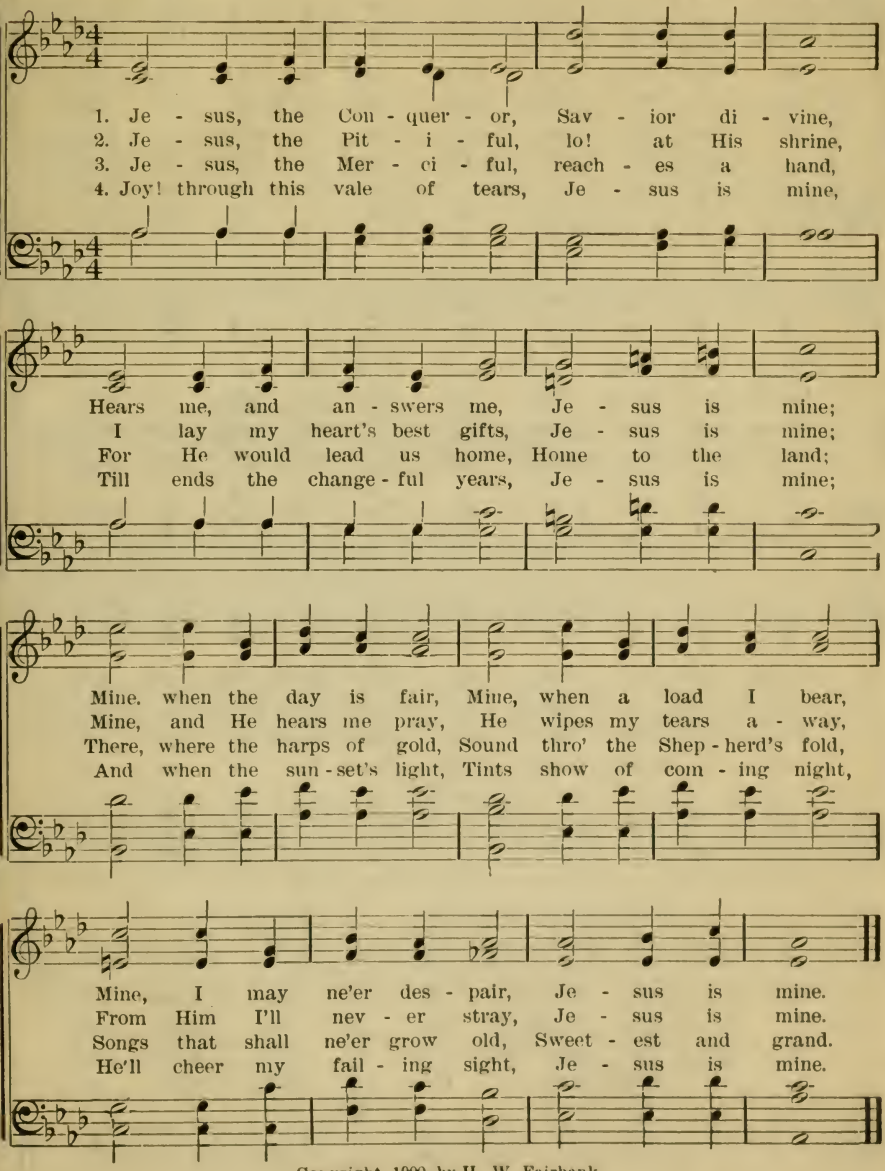
No. 95 Jesus Is Mine.

LAURA E. NEWELL. H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Je - sus, the Con - quer - or, Sav - ior di - vine,
2. Je - sus, the Pit - i - ful, lo! at His shrine,
3. Je - sus, the Mer - ci - ful, reach - es a hand,
4. Joy! through this vale of tears, Je - sus is mine,
Hears me, and an - swers me, Je - sus is mine;
I lay my heart's best gifts, Je - sus is mine;
For He would lead us home, Home to the land;
Till ends the change - ful years, Je - sus is mine;
Mine, when the day is fair, Mine, when a load I bear,
Mine, and He hears me pray, He wipes my tears a - way,
There, where the harps of gold, Sound thro' the Shep - herd's fold,
And when the sun - set's light, Tints show of com - ing night,
Mine, I may ne'er des - pair, Je - sus is mine.
From Him I'll nev - er stray, Je - sus is mine.
Songs that shall ne'er grow old, Sweet - est and grand.
He'll cheer my fail - ing sight, Je - sus is mine.

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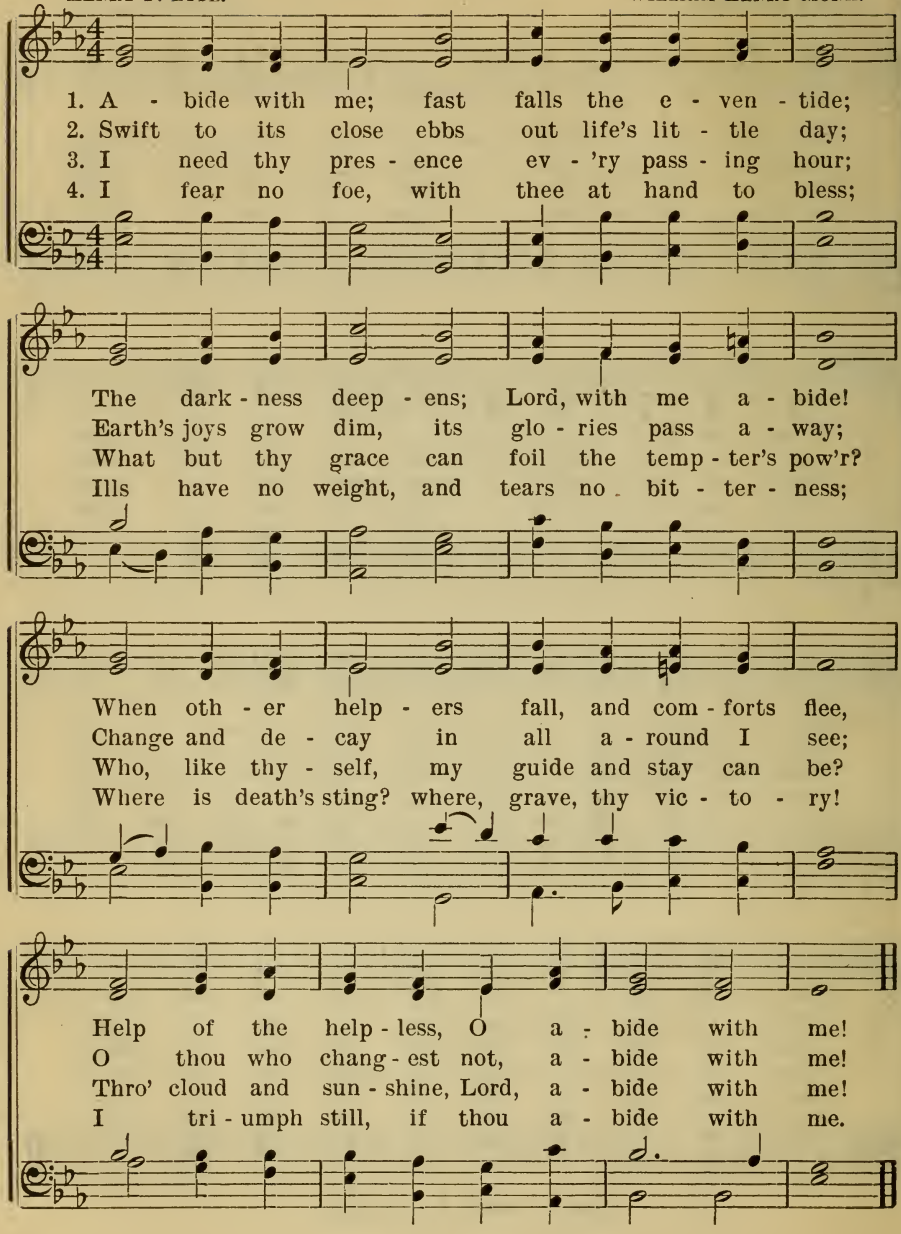
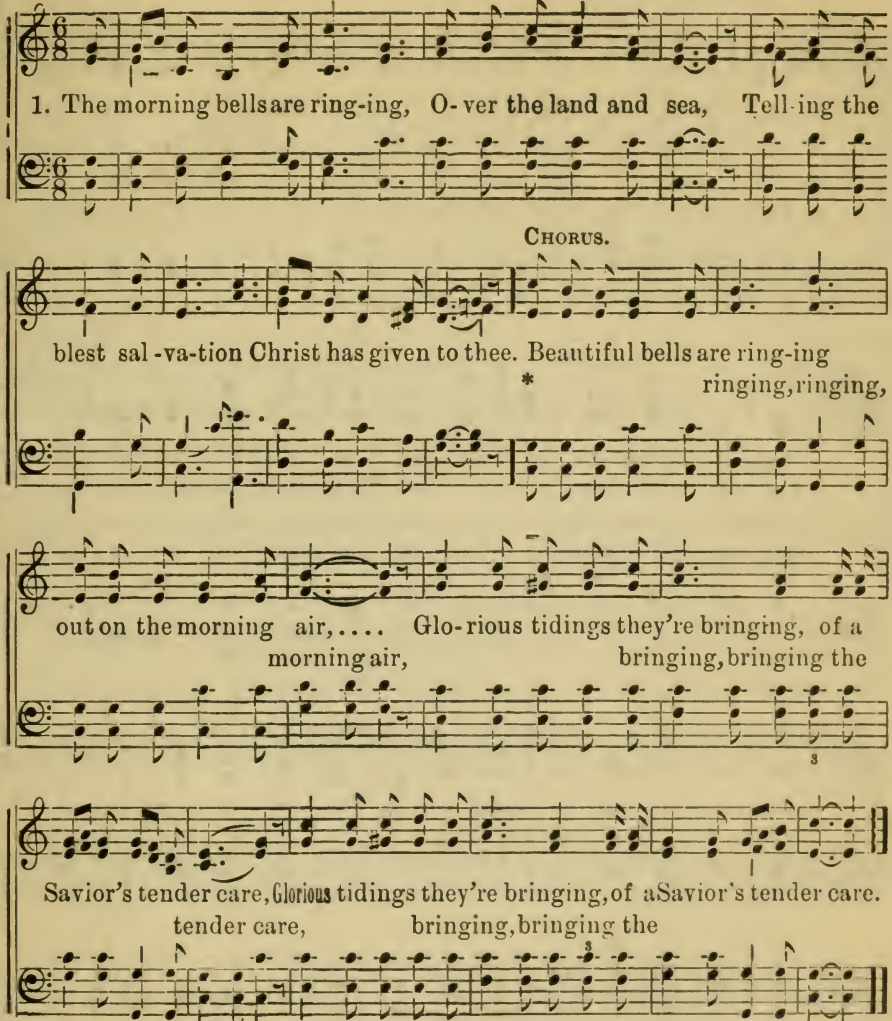
No. 96. Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry!
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.

No. 97 The Morning Bells are Ringing.

H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. The morning bells are ring-ing, O-ver the land and sea, Tell-ing the
CHORUS.
blest sal-va-tion Christ has given to thee. Beautiful bells are ring-ing
*
ringing, ringing,
out on the morning air, ... Glo-rious tidings they're bringing, of a
morning air, bringing, bringing the
Savior's tender care, Glorious tidings they're bringing, of a Savior's tender care.
tender care, bringing, bringing the

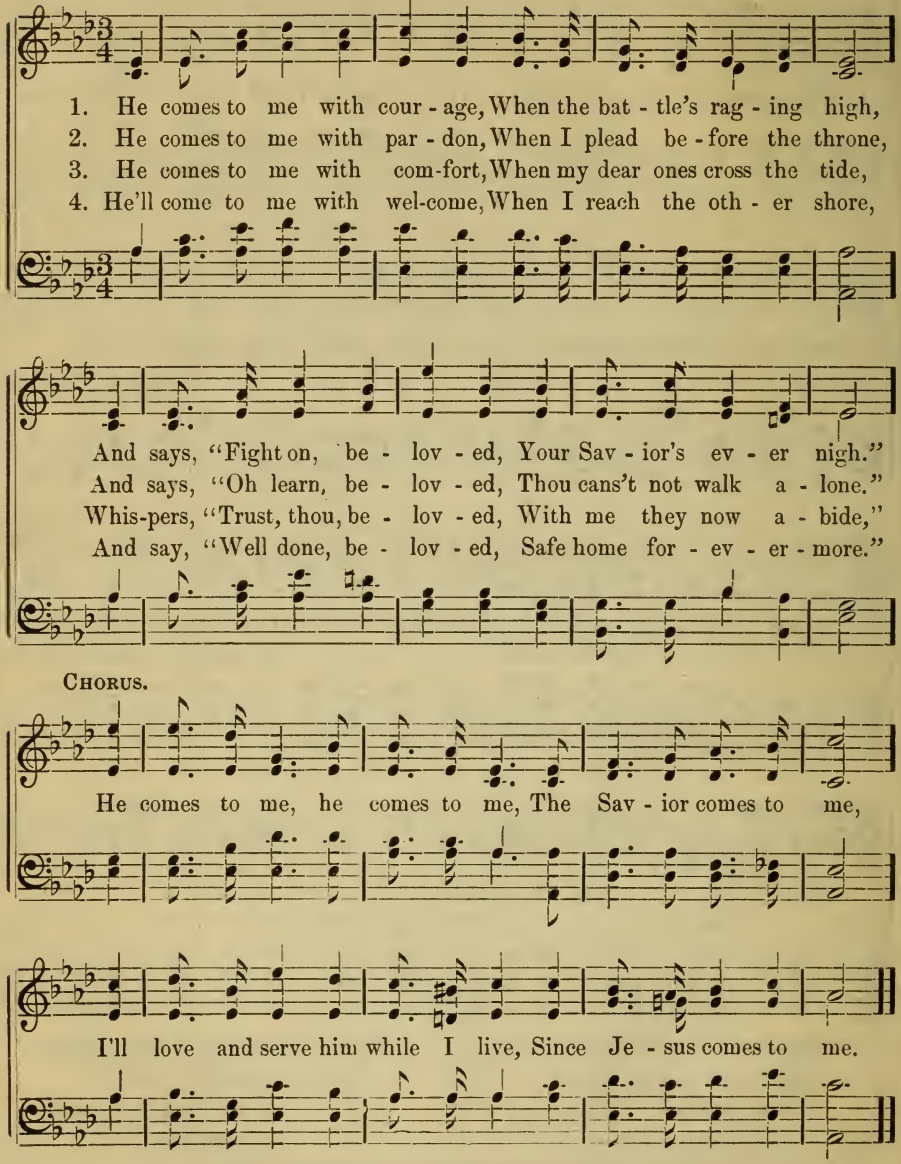
2 The morning bells invite us,
Shall we not enter in?
And as we kneel, remember
Christ forgiveth sin.

3 The morning bells are pealing,
Pealing so softly, now
List! to the sweet notes dying,
As we humbly bow.

*Strike G, 2d line, and G above alternately, to imitate a bell.

No. 98. He Comes to Me.

RETTA ANDREWS PETTIT. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. He comes to me with cour - age, When the bat - tle's rag - ing high,
2. He comes to me with par - don, When I plead be - fore the throne,
3. He comes to me with com-fort, When my dear ones cross the tide,
4. He'll come to me with wel-come, When I reach the oth - er shore,
And says, "Fight on, be - lov - ed, Your Sav - ior's ev - er nigh."
And says, "Oh learn, be - lov - ed, Thou cans't not walk a - lone."
Whis-pers, "Trust, thou, be - lov - ed, With me they now a - bide,"
And say, "Well done, be - lov - ed, Safe home for - ev - er - more."
CHORUS.
He comes to me, he comes to me, The Sav - ior comes to me,
I'll love and serve him while I live, Since Je - sus comes to me.

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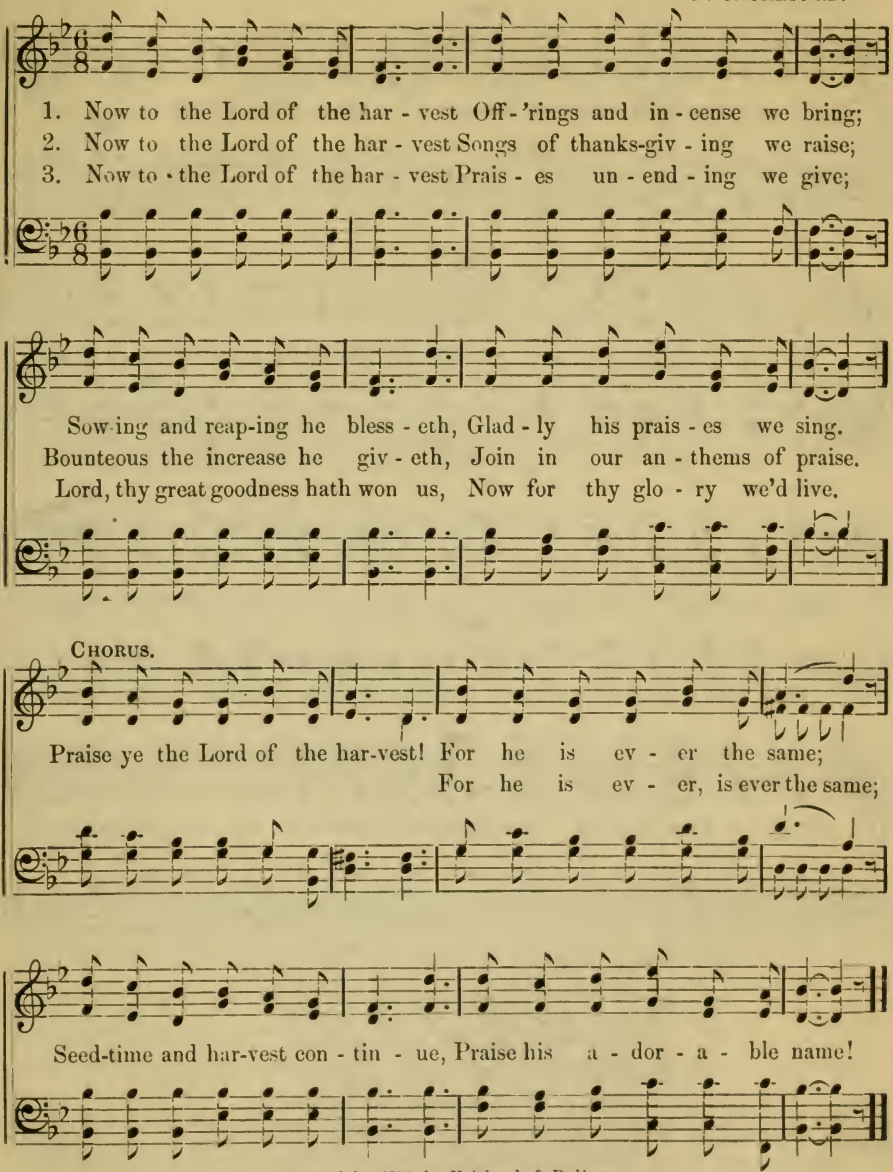
No. 99. A Hymn of Praise.

F. S. S. F. S. Shepard.


1. Now to the Lord of the har - vest Off - 'rings and in - cense we bring;
2. Now to the Lord of the har - vest Songs of thanks-giv - ing we raise;
3. Now to the Lord of the har - vest Prais - es un - end - ing we give;
Sow-ing and reap-ing he bless - eth, Glad - ly his prais - es we sing.
Bounteous the increase he giv - eth, Join in our an - thems of praise.
Lord, thy great goodness hath won us, Now for thy glo - ry we'd live.
Chorus.
Praise ye the Lord of the har-vest! For he is ev - er the same;
For he is ev - er, is ever the same;
Seed-time and har-vest con - tin - ue, Praise his a - dor - a - ble name!

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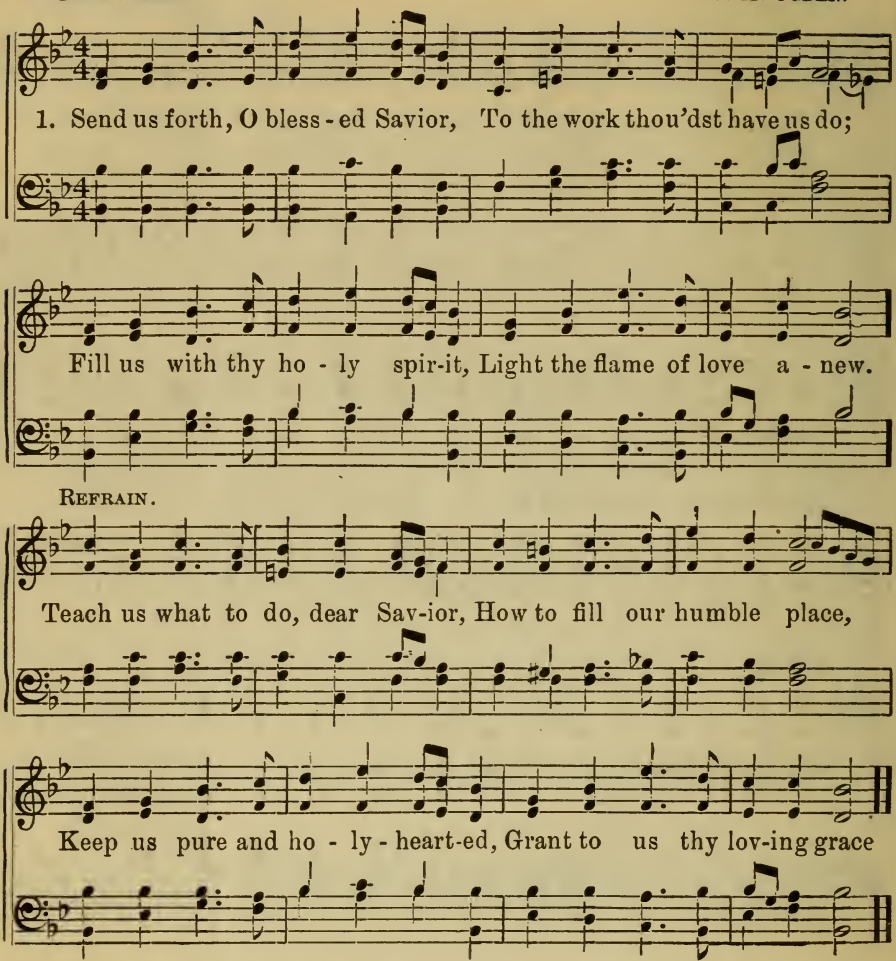
No. 100 Send us Forth.

IDA L. REED. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Send us forth, O bless - ed Savior, To the work thou'dst have us do;
Fill us with thy ho - ly spir-it, Light the flame of love a - new.
REFRAIN.
Teach us what to do, dear Sav-ior, How to fill our humble place,
Keep us pure and ho - ly - heart-ed, Grant to us thy lov-ing grace

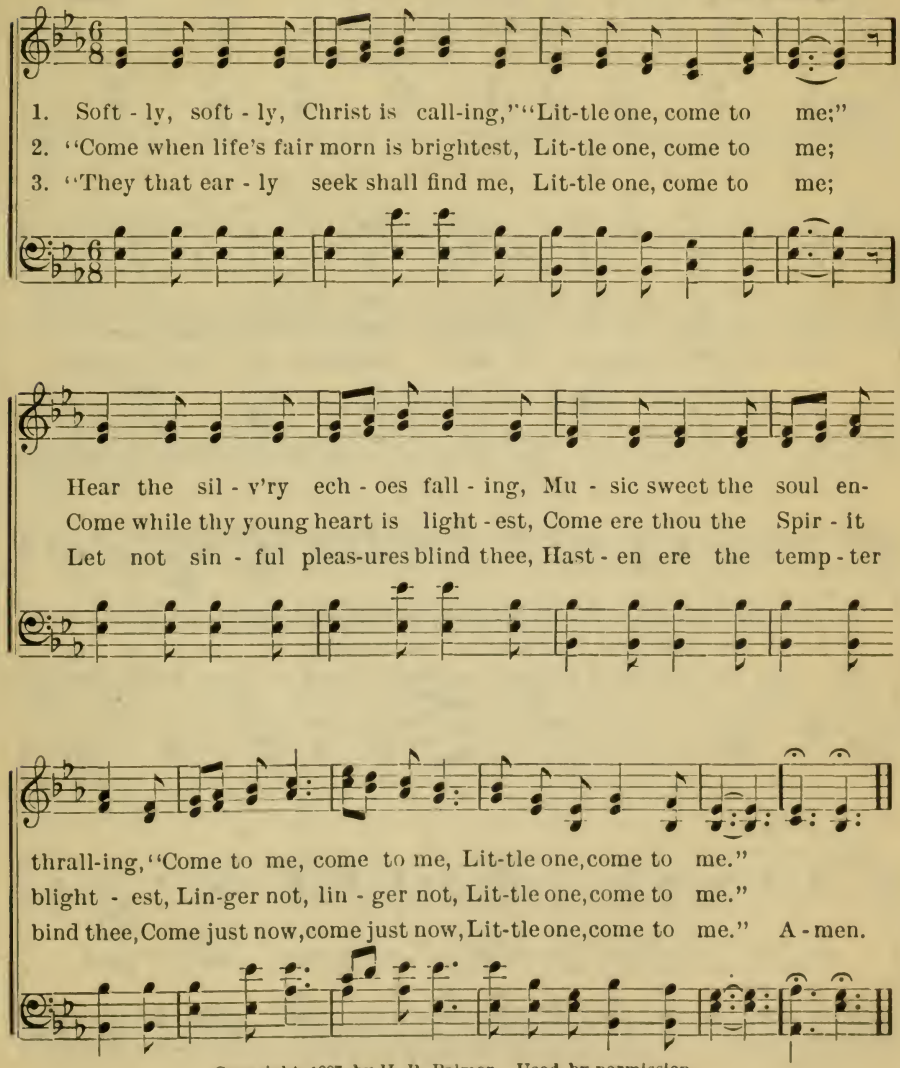
2 Send us forth in life's glad morning,
With a burning zeal for thee;
May we speak the word in season,
That shall set the captive free.

3 Send us forth, O loving Savior,
With a word, a song, or prayer,
And wilt thou, in thy great mercy,
Bless our sowing with thy care.

By permission of W. A. Ogden.

No. 101. Little One, Come to Me.

Anon. H. R. PALMER.


1. Soft - ly, soft - ly, Christ is call-ing," "Lit-tle one, come to me;"
2. "Come when life's fair morn is brightest, Lit-tle one, come to me;
3. "They that ear - ly seek shall find me, Lit-tle one, come to me;
Hear the sil - v'ry ech - oes fall - ing, Mu - sic sweet the soul en-
Come while thy young heart is light - est, Come ere thou the Spir - it
Let not sin - ful pleas-ures blind thee, Hast - en ere the temp - ter
thrall-ing, "Come to me, come to me, Lit-tle one, come to me."
blight - est, Lin-ger not, lin - ger not, Lit-tle one, come to me."
bind thee, Come just now, come just now, Lit-tle one, come to me." A - men.

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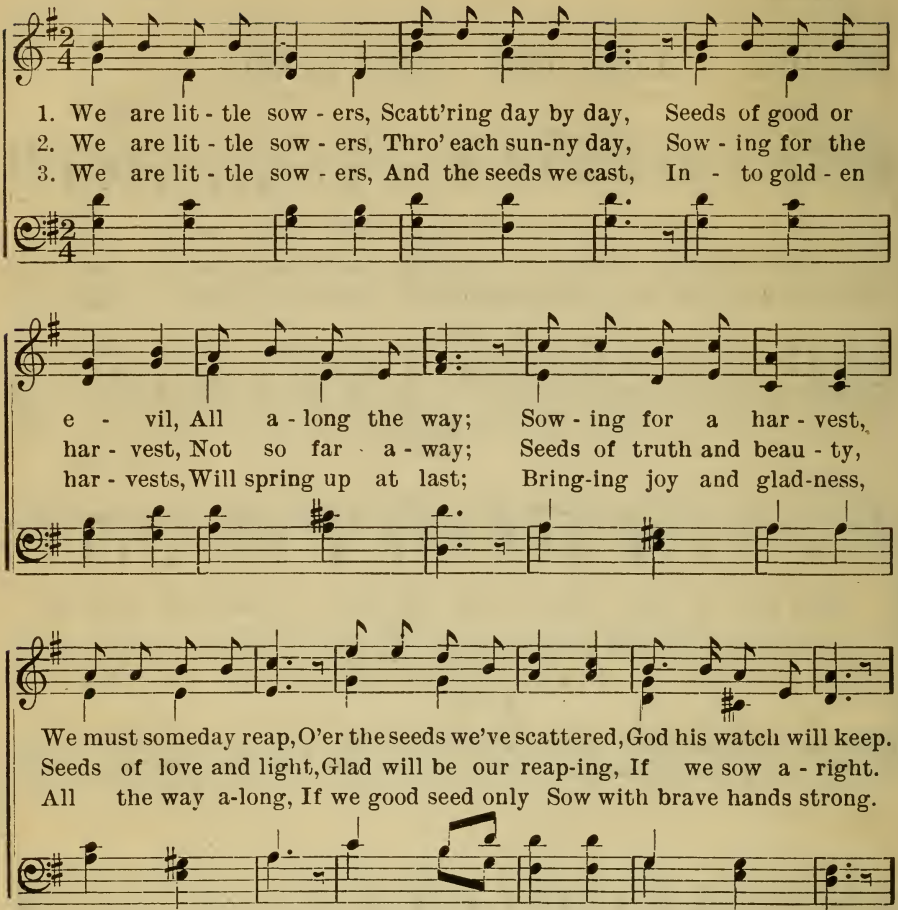
No. 102. Little Sowers.

IDA L. REED. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. We are lit - tle sow - ers, Scatt'ring day by day, Seeds of good or
2. We are lit - tle sow - ers, Thro' each sun-ny day, Sow - ing for the
3. We are lit - tle sow - ers, And the seeds we cast, In - to gold - en
e - vil, All a - long the way; Sow - ing for a har - vest,
har - vest, Not so far a - way; Seeds of truth and beau - ty,
har - vests, Will spring up at last; Bring-ing joy and glad-ness,
We must someday reap, O'er the seeds we've scattered, God his watch will keep.
Seeds of love and light, Glad will be our reap-ing, If we sow a - right.
All the way a-long, If we good seed only Sow with brave hands strong.
CHORUS.
We are lit - tle sow - ers, Help us Lord we pray, Seeds of good to

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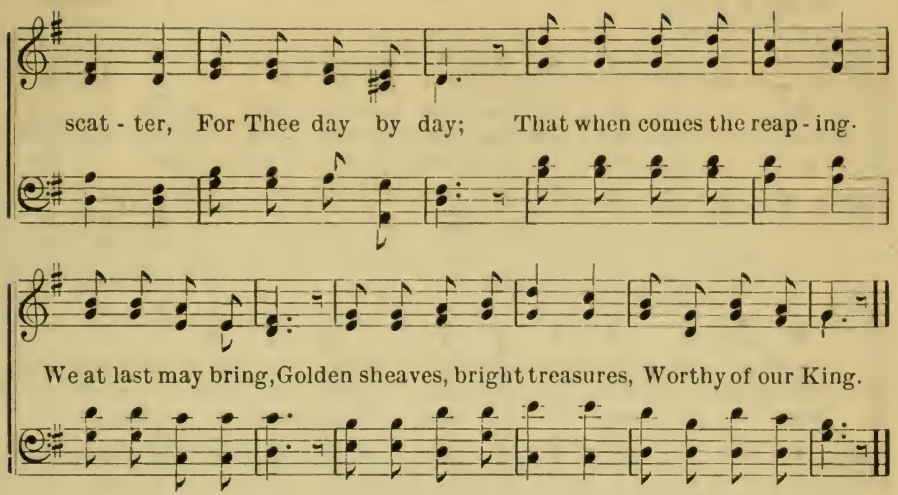
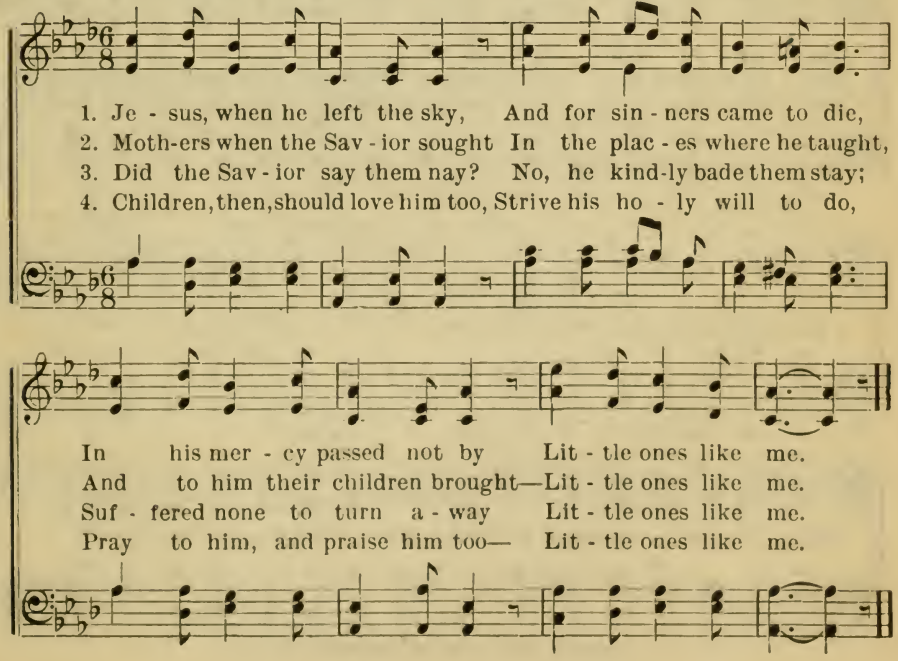
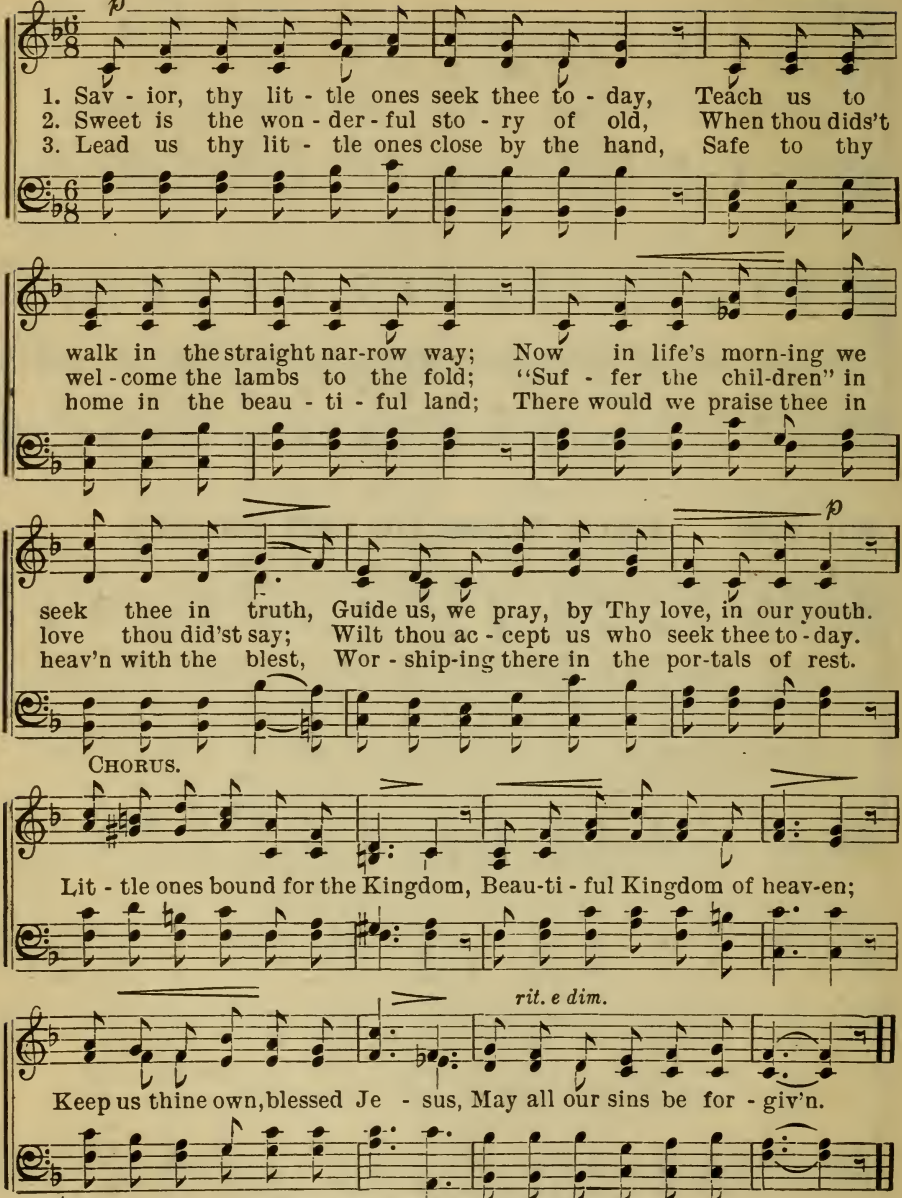

scat - ter, For Thee day by day; That when comes the reap - ing.
We at last may bring, Golden sheaves, bright treasures, Worthy of our King.

No. 103. Jesus, When He Left the Sky.


1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,
2. Moth-ers when the Sav - ior sought In the plac - es where he taught,
3. Did the Sav - ior say them nay? No, he kind-ly bade them stay;
4. Children, then, should love him too, Strive his ho - ly will to do,
In his mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
And to him their children brought—Lit - tle ones like me.
Suf - fered none to turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
Pray to him, and praise him too— Lit - tle ones like me.

No. 104. His Little Ones.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. B. HERBERT.


1. Sav - ior, thy lit - tle ones seek thee to - day, Teach us to
2. Sweet is the won - der - ful sto - ry of old, When thou did's't
3. Lead us thy lit - tle ones close by the hand, Safe to thy
walk in the straight nar-row way; Now in life's morn-ing we
wel - come the lambs to the fold; "Suf - fer the chil-dren" in
home in the beau - ti - ful land; There would we praise thee in
seek thee in truth, Guide us, we pray, by Thy love, in our youth.
love thou did'st say; Wilt thou ac - cept us who seek thee to - day.
heav'n with the blest, Wor - ship-ing there in the por-tals of rest.
CHORUS.
Lit - tle ones bound for the Kingdom, Beau-ti - ful Kingdom of heav-en;
rit. e dim.
Keep us thine own, blessed Je - sus, May all our sins be for - giv'n.

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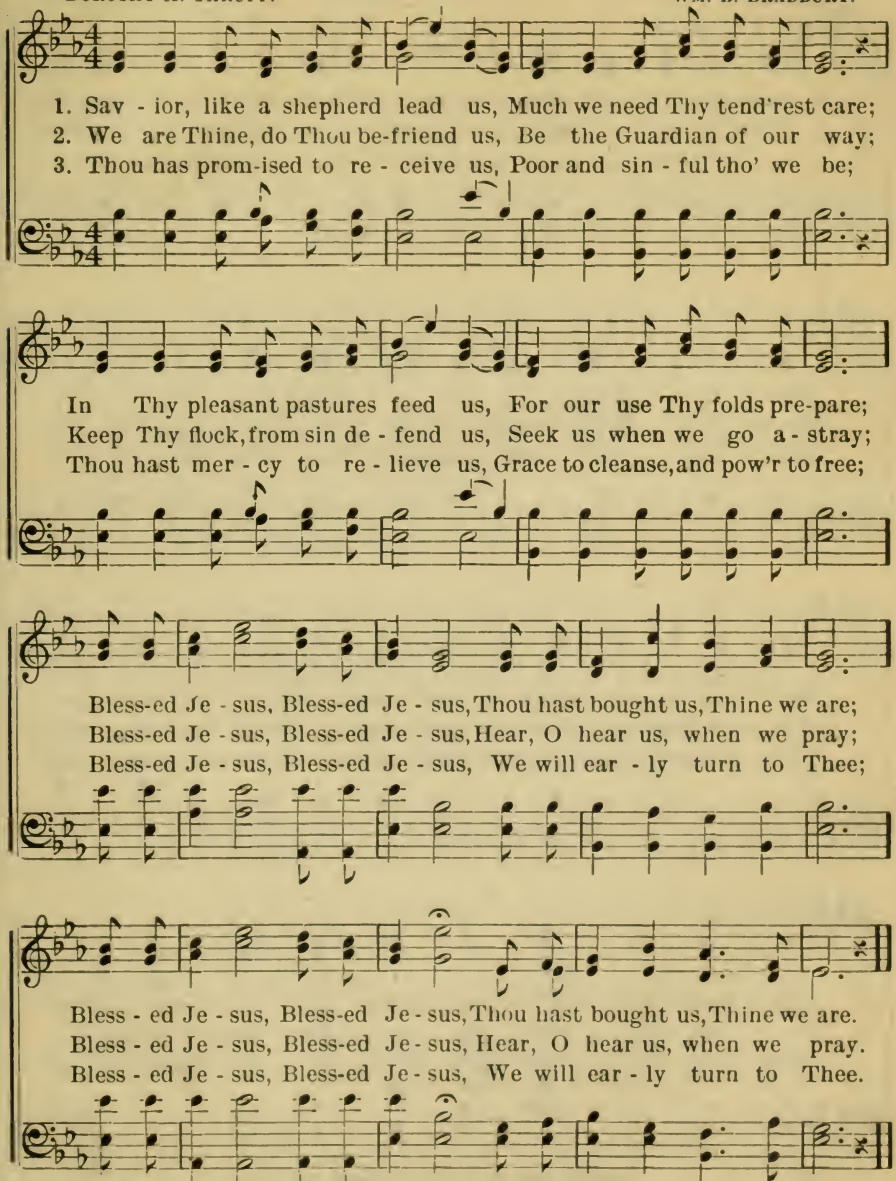
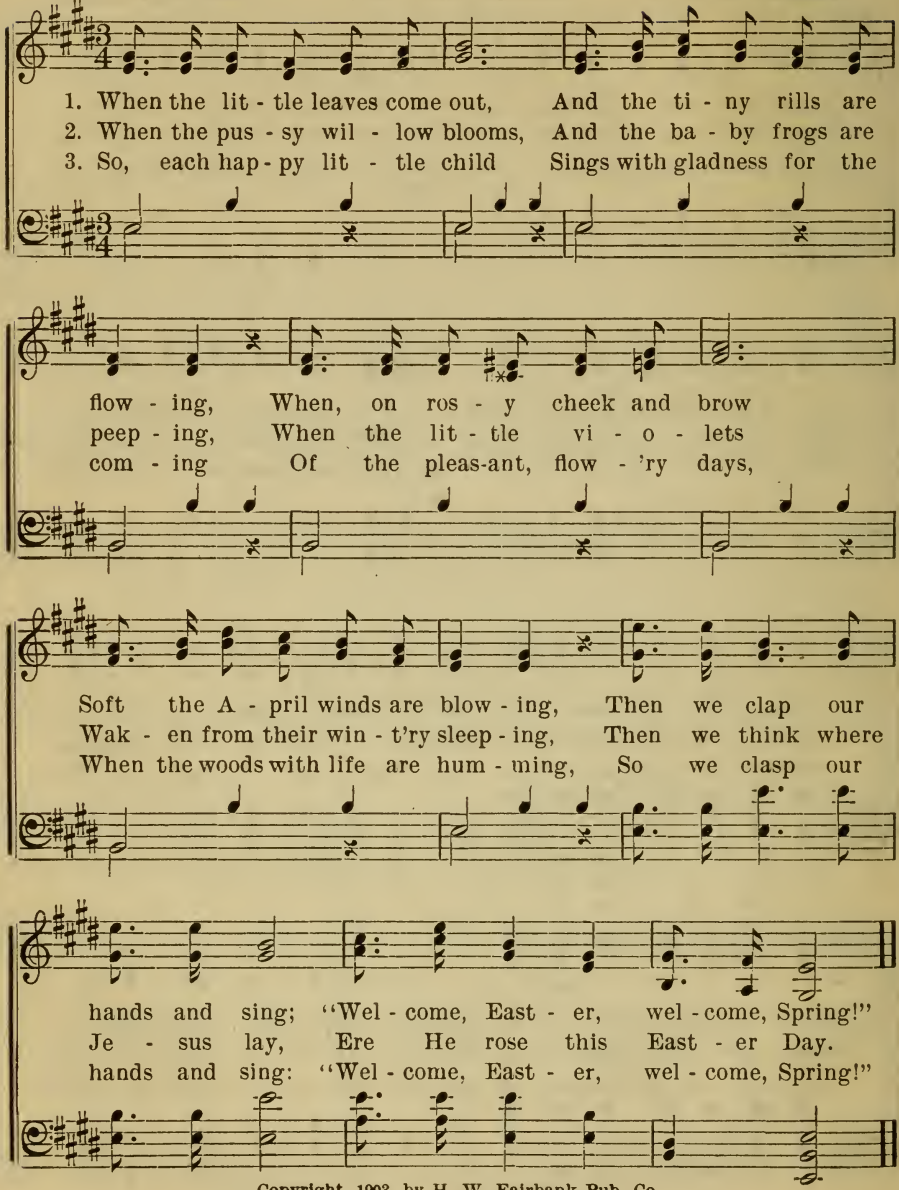
No. 105. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou has prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

No. 106. Children's Easter.

ELSIE JANET FRENCH. (For Primary Department.) H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. When the lit - tle leaves come out, And the ti - ny rills are
2. When the pus - sy wil - low blooms, And the ba - by frogs are
3. So, each hap - py lit - tle child Sings with gladness for the
flow - ing, When, on ros - y cheek and brow
peep - ing, When the lit - tle vi - o - lets
com - ing Of the pleas-ant, flow - 'ry days,
Soft the A - pril winds are blow - ing, Then we clap our
Wak - en from their win - t'ry sleep - ing, Then we think where
When the woods with life are hum - ming, So we clasp our
hands and sing; "Wel - come, East - er, wel - come, Spring!"
Je - sus lay, Ere He rose this East - er Day.
hands and sing: "Wel - come, East - er, wel - come, Spring!"

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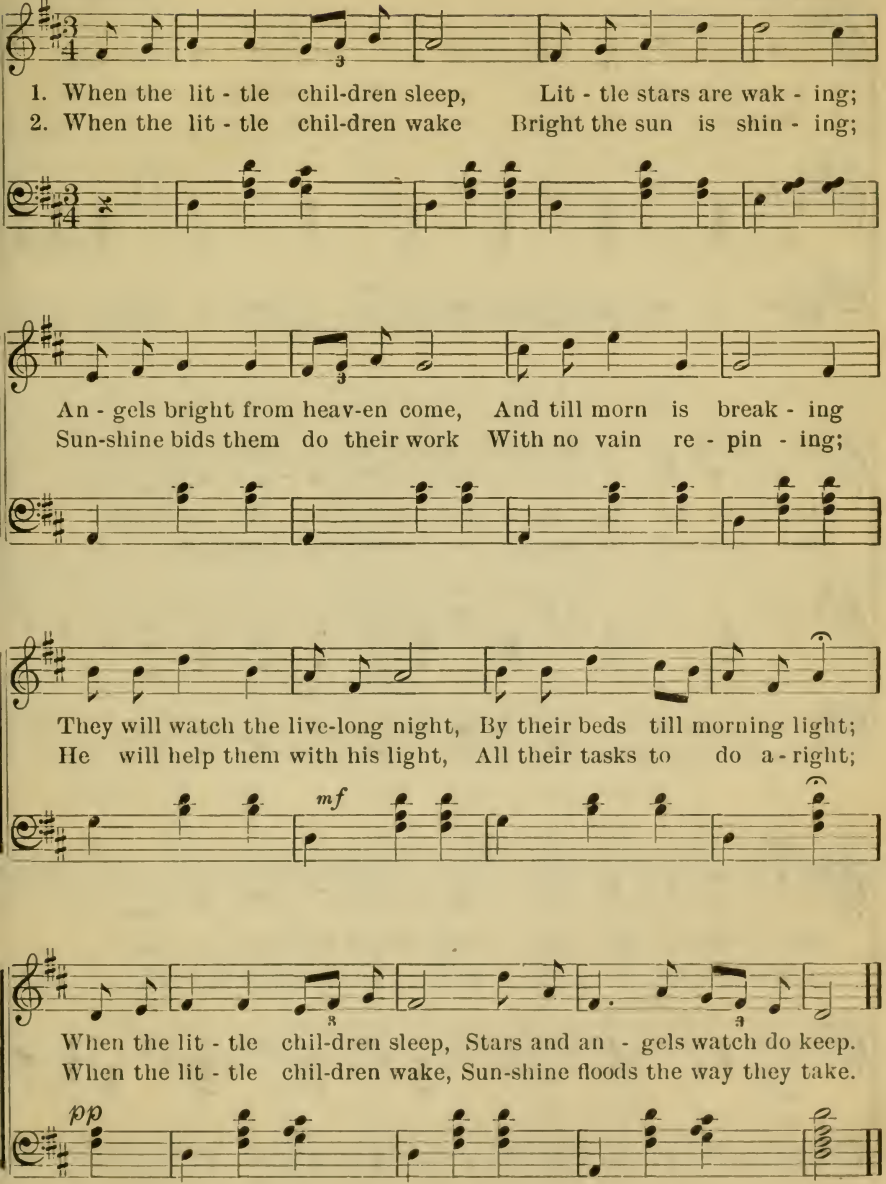
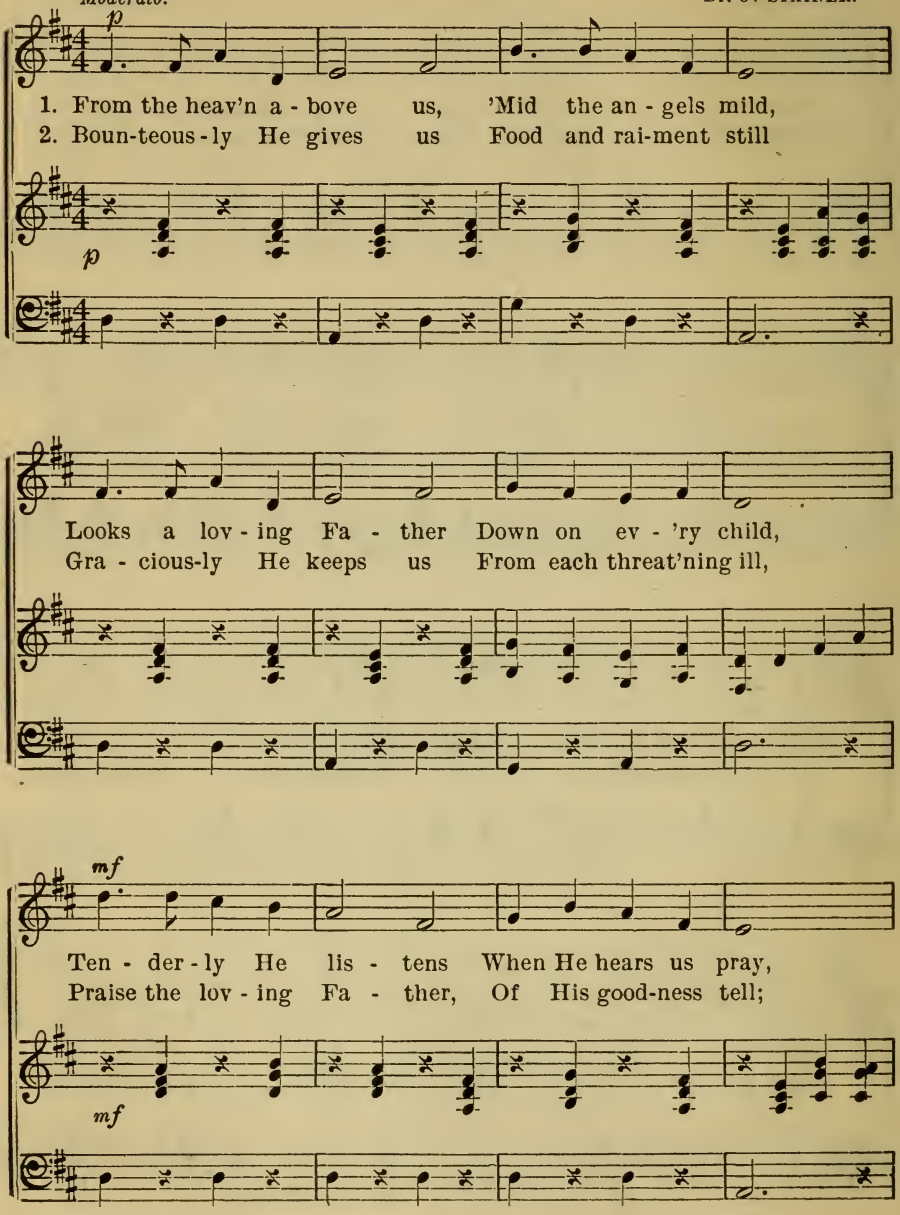
No. 107. When the Little Children Sleep.

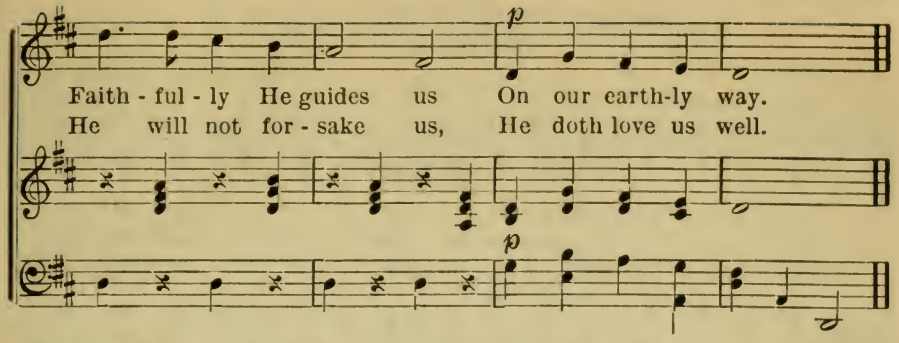
Andante. C. REINECKE.


1. When the lit - tle chil-dren sleep, Lit - tle stars are wak - ing;
2. When the lit - tle chil-dren wake Bright the sun is shin - ing;
An - gels bright from heav-en come, And till morn is break - ing
Sun-shine bids them do their work With no vain re - pin - ing;
They will watch the live-long night, By their beds till morning light;
He will help them with his light, All their tasks to do a - right;
mf
When the lit - tle chil-dren sleep, Stars and an - gels watch do keep.
When the lit - tle chil-dren wake, Sun-shine floods the way they take.
pp

No. 108. From the Heaven Above Us.

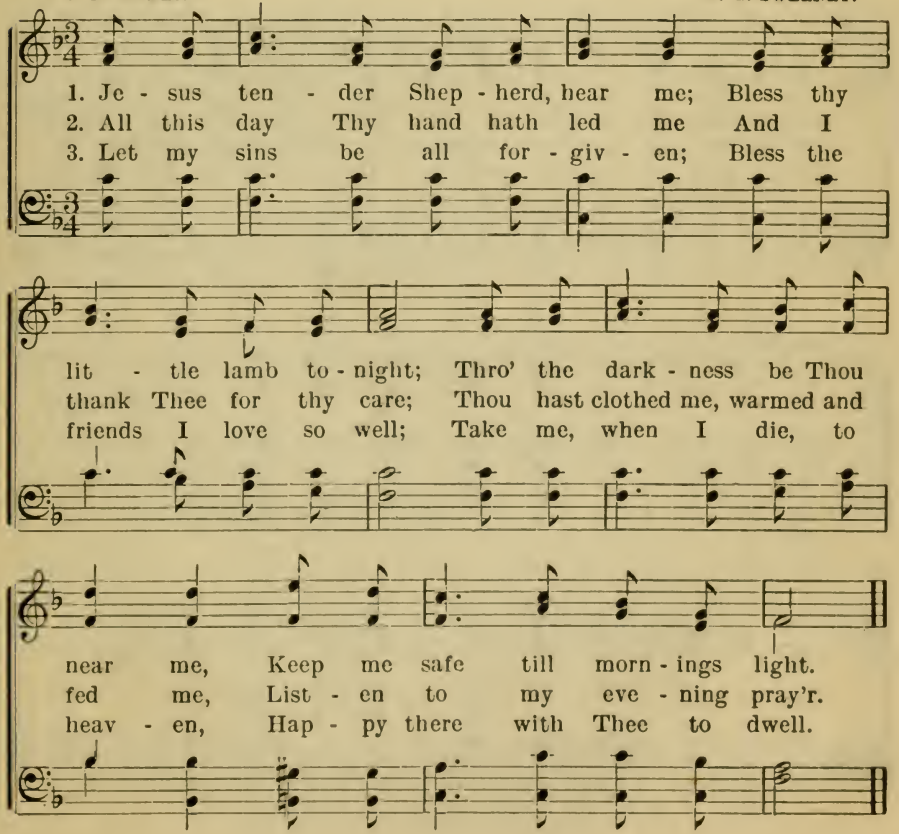
Moderato. Dr. J. STAINER.


p
1. From the heav'n a - bove us, 'Mid the an - gels mild,
2. Boun-teous-ly He gives us Food and rai-ment still
p
Looks a lov - ing Fa - ther Down on ev - 'ry child,
Gra - cious-ly He keeps us From each threat'ning ill,
mf
Ten - der - ly He lis - tens When He hears us pray,
Praise the lov - ing Fa - ther, Of His good-ness tell;
mf



No. 109. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

J. B. DYKES. H. G. SWEENEY.


1. Je - sus ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless thy
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me And I
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the
lit - tle lamb to - night; Thro' the dark - ness be Thou
thank Thee for thy care; Thou hast clothed me, warmed and
friends I love so well; Take me, when I die, to
near me, Keep me safe till morn - ings light.
fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r.
heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

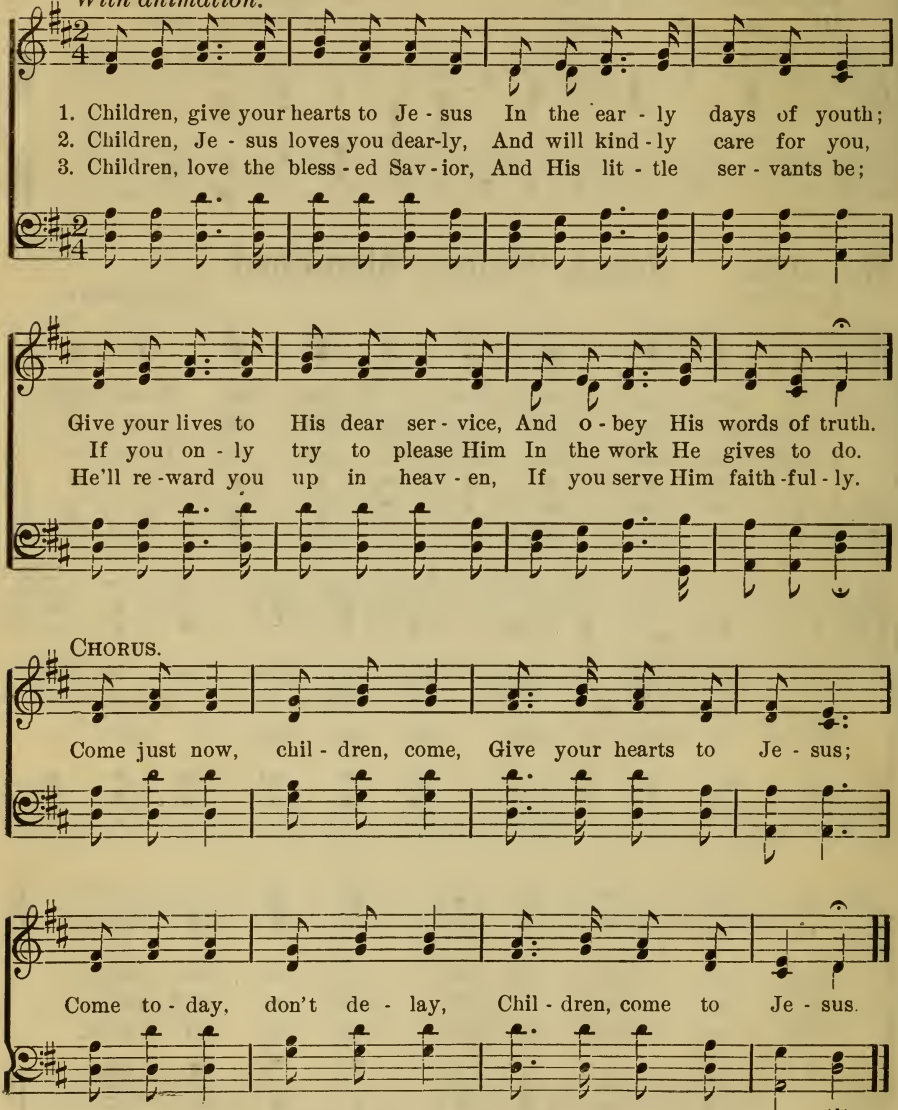
No. 110. Give Your Hearts to Jesus.

"Those that seek me early shall find me." Prov.8:17.

(Infant class.)

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With animation.


1. Children, give your hearts to Je - sus In the ear - ly days of youth;
2. Children, Je - sus loves you dear-ly, And will kind - ly care for you,
3. Children, love the bless - ed Sav - ior, And His lit - tle ser - vants be;
Give your lives to His dear ser - vice, And o - bey His words of truth.
If you on - ly try to please Him In the work He gives to do.
He'll re - ward you up in heav - en, If you serve Him faith - ful - ly.
CHORUS.
Come just now, chil - dren, come, Give your hearts to Je - sus;
Come to - day, don't de - lay, Chil - dren, come to Je - sus.

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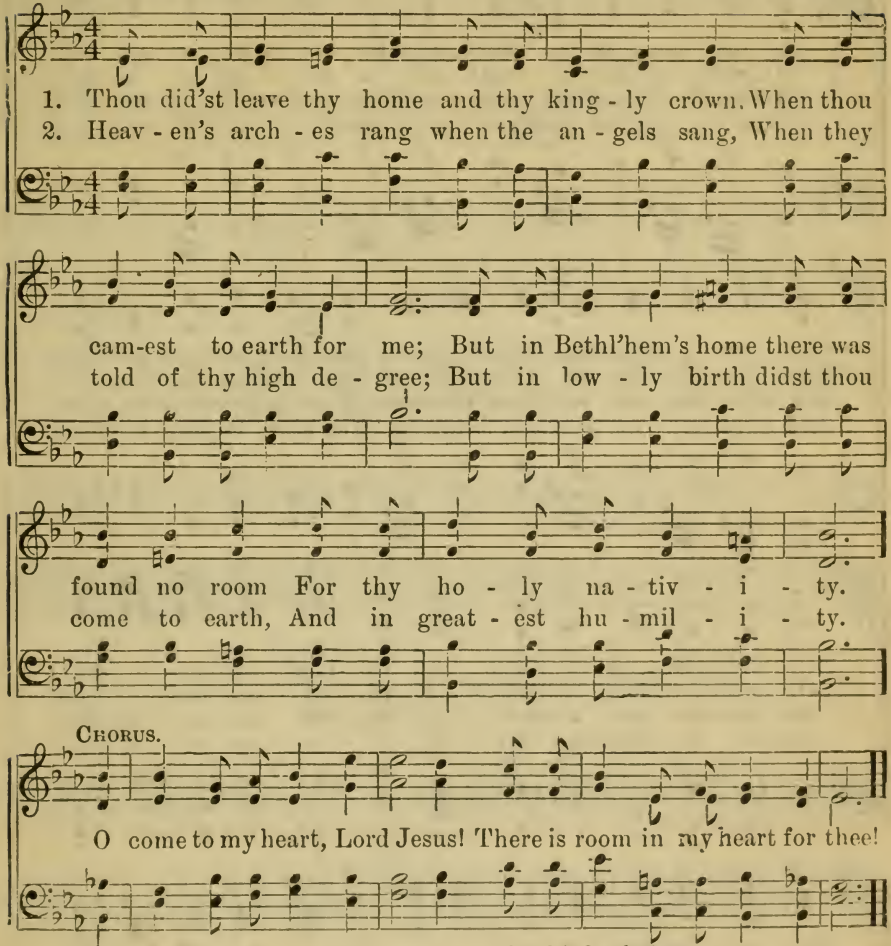
No. 111. Room in My Heart for Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. T. R MATHEWS.


1. Thou did'st leave thy home and thy king - ly crown. When thou
2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, When they
cam-est to earth for me; But in Bethl'hem's home there was
told of thy high de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst thou
found no room For thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty.
CHORUS.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus! There is room in my heart for thee!

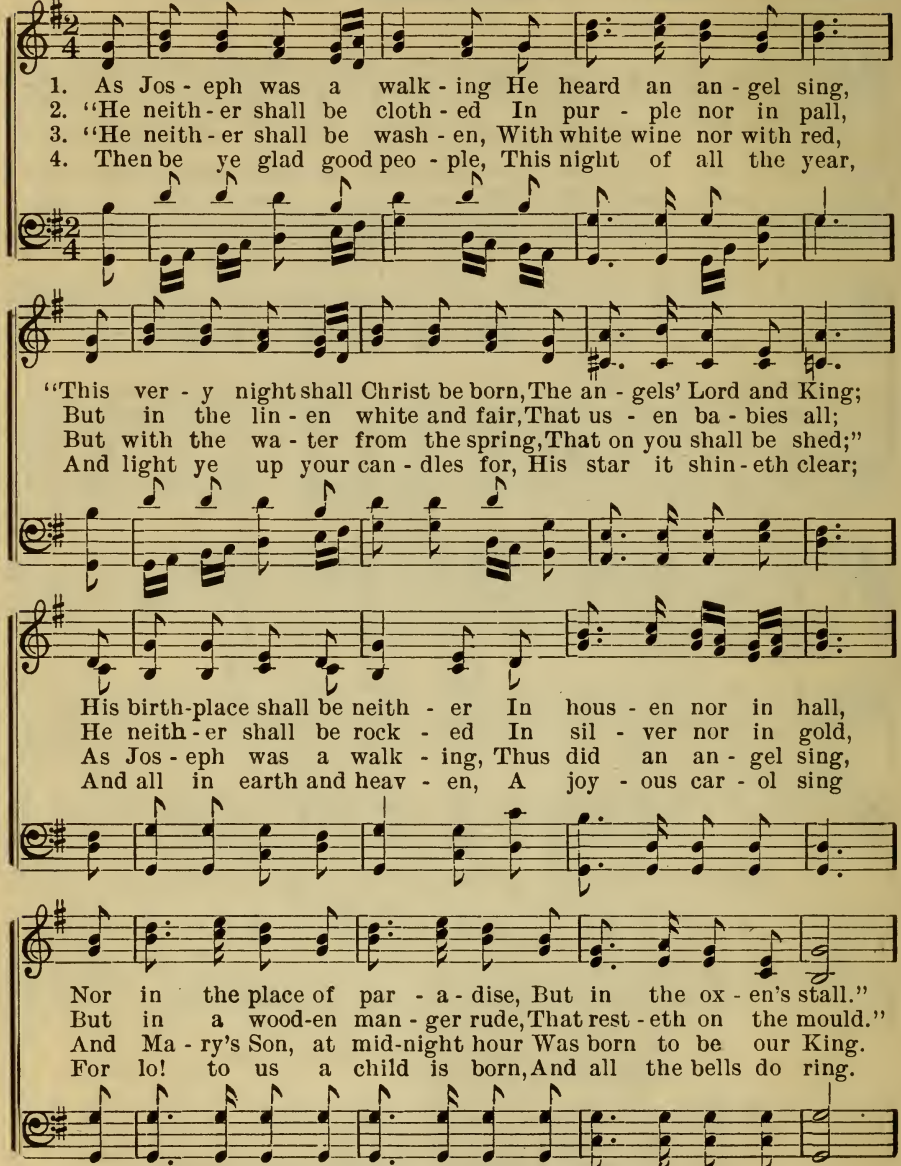
3 Foxes found their rest, and the birds their nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was sod, O thou son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.

4 Thou camest Lord, with the living word,
That should set thy people free;
But with mock and scorn, and with crown of thorn
Did they bear thee to Calvary

By permission of W. A. Ogden.

No. 112. As Joseph Was a Walking.

Words adapted and partly written by H. R. PALMER. (A Christmas Carol.) Music by H. R. PALMER.


1. As Jos - eph was a walk - ing He heard an an - gel sing,
2. "He neith - er shall be cloth - ed In pur - ple nor in pall,
3. "He neith - er shall be wash - en, With white wine nor with red,
4. Then be ye glad good peo - ple, This night of all the year,
"This ver - y night shall Christ be born, The an - gels' Lord and King;
But in the lin - en white and fair, That us - en ba - bies all;
But with the wa - ter from the spring, That on you shall be shed;"
And light ye up your can - dles for, His star it shin - eth clear;
His birth-place shall be neith - er In hous - en nor in hall,
He neith - er shall be rock - ed In sil - ver nor in gold,
As Jos - eph was a walk - ing, Thus did an an - gel sing,
And all in earth and heav - en, A joy - ous car - ol sing
Nor in the place of par - a - dise, But in the ox - en's stall."
But in a wood-en man - ger rude, That rest - eth on the mould."
And Ma - ry's Son, at mid-night hour Was born to be our King.
For lo! to us a child is born, And all the bells do ring.

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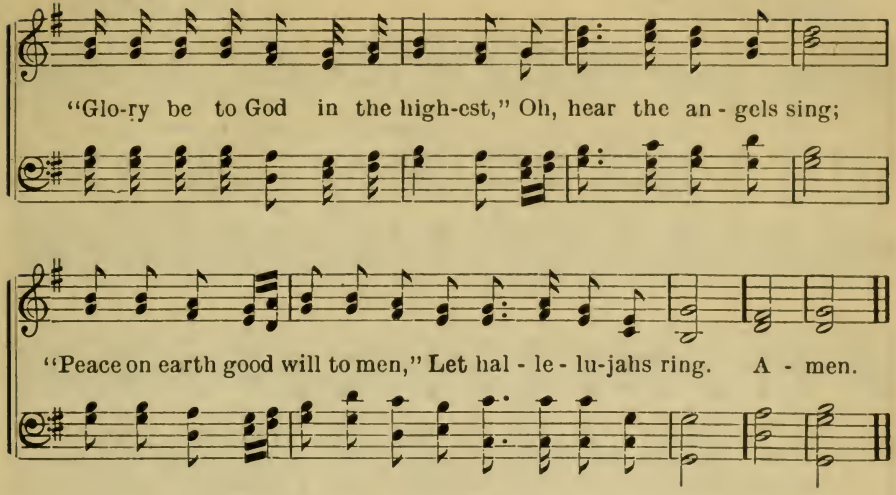
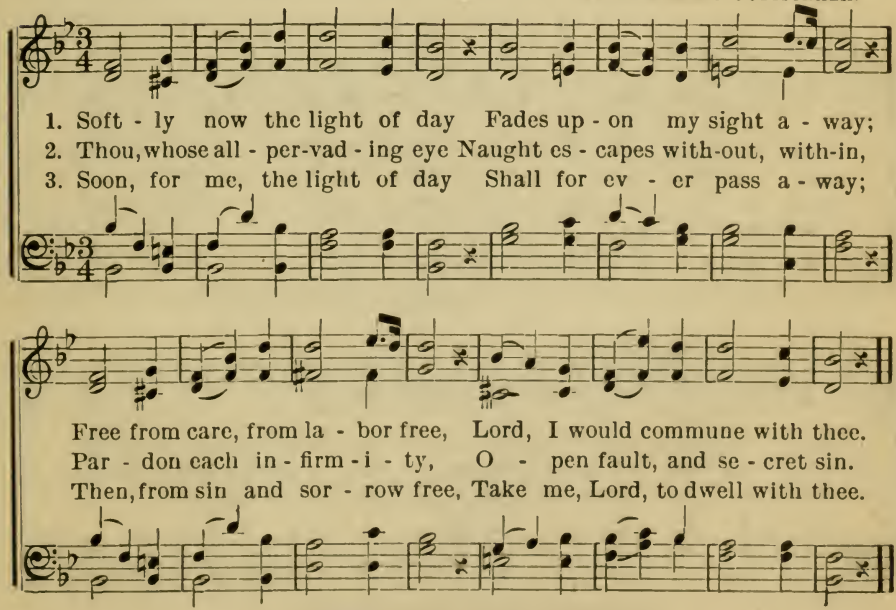
As Joseph Was a Walking. Concluded.

CHORUS.

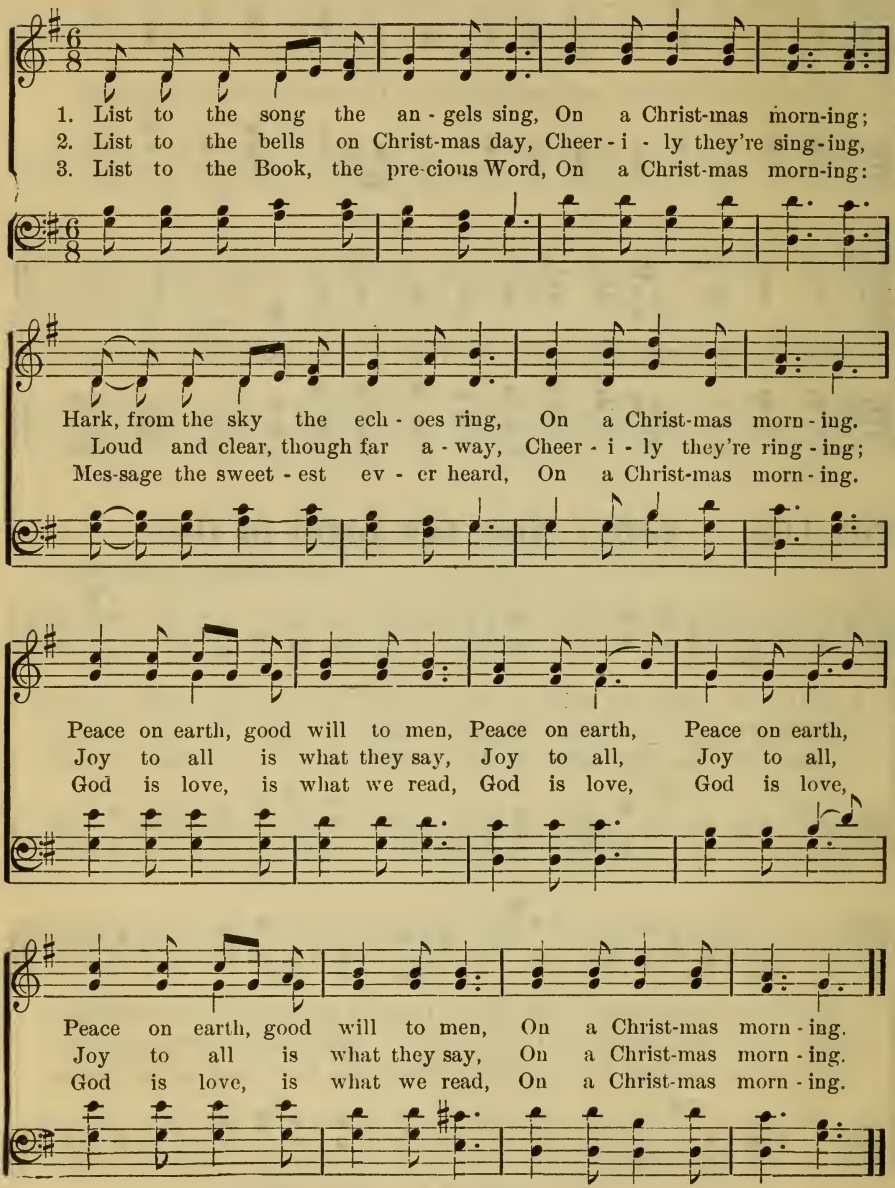


No. 113. Softly Now the Light of Day.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a-way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught es-capes with-out, with-in,
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev-er pass a-way;
Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

No. 114. On a Christmas Morning.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. List to the song the an - gels sing, On a Christ-mas morn-ing;
2. List to the bells on Christ-mas day, Cheer - i - ly they're sing-ing,
3. List to the Book, the pre-cious Word, On a Christ-mas morn-ing:
Hark, from the sky the ech - oes ring, On a Christ-mas morn - ing.
Loud and clear, though far a - way, Cheer - i - ly they're ring - ing;
Mes-sage the sweet - est ev - er heard, On a Christ-mas morn - ing.
Peace on earth, good will to men, Peace on earth, Peace on earth,
Joy to all is what they say, Joy to all, Joy to all,
God is love, is what we read, God is love, God is love,
Peace on earth, good will to men, On a Christ-mas morn - ing.
Joy to all is what they say, On a Christ-mas morn - ing.
God is love, is what we read, On a Christ-mas morn - ing.

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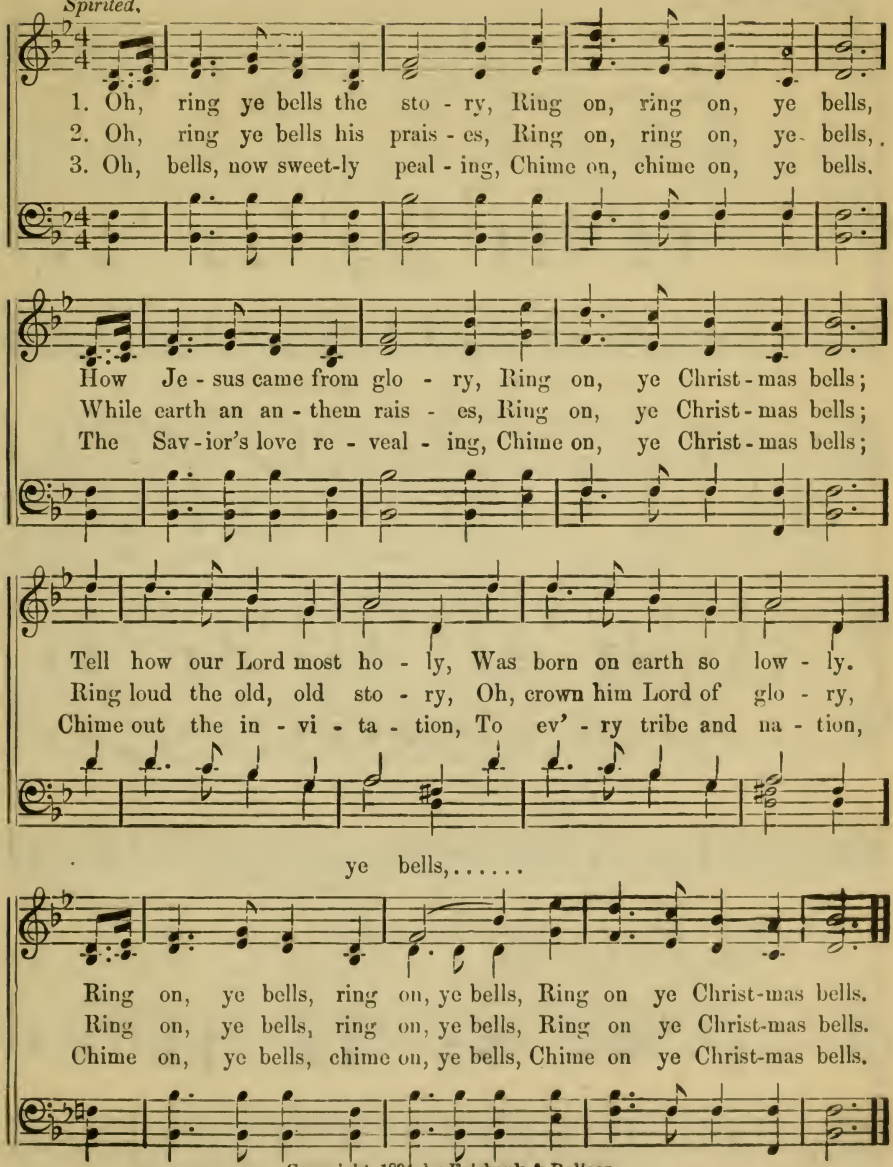
No. 115. Oh, Ring, ye Bells, the Story.

RETTA ANDREWS PETTITT. H. W. FAIRBANK.

Spirited.


1. Oh, ring ye bells the sto - ry, Ring on, ring on, ye bells,
2. Oh, ring ye bells his prais - es, Ring on, ring on, ye bells,
3. Oh, bells, now sweet-ly peal - ing, Chime on, chime on, ye bells,
How Je - sus came from glo - ry, Ring on, ye Christ-mas bells;
While earth an an - them rais - es, Ring on, ye Christ-mas bells;
The Sav - ior's love re - veal - ing, Chime on, ye Christ-mas bells;
Tell how our Lord most ho - ly, Was born on earth so low - ly.
Ring loud the old, old sto - ry, Oh, crown him Lord of glo - ry,
Chime out the in - vi - ta - tion, To ev' - ry tribe and na - tion,
ye bells,.....
Ring on, ye bells, ring on, ye bells, Ring on ye Christ-mas bells.
Ring on, ye bells, ring on, ye bells, Ring on ye Christ-mas bells.
Chime on, ye bells, chime on, ye bells, Chime on ye Christ-mas bells.

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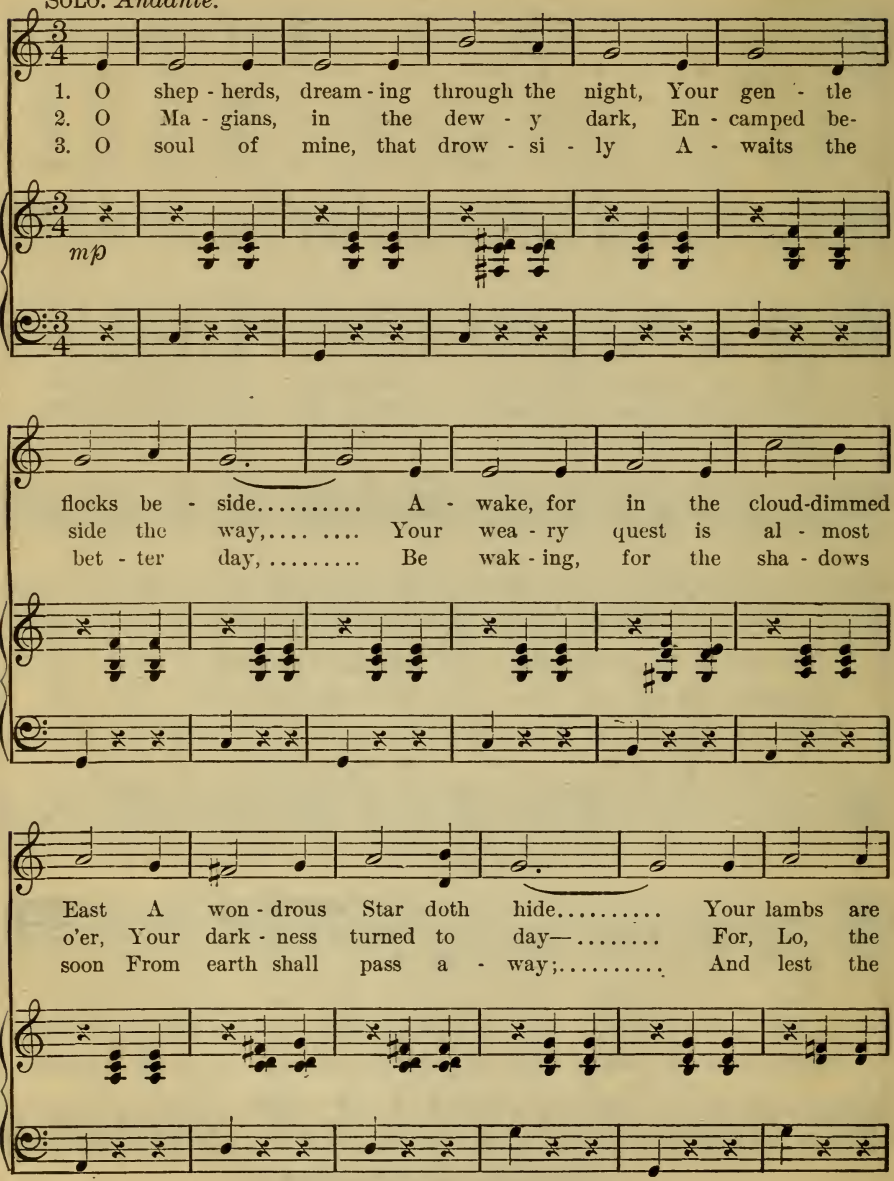
No. 116. Before Dawn.

ELSIE JANET FRENCH. H. W. FAIRBANK.

SOLO. *Andante.*


1. O shep - herds, dream - ing through the night, Your gen - tle
2. O Ma - gians, in the dew - y dark, En - camped be-
3. O soul of mine, that drow - si - ly A - waits the
mp
flocks be - side..... A - wake, for in the cloud-dimmed
side the way,..... Your wea - ry quest is al - most
bet - ter day,..... Be wak - ing, for the sha - dows
East A won - drous Star doth hide..... Your lambs are
o'er, Your dark - ness turned to day—..... For, Lo, the
soon From earth shall pass a - way;..... And lest the

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Before Dawn. Concluded.

Cresc.

bleat - ing for the dawn, A bird - note sounds a - far..... All
dim Ju - de - an skies Their mys - te - ry un - bar,..... Then
glo - ry I should miss, Whose prom-ise gleams a - far,..... I

f

na - ture stirs then shepherds, rise, A-wake and hail the Star.....
Ma-gians, wake and in the East Be-hold your prom - ised Star.....
heark-en to the an - gel's song And watch the Eas - tern Star.....

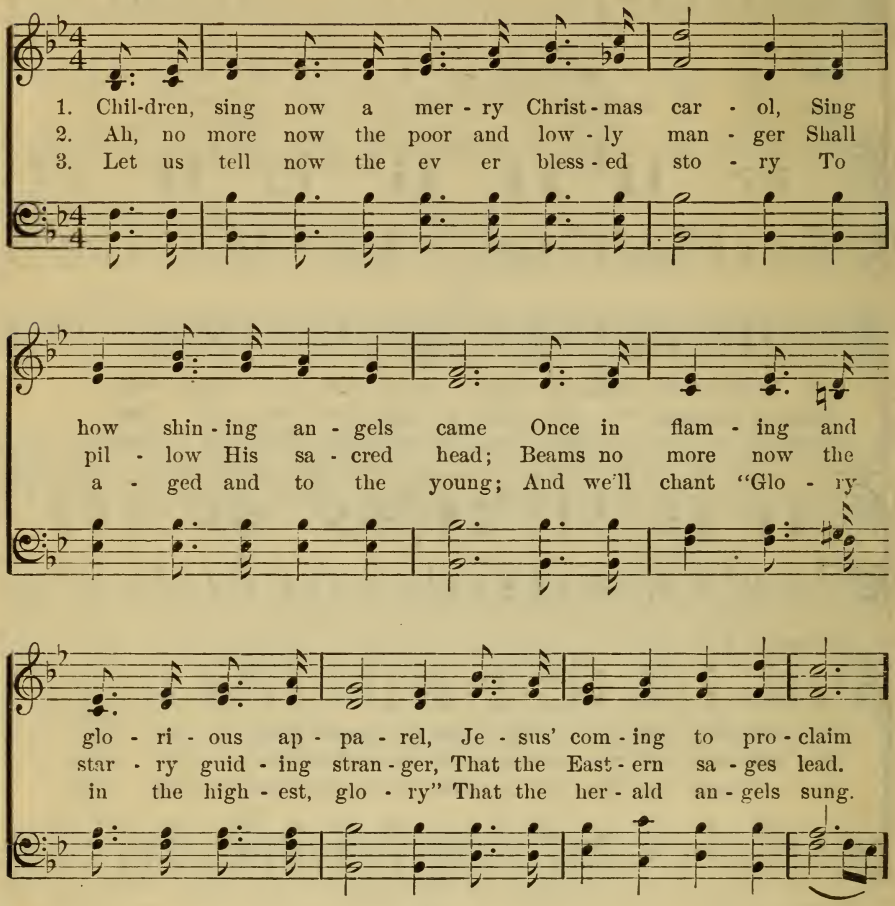
CHORUS. *f*

A - wake, and list the ti-dings glad that sounds from yon - der skies,
A - wake, and list the ti-dings glad that sounds from yon - der skies,
A - wake, and list the ti-dings glad that sounds from yon - der skies,

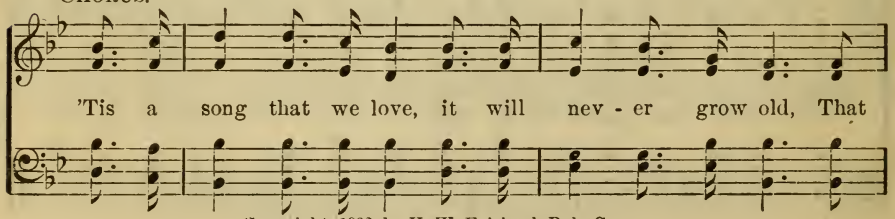
UNISON.

"Our Christ is born—good will to men," O shep-herds, hear, a - rise.
"Our Christ is born—good will to men," O wise men, hear, a - rise.
"Our Christ is born—good will to men," O soul, re-joice, a - rise.

No. 117. The Story of Long Ago.

JENNIE REE, Arr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Chil-dren, sing now a mer - ry Christ - mas car - ol, Sing how shin - ing an - gels came Once in flam - ing and glo - ri - ous ap - pa - rel, Je - sus' com - ing to pro - claim
2. Ah, no more now the poor and low - ly man - ger Shall pil - low His sa - cred head; Beams no more now the star - ry guid - ing stran - ger, That the East - ern sa - ges lead.
3. Let us tell now the ev er bless - ed sto - ry To a - ged and to the young; And we'll chant "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry" That the her - ald an - gels sung.

CHORUS.



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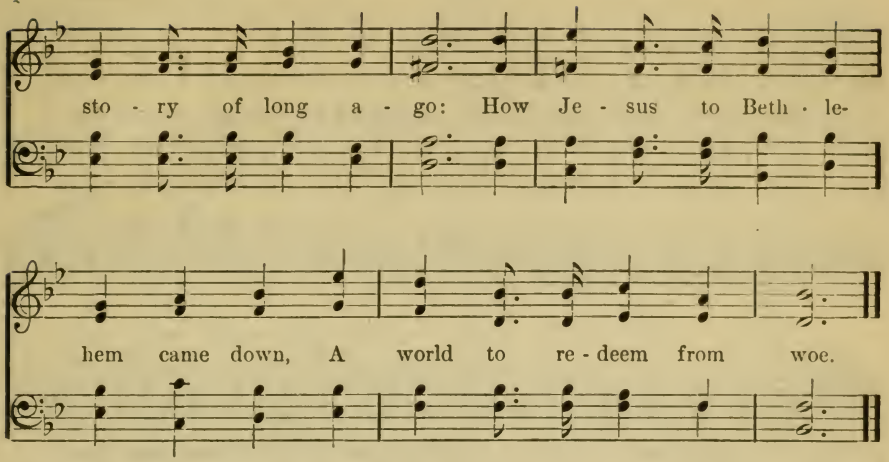
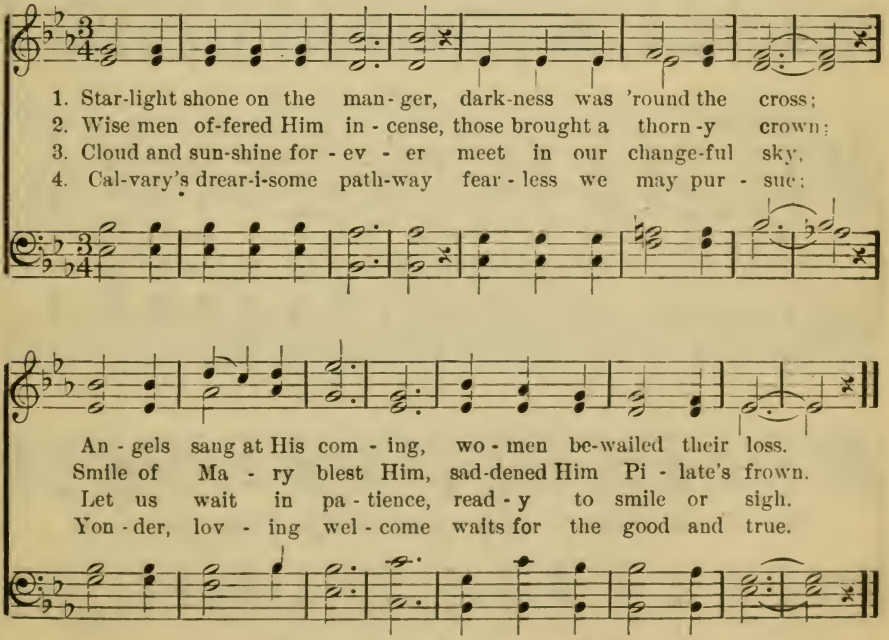
The Story of Long Ago. Concluded.



No. 118. Wayfarers.

ELSIE JANET FRENCH. E. BOOTH.


1. Star-light shone on the man - ger, dark-ness was 'round the cross;
2. Wise men of-fered Him in - cense, those brought a thorn - y crown;
3. Cloud and sun-shine for - ev - er meet in our change-ful sky,
4. Cal-vary's drear-i-some path-way fear - less we may pur - sue;
An - gels sang at His com - ing, wo - men be-wailed their loss.
Smile of Ma - ry blest Him, sad-dened Him Pi - late's frown.
Let us wait in pa - tience, read - y to smile or sigh.
Yon - der, lov - ing wel - come waits for the good and true.

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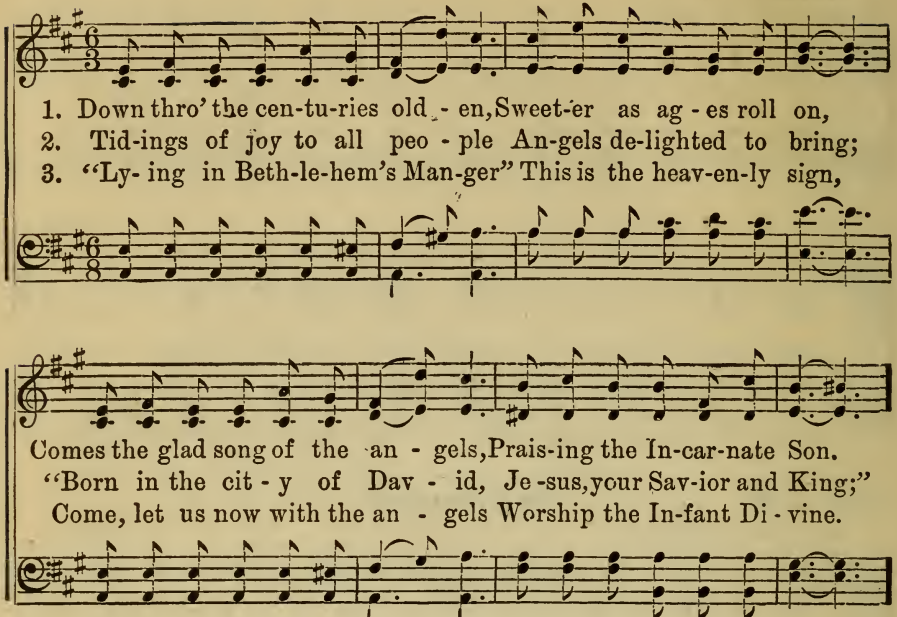
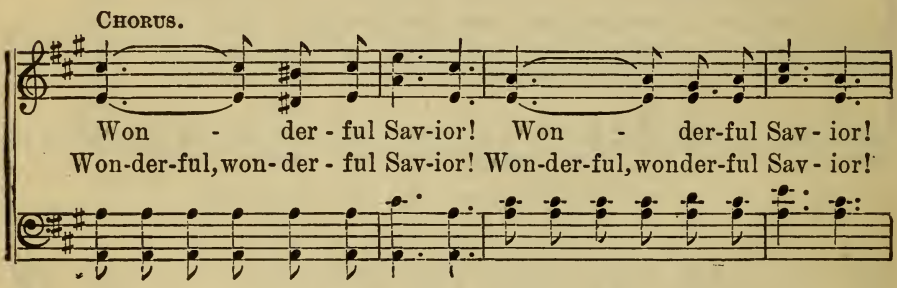
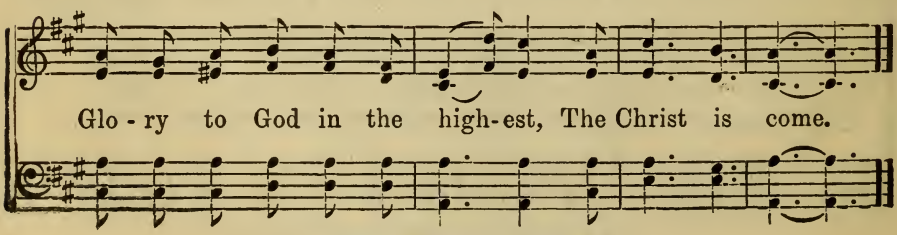
No. 119. Wonderful Savior!

H. W. Fairbank


1. Down thro' the cen-tu-ries old - en, Sweet-er as ag - es roll on,
2. Tid-ings of joy to all peo - ple An-gels de-lighted to bring;
3. "Ly- ing in Beth-le-hem's Man-ger" This is the heav-en-ly sign,
Comes the glad song of the an - gels, Prais-ing the In-car-nate Son.
"Born in the cit - y of Dav - id, Je-sus, your Sav-ior and King;"
Come, let us now with the an - gels Worship the In-fant Di - vine.





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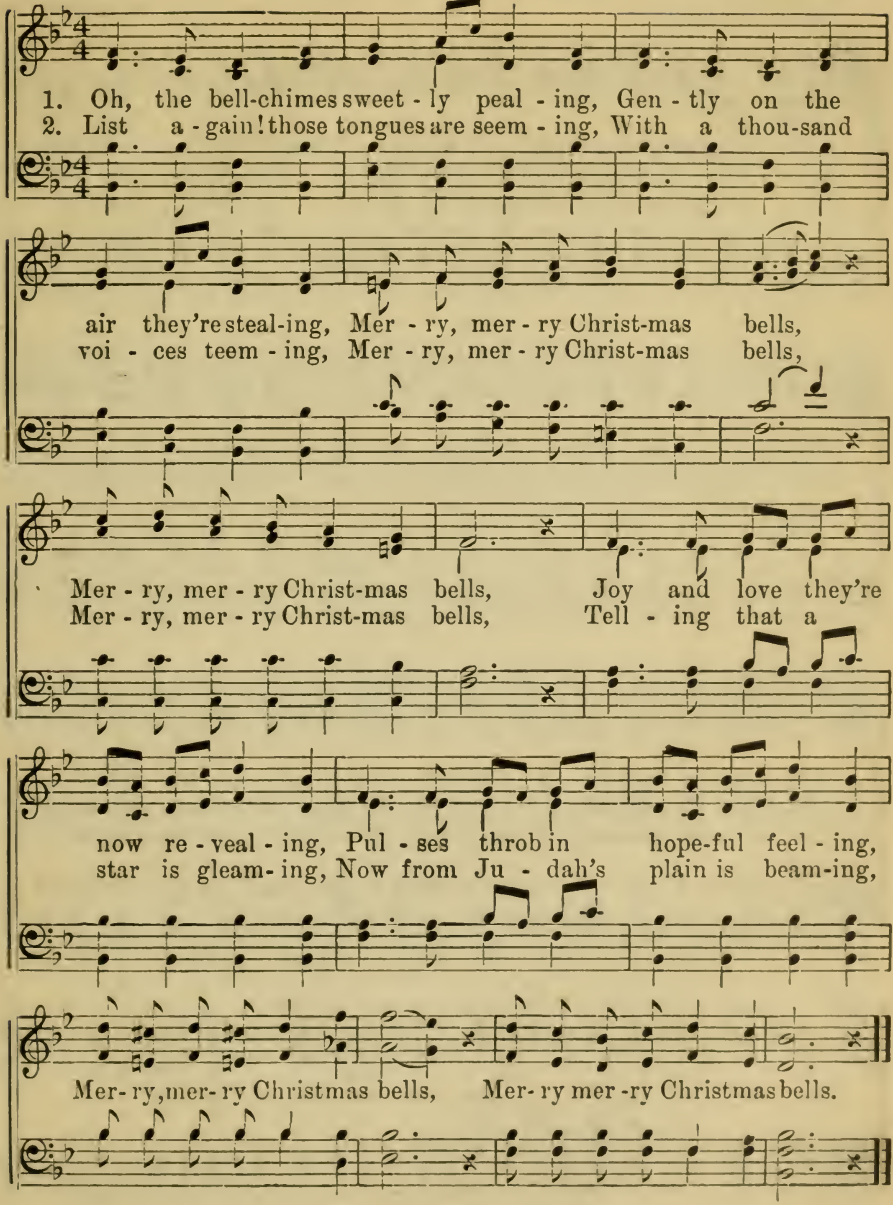
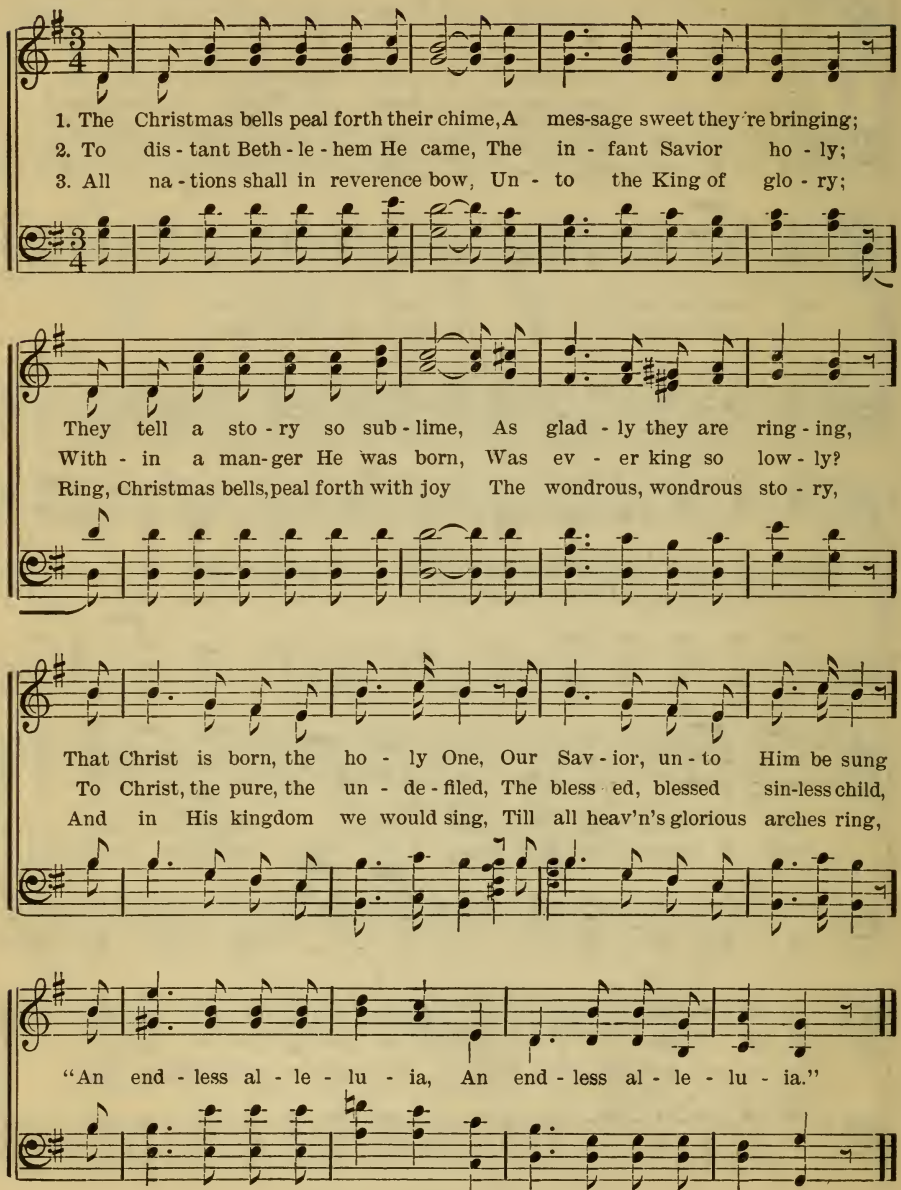
No. 120. Christmas Bells.

H. W. Fairbank.


1. Oh, the bell-chimes sweet - ly peal - ing, Gen - tly on the
2. List a - gain! those tongues are seem - ing, With a thou-sand
air they're steal-ing, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells,
voi - ces teem - ing, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells,
Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Joy and love they're
Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Tell - ing that a
now re - veal - ing, Pul - ses throb in hope-ful feel - ing,
star is gleam- ing, Now from Ju - dah's plain is beam-ing,
Mer- ry, mer- ry Christmas bells, Mer- ry mer -ry Christmas bells.

No. 121. The Message of the Bells.

LAURA. E NEWELL. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. The Christmas bells peal forth their chime, A mes-sage sweet they're bringing;
2. To dis - tant Beth - le - hem He came, The in - fant Savior ho - ly;
3. All na - tions shall in reverence bow, Un - to the King of glo - ry;
They tell a sto - ry so sub - lime, As glad - ly they are ring - ing,
With - in a man-ger He was born, Was ev - er king so low - ly?
Ring, Christmas bells, peal forth with joy The wondrous, wondrous sto - ry,
That Christ is born, the ho - ly One, Our Sav - ior, un - to Him be sung
To Christ, the pure, the un - de - filed, The bless - ed, blessed sin-less child,
And in His kingdom we would sing, Till all heav'n's glorious arches ring,
"An end - less al - le - lu - ia, An end - less al - le - lu - ia."

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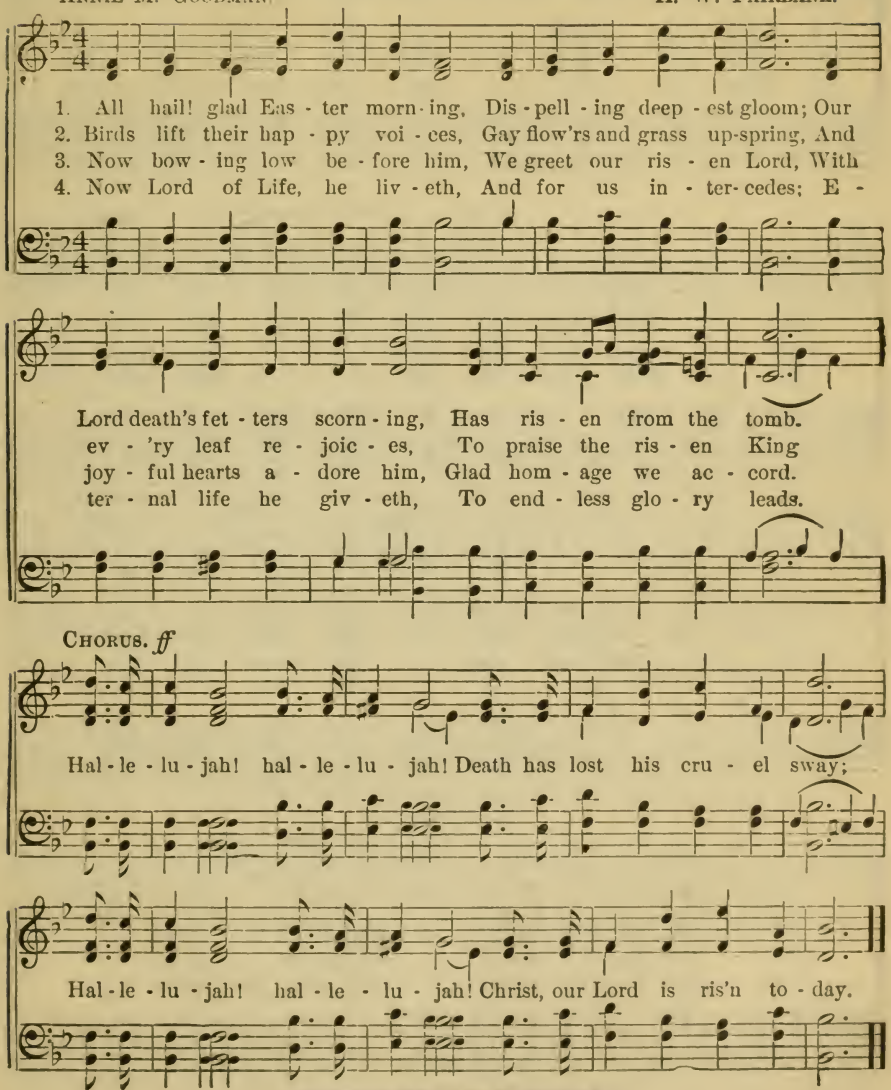
No. 122. All Hail! Glad Easter Morning.

ANNIE M. GOODMAN. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. All hail! glad Eas - ter morn - ing, Dis - pell - ing deep - est gloom; Our
2. Birds lift their hap - py voi - ces, Gay flow'rs and grass up-spring, And
3. Now bow - ing low be - fore him, We greet our ris - en Lord, With
4. Now Lord of Life, he liv - eth, And for us in - ter - cedes; E -
Lord death's fet - ters scorn - ing, Has ris - en from the tomb.
ev - 'ry leaf re - joic - es, To praise the ris - en King
joy - ful hearts a - dore him, Glad hom - age we ac - cord.
ter - nal life he giv - eth, To end - less glo - ry leads.
CHORUS. ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Death has lost his cru - el sway;
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Christ, our Lord is ris'n to - day.

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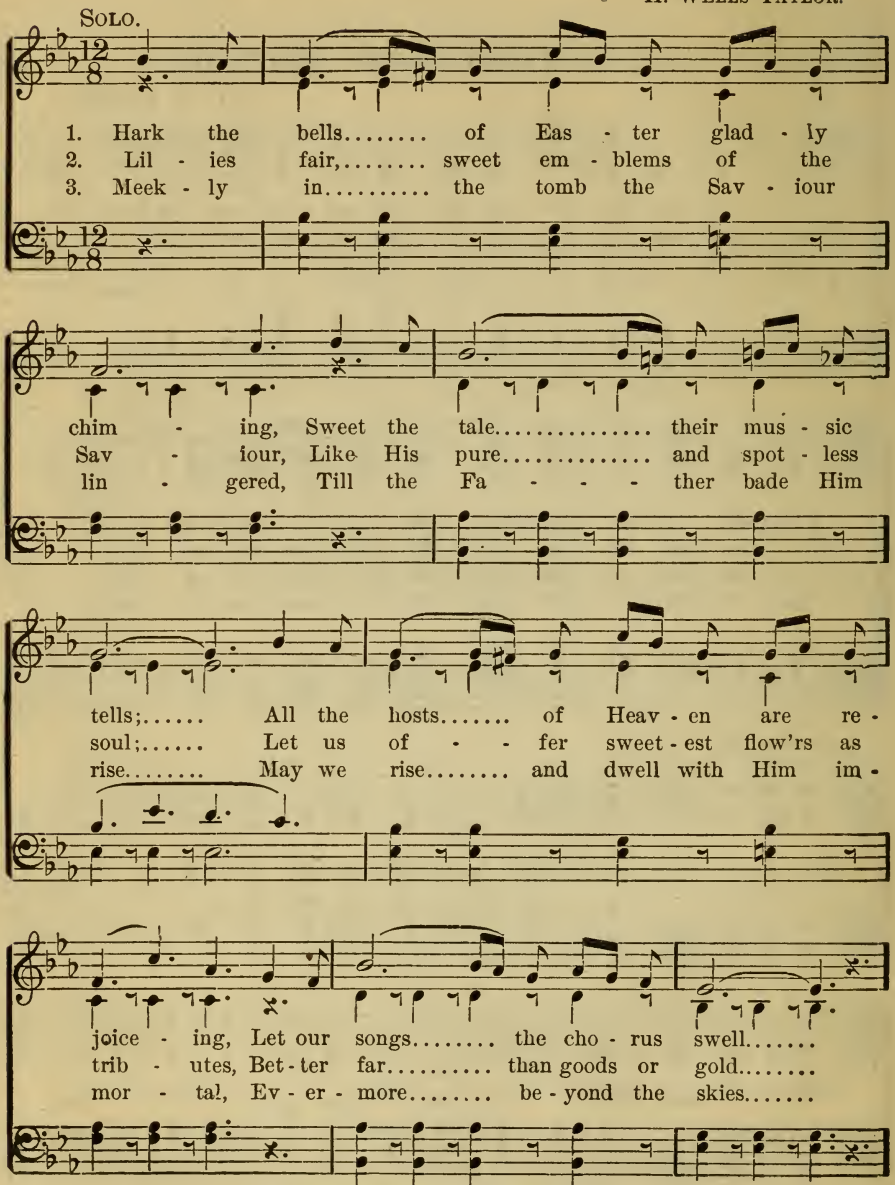
No. 123. Sweet Bells of Easter-tide.

H. Wells Taylor.

Solo.
1. Hark the bells..... of Eas - ter glad - ly
2. Lil - ies fair,..... sweet em - blems of the
3. Meek - ly in..... the tomb the Sav - iour
chim - ing, Sweet the tale..... their mus - sic
Sav - iour, Like His pure..... and spot - less
lin - gered, Till the Fa - - - ther bade Him
tells;..... All the hosts..... of Heav - en are re -
soul;..... Let us of - - fer sweet - est flow'rs as
rise..... May we rise..... and dwell with Him im -
joice - ing, Let our songs..... the cho - rus swell.....
trib - utes, Bet - ter far..... than goods or gold.....
mor - tal, Ev - er - more..... be - yond the skies.....

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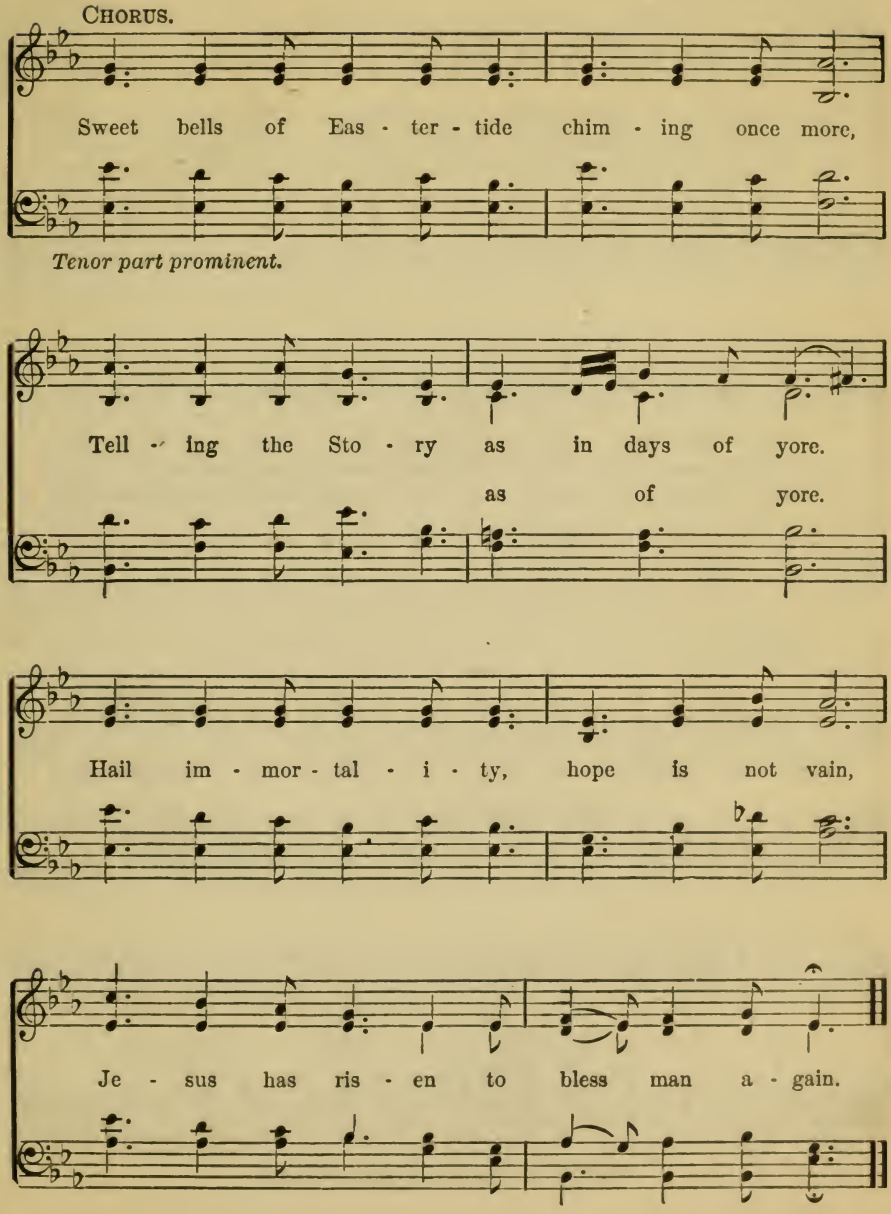
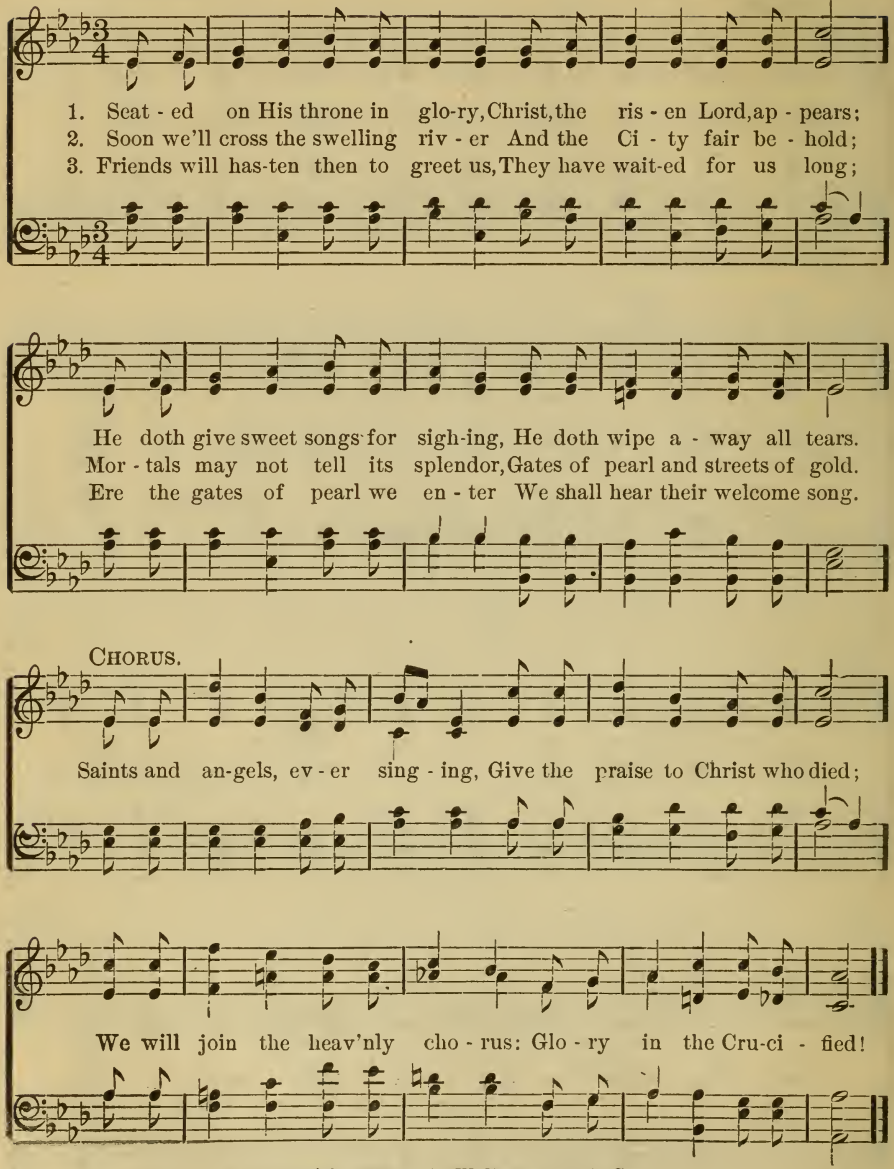
Sweet Bells of Easter-tide. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Sweet bells of Eas - ter - tide chim - ing once more,
Tenor part prominent.
Tell - ing the Sto - ry as in days of yore.
as of yore.
Hail im - mor - tal - i - ty, hope is not vain,
Je - sus has ris - en to bless man a - gain.

No. 124. Glory in the Crucified.

WM. STEVENSON. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Seat - ed on His throne in glo-ry, Christ, the ris - en Lord, ap - pears;
2. Soon we'll cross the swelling riv - er And the Ci - ty fair be - hold;
3. Friends will has-ten then to greet us, They have wait-ed for us long;
He doth give sweet songs for sigh-ing, He doth wipe a - way all tears.
Mor - tals may not tell its splendor, Gates of pearl and streets of gold.
Ere the gates of pearl we en - ter We shall hear their welcome song.
CHORUS.
Saints and an-gels, ev - er sing - ing, Give the praise to Christ who died;
We will join the heav'nly cho - rus: Glo - ry in the Cru-ci - fied!

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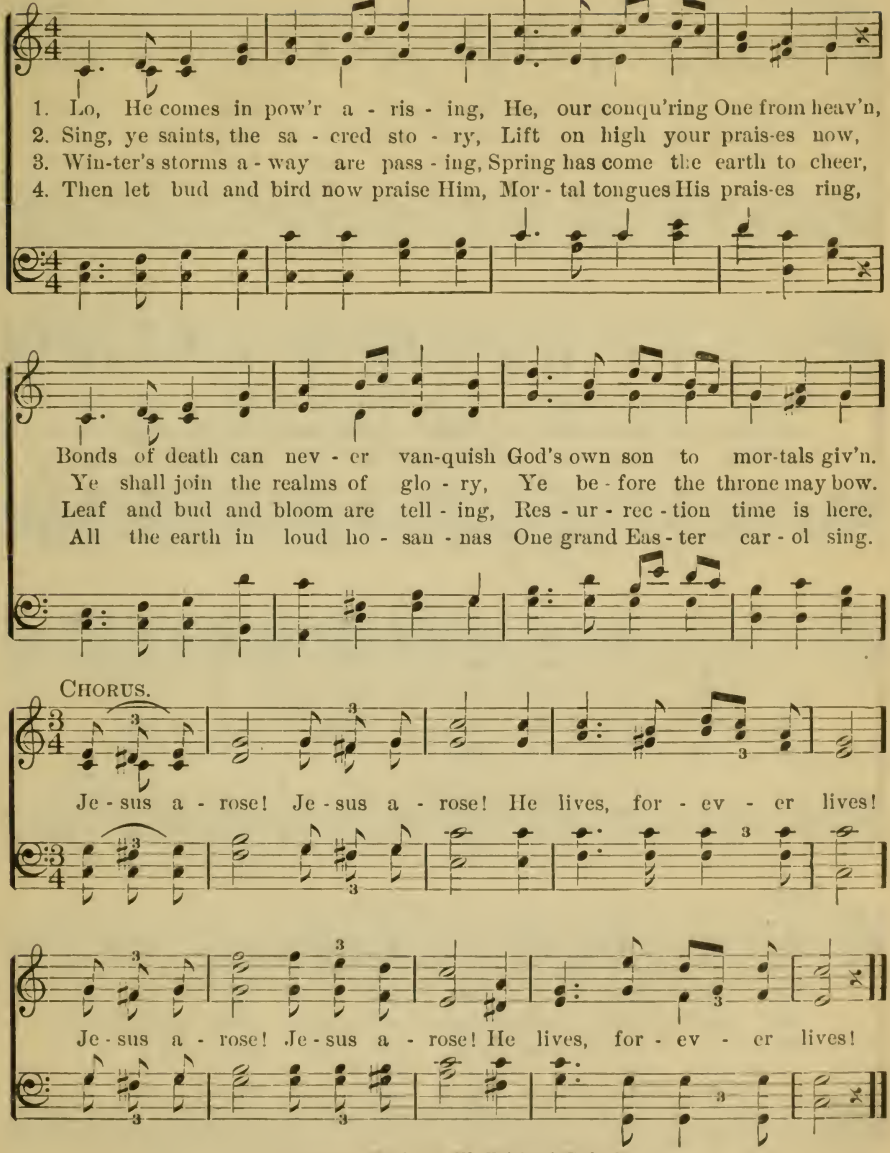
No. 125. Lo, He Comes.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Lo, He comes in pow'r a - ris - ing, He, our conqu'ring One from heav'n,
2. Sing, ye saints, the sa - cred sto - ry, Lift on high your prais-es now,
3. Win-ter's storms a - way are pass - ing, Spring has come the earth to cheer,
4. Then let bud and bird now praise Him, Mor - tal tongues His prais-es ring,
Bonds of death can nev - er van-quish God's own son to mor-tals giv'n.
Ye shall join the realms of glo - ry, Ye be - fore the throne may bow.
Leaf and bud and bloom are tell - ing, Res - ur - rec - tion time is here.
All the earth in loud ho - san - nas One grand Eas - ter car - ol sing.
CHORUS.
Je - sus a - rose! Je - sus a - rose! He lives, for - ev - er lives!
Je - sus a - rose! Je - sus a - rose! He lives, for - ev - er lives!

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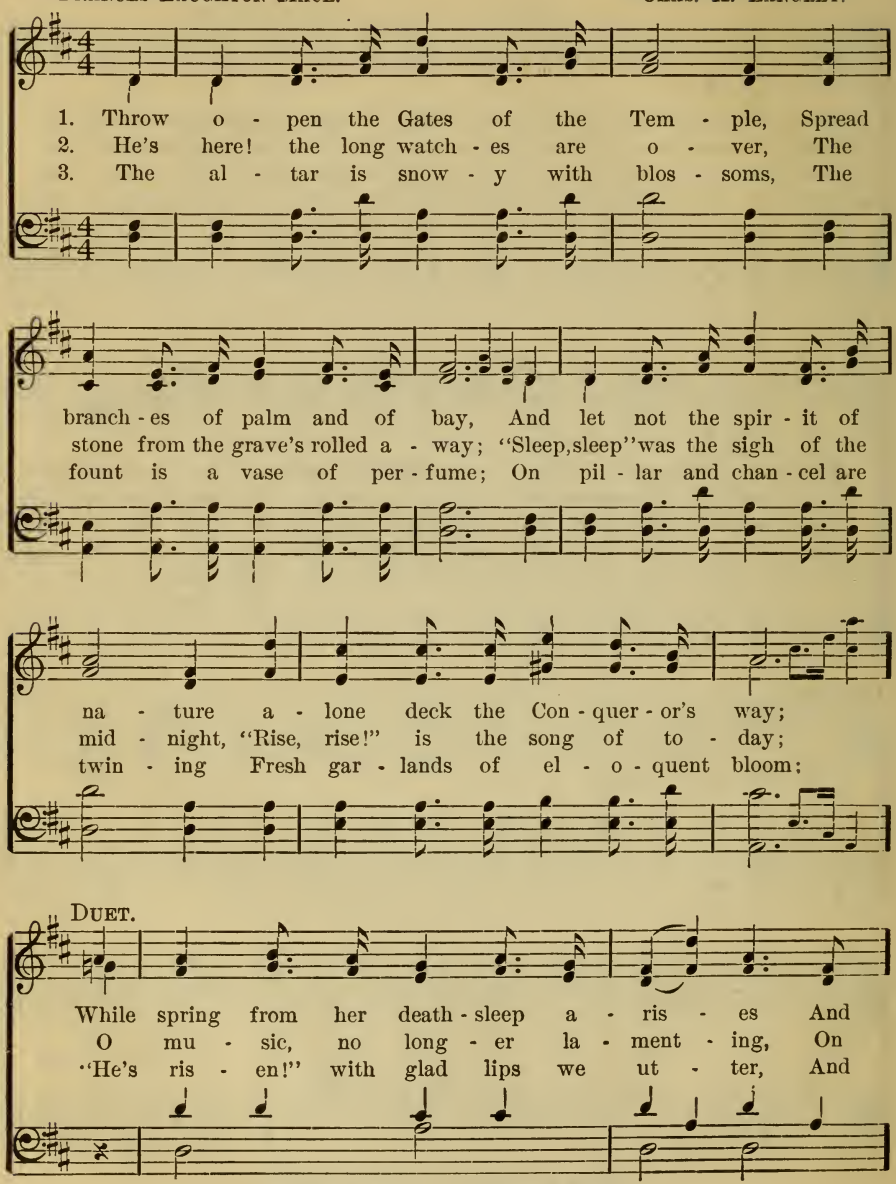
No. 126. Throw Open the Gates!

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. Throw o - pen the Gates of the Tem - ple, Spread
2. He's here! the long watch - es are o - ver, The
3. The al - tar is snow - y with blos - soms, The
branch - es of palm and of bay, And let not the spir - it of
stone from the grave's rolled a - way; "Sleep, sleep" was the sigh of the
fount is a vase of per - fume; On pil - lar and chan - cel are
na - ture a - lone deck the Con - quer - or's way;
mid - night, "Rise, rise!" is the song of to - day;
twin - ing Fresh gar - lands of el - o - quent bloom;
DUET.
While spring from her death - sleep a - ris - es And
O mu - sic, no long - er la - ment - ing, On
"He's ris - en!" with glad lips we ut - ter, And

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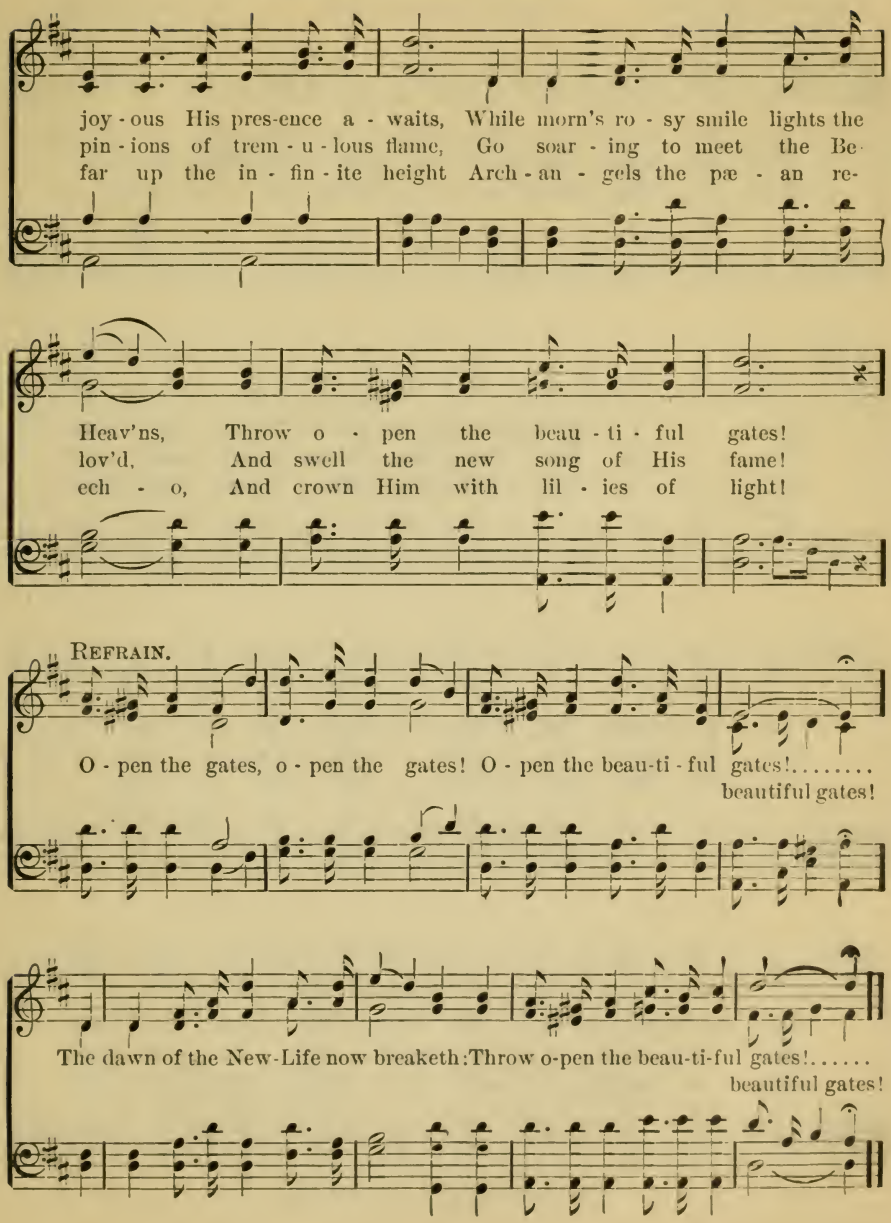
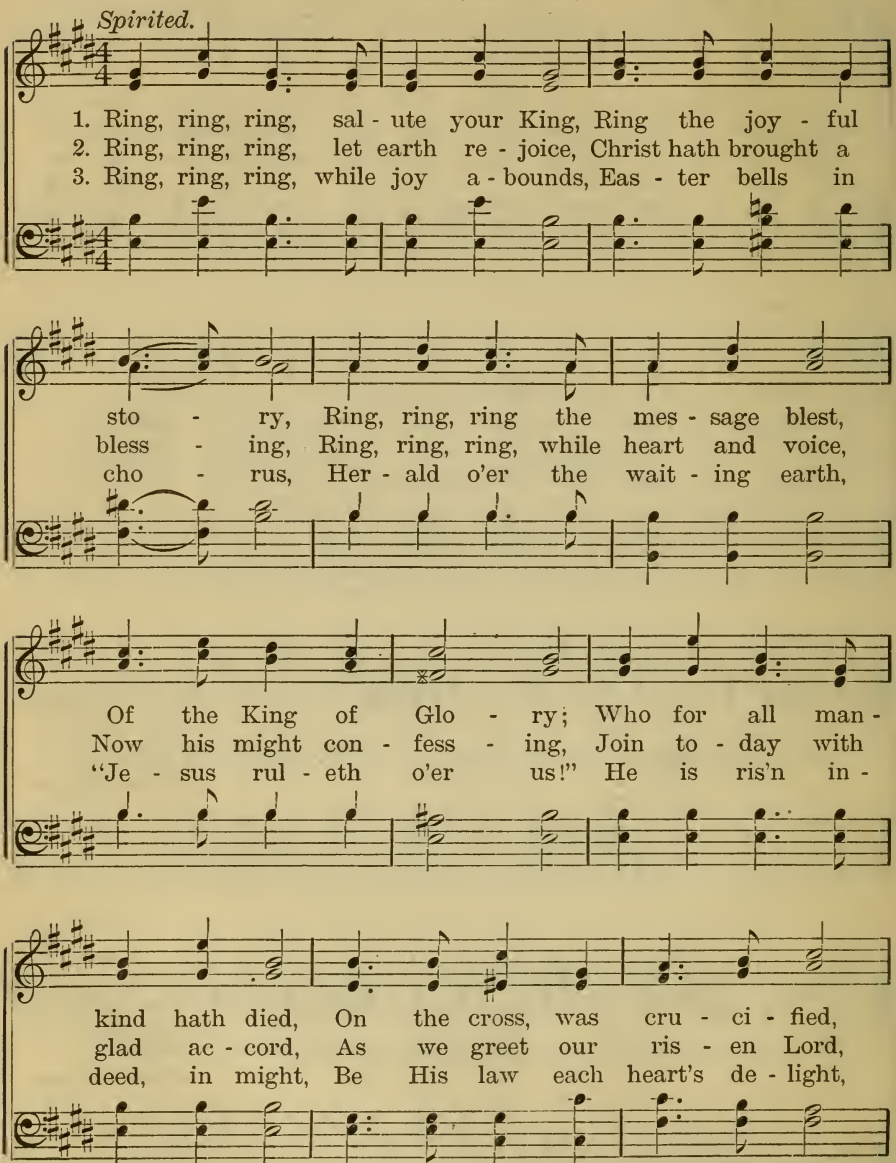
Throw Open the Gates!


joy - ous His pres-ence a - waits, While morn's ro - sy smile lights the
pin - ions of trem - u - lous flame, Go soar - ing to meet the Be-
far up the in - fin - ite height Arch - an - gels the pæ - an re-
Heav'ns, Throw o - pen the beau - ti - ful gates!
lov'd, And swell the new song of His fame!
ech - o, And crown Him with lil - ies of light!
Refrain.
O - pen the gates, o - pen the gates! O - pen the beau-ti - ful gates!.....
beautiful gates!
The dawn of the New-Life now breaketh: Throw o-pen the beau-ti-ful gates!.....
beautiful gates!

No. 127. Bells of Easter-tide.

LAURA E. NEWELL. (*May be sung as a Solo.*) H. W. FAIRBANK.


Spirited.
1. Ring, ring, ring, sal - ute your King, Ring the joy - ful
2. Ring, ring, ring, let earth re - joice, Christ hath brought a
3. Ring, ring, ring, while joy a - bounds, Eas - ter bells in
sto - ry, Ring, ring, ring the mes - sage blest,
bless - ing, Ring, ring, ring, while heart and voice,
cho - rus, Her - ald o'er the wait - ing earth,
Of the King of Glo - ry; Who for all man -
Now his might con - fess - ing, Join to - day with
"Je - sus rul - eth o'er us!" He is ris'n in -
kind hath died, On the cross, was cru - ci - fied,
glad ac - cord, As we greet our ris - en Lord,
deed, in might, Be His law each heart's de - light,

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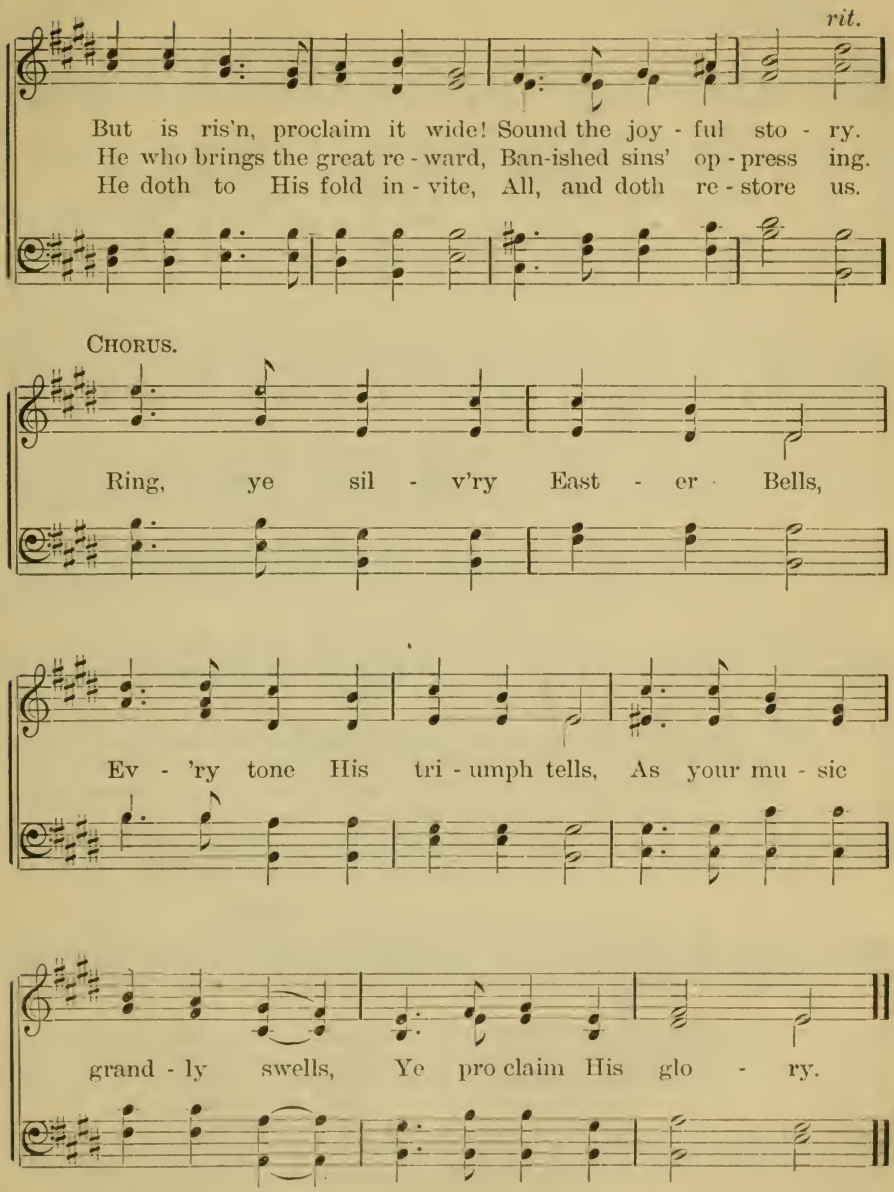
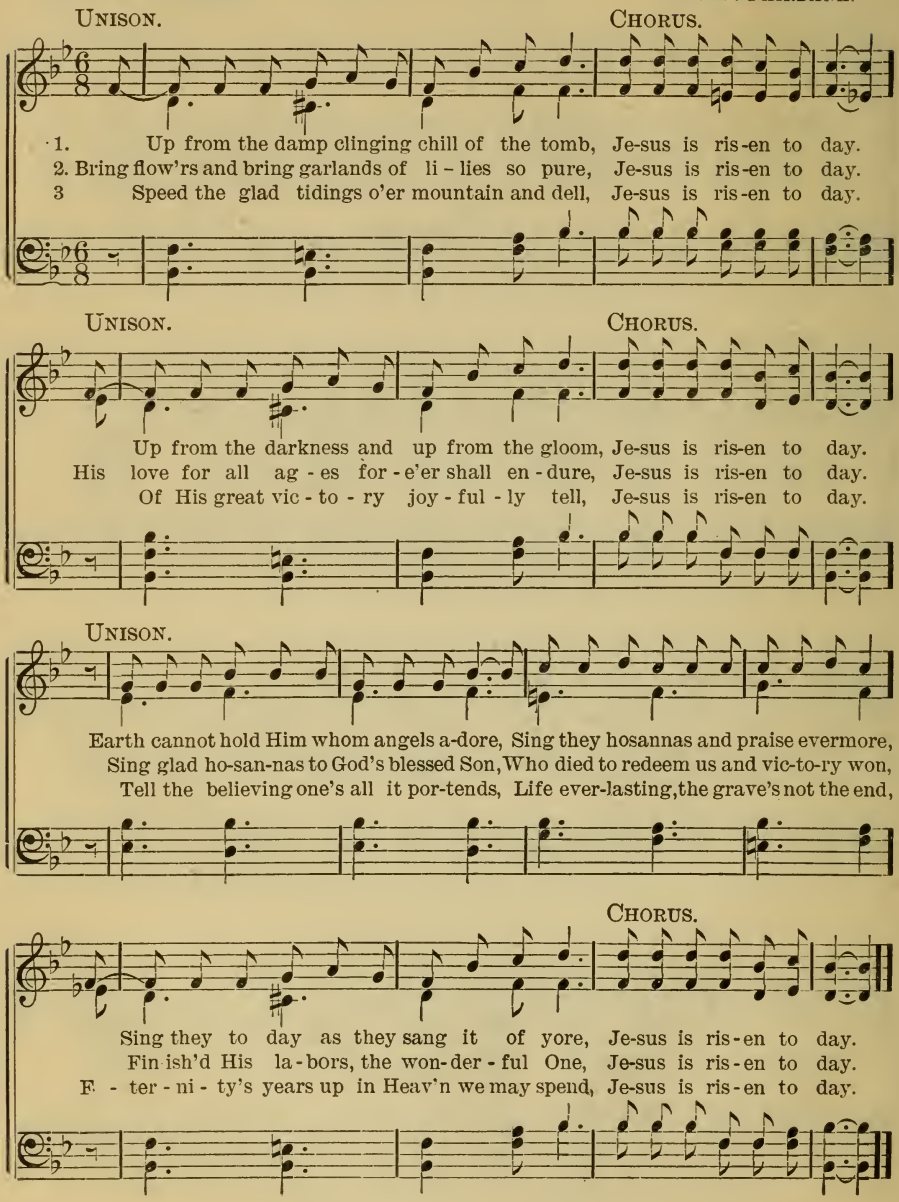
Bells of Easter-tide. Concluded.


rit.
But is ris'n, proclaim it wide! Sound the joy - ful sto - ry.
He who brings the great re - ward, Ban-ished sins' op - press ing.
He doth to His fold in - vite, All, and doth re - store us.
Chorus.
Ring, ye sil - v'ry East - er Bells,
Ev - 'ry tone His tri - umph tells, As your mu - sic
grand - ly swells, Ye pro claim His glo - ry.

No. 128. Jesus is Risen To-day.

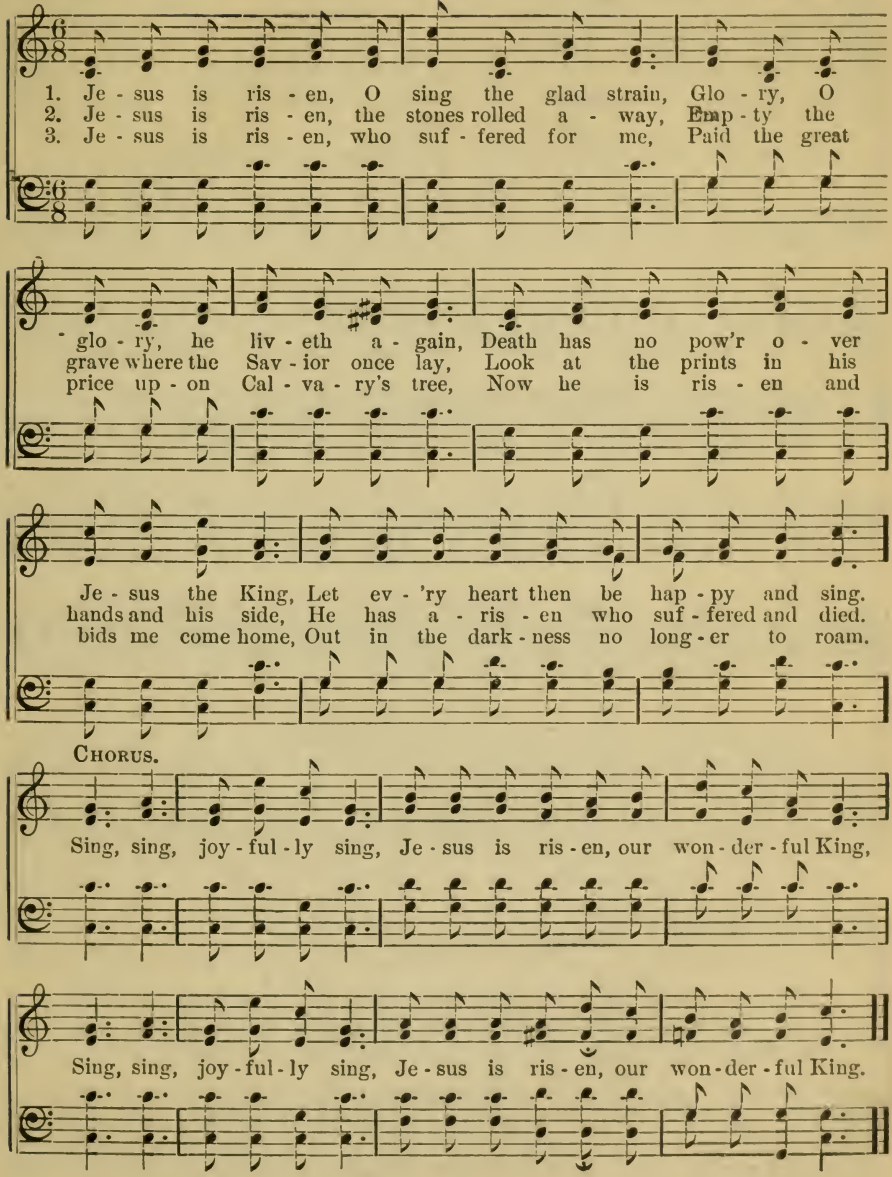
ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


UNISON.
CHORUS.
1. Up from the damp clinging chill of the tomb, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
2. Bring flow'rs and bring garlands of li - lies so pure, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
3 Speed the glad tidings o'er mountain and dell, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
UNISON.
CHORUS.
Up from the darkness and up from the gloom, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
His love for all ag - es for - e'er shall en - dure, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
Of His great vic - to - ry joy - ful - ly tell, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
UNISON.
Earth cannot hold Him whom angels a-dore, Sing they hosannas and praise evermore,
Sing glad ho-san-nas to God's blessed Son, Who died to redeem us and vic-to-ry won,
Tell the believing one's all it por-tends, Life ever-lasting, the grave's not the end,
CHORUS.
Sing they to day as they sang it of yore, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
Fin-ish'd His la-bors, the won-der-ful One, Je-sus is ris-en to day.
E - ter - ni - ty's years up in Heav'n we may spend, Je-sus is ris-en to day.

No. 129. Jesus is Risen.

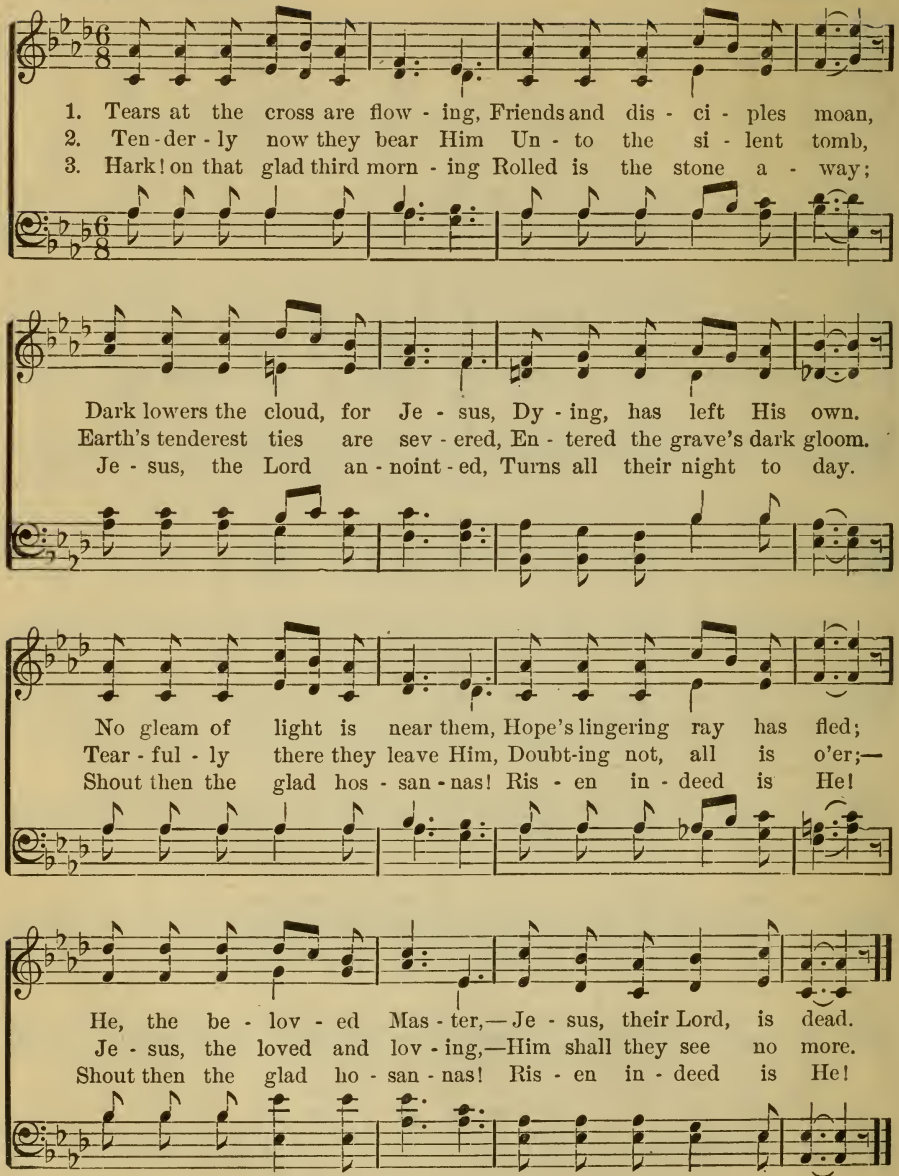
L. E. J.

L. E. Jones
Chorus arr. by H. W. F.


1. Je - sus is ris - en, O sing the glad strain, Glo - ry, O
2. Je - sus is ris - en, the stones rolled a - way, Emp - ty the
3. Je - sus is ris - en, who suf - fered for me, Paid the great
glo - ry, he liv - eth a - gain, Death has no pow'r o - ver
grave where the Sav - ior once lay, Look at the prints in his
price up - on Cal - va - ry's tree, Now he is ris - en and
Je - sus the King, Let ev - 'ry heart then be hap - py and sing.
hands and his side, He has a - ris - en who suf - fered and died.
bids me come home, Out in the dark - ness no long - er to roam.
Chorus.
Sing, sing, joy - ful - ly sing, Je - sus is ris - en, our won - der - ful King,
Sing, sing, joy - ful - ly sing, Je - sus is ris - en, our won - der - ful King.

No. 130. Easter Joy.

ELLA E. ROCKWOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Tears at the cross are flow - ing, Friends and dis - ci - ples moan,
2. Ten - der - ly now they bear Him Un - to the si - lent tomb,
3. Hark! on that glad third morn - ing Rolled is the stone a - way;
Dark lowers the cloud, for Je - sus, Dy - ing, has left His own.
Earth's tenderest ties are sev - ered, En - tered the grave's dark gloom.
Je - sus, the Lord an - noint - ed, Turns all their night to day.
No gleam of light is near them, Hope's lingering ray has fled;
Tear - ful - ly there they leave Him, Doubt-ing not, all is o'er;—
Shout then the glad hos - san - nas! Ris - en in - deed is He!
He, the be - lov - ed Mas - ter,—Je - sus, their Lord, is dead.
Je - sus, the loved and lov - ing,—Him shall they see no more.
Shout then the glad ho - san - nas! Ris - en in - deed is He!

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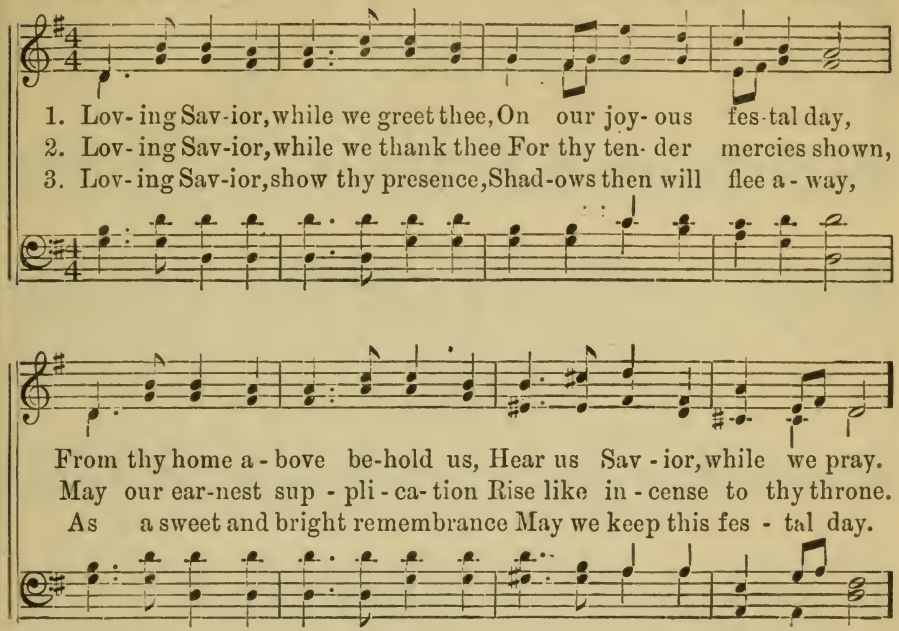
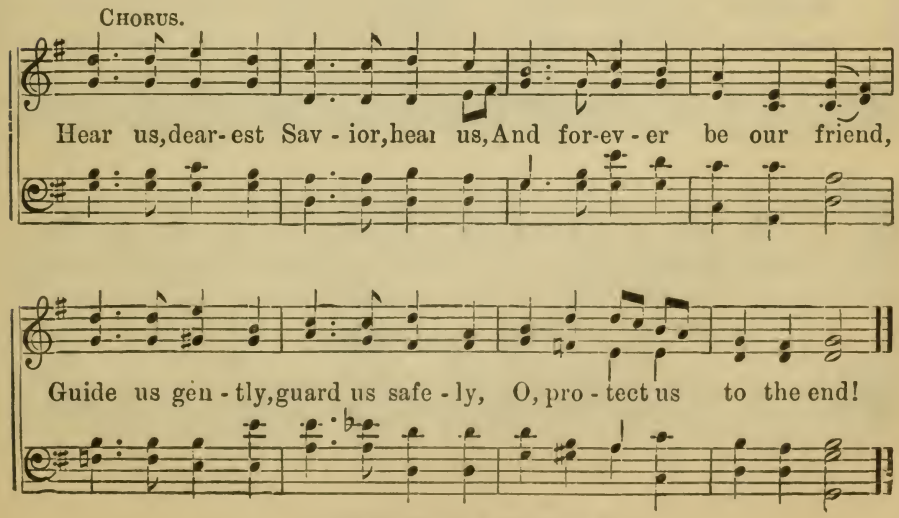
No. 131. Flower Day Song.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Lov- ing Sav-ior, while we greet thee, On our joy- ous fes-tal day,
2. Lov- ing Sav-ior, while we thank thee For thy ten- der mercies shown,
3. Lov- ing Sav-ior, show thy presence, Shad-ows then will flee a - way,
From thy home a - bove be-hold us, Hear us Sav - ior, while we pray.
May our ear-nest sup - pli - ca- tion Rise like in - cense to thy throne.
As a sweet and bright remembrance May we keep this fes - tal day.



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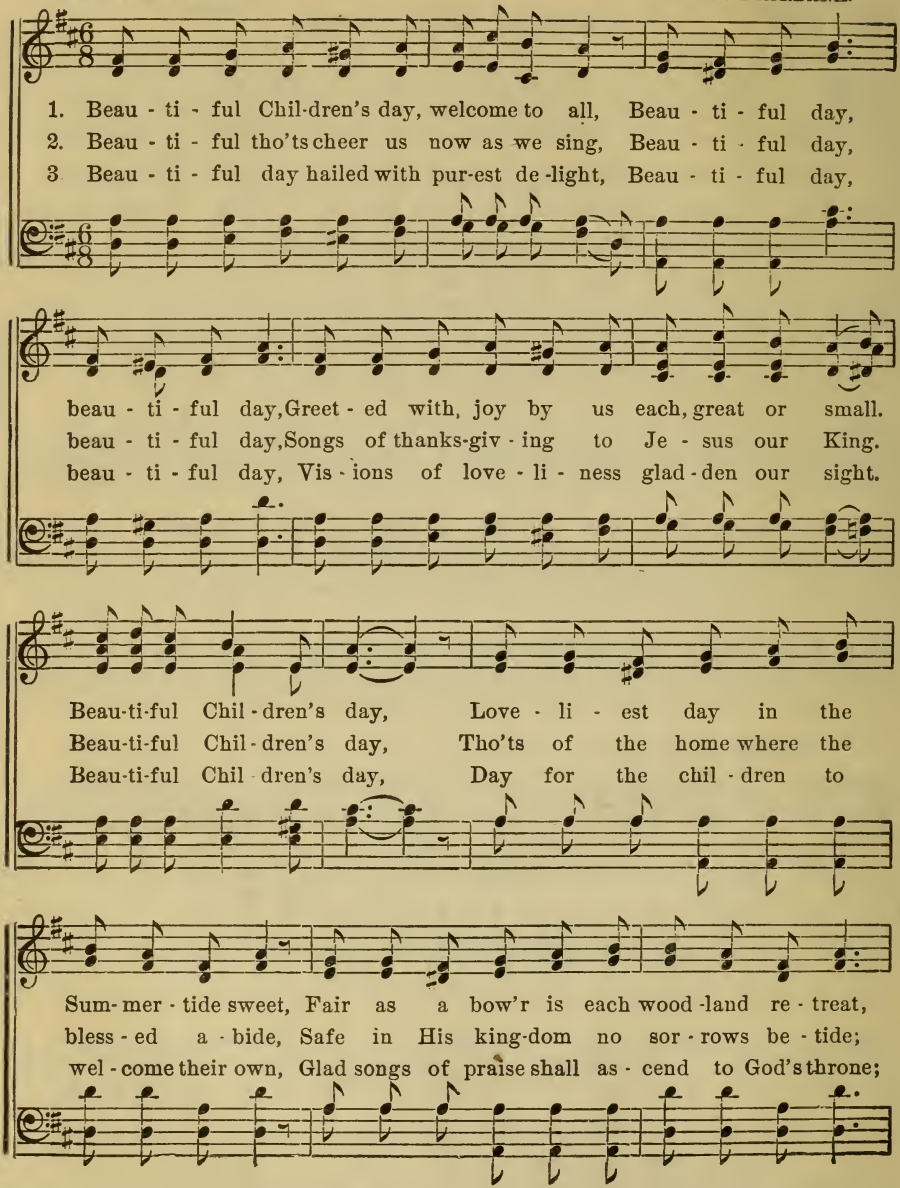
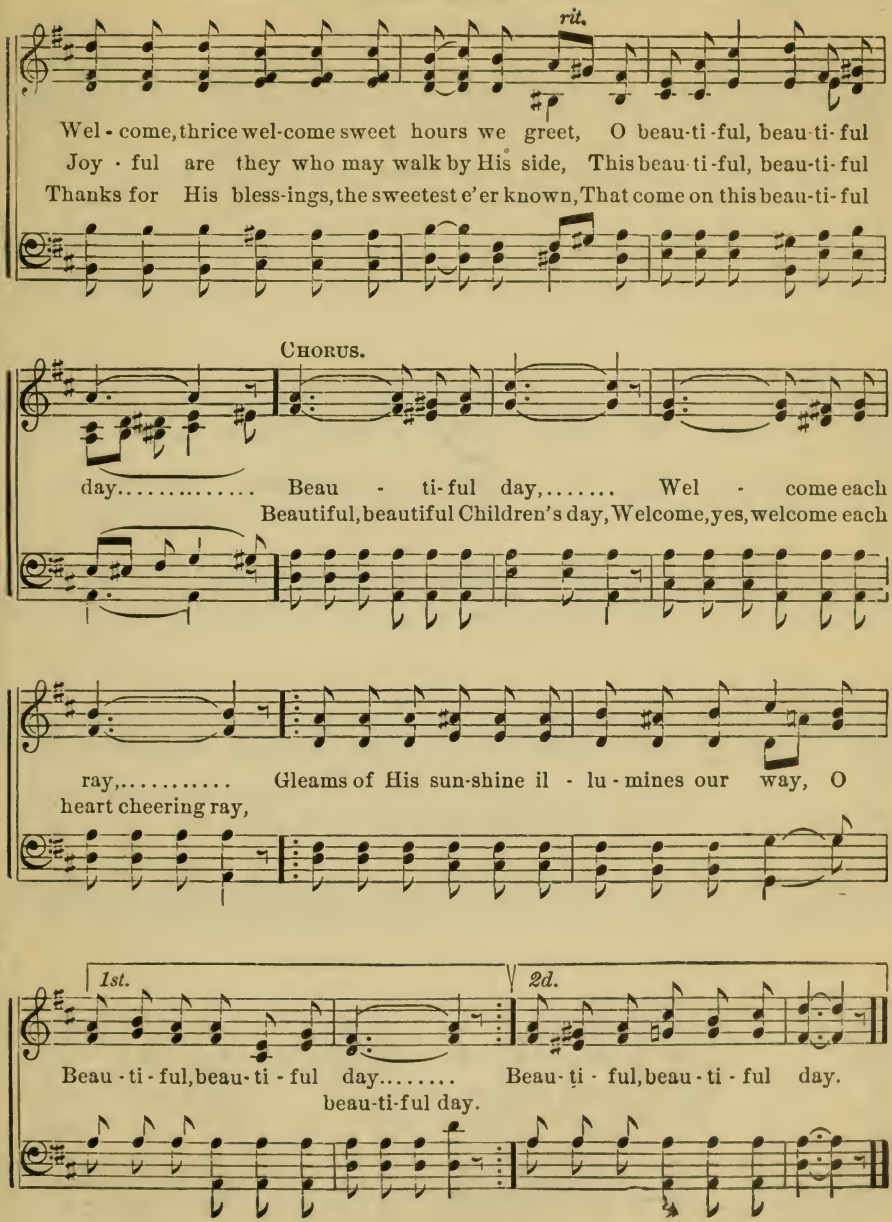
No. 132. BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN'S DAY.

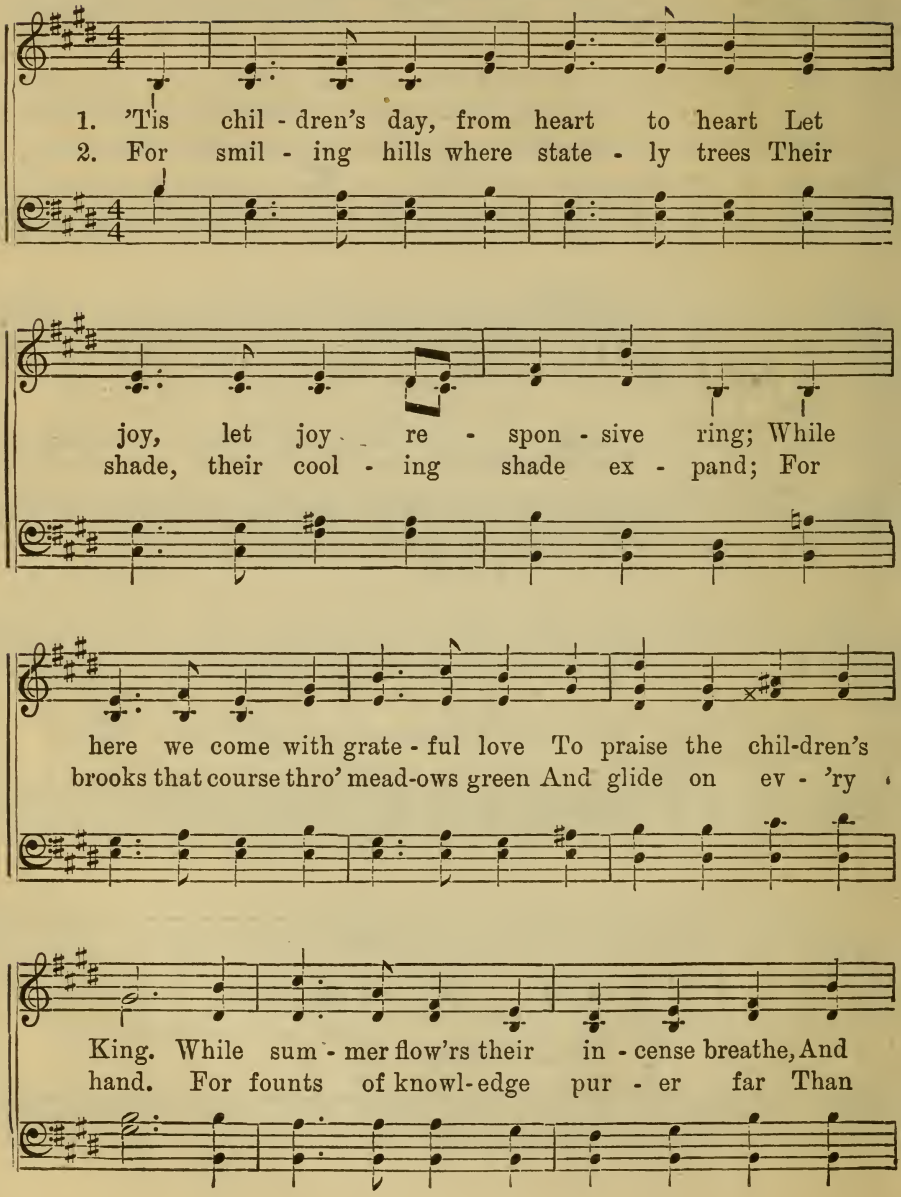
LAURA E. NEWELL. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Beau - ti - ful Chil-dren's day, welcome to all, Beau - ti - ful day,
2. Beau - ti - ful tho'ts cheer us now as we sing, Beau - ti - ful day,
3. Beau - ti - ful day hailed with pur-est de-light, Beau - ti - ful day,
beau - ti - ful day, Greet - ed with, joy by us each, great or small.
beau - ti - ful day, Songs of thanks-giv - ing to Je - sus our King.
beau - ti - ful day, Vis - ions of love - li - ness glad - den our sight.
Beau-ti-ful Chil - dren's day, Love - li - est day in the
Beau-ti-ful Chil - dren's day, Tho'ts of the home where the
Beau-ti-ful Chil - dren's day, Day for the chil - dren to
Sum - mer - tide sweet, Fair as a bow'r is each wood - land re - treat,
bless - ed a - bide, Safe in His king-dom no sor - rows be - tide;
wel - come their own, Glad songs of praise shall as - cend to God's throne;

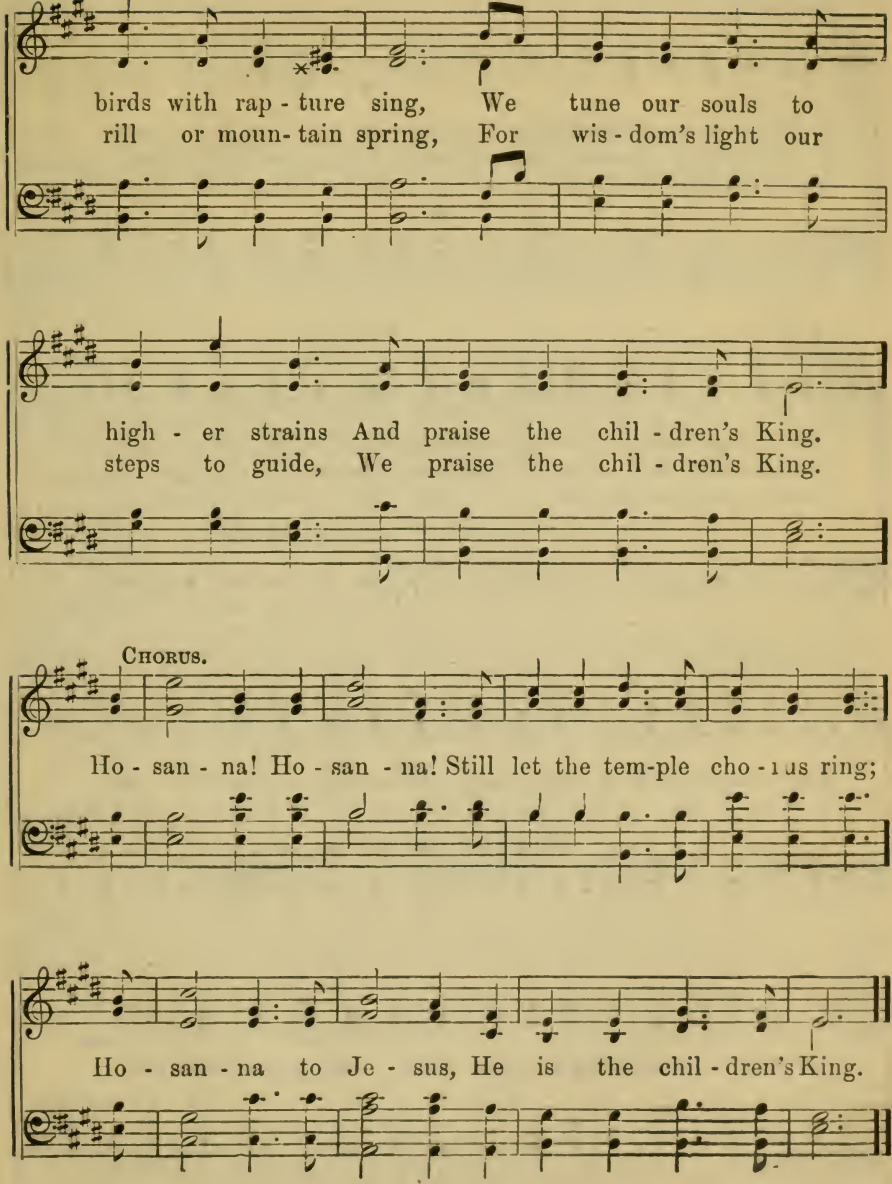
Beautiful Children's Day. Concluded.


rit.
Wel - come, thrice wel-come sweet hours we greet, O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Joy - ful are they who may walk by His side, This beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Thanks for His bless-ings, the sweetest e'er known, That come on this beau-ti-ful
Chorus.
day..... Beau - ti-ful day,..... Wel - come each
Beautiful, beautiful Children's day, Welcome, yes, welcome each
ray,..... Gleams of His sun-shine il - lu-mines our way, O
heart cheering ray,
1st.
2d.
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day..... Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day.
beau-ti-ful day.

No. 133. Hosanna!

Children's Day Song. GERMAN.

1. 'Tis chil - dren's day, from heart to heart Let
2. For smil - ing hills where state - ly trees Their
joy, let joy re - spon - sive ring; While
shade, their cool - ing shade ex - pand; For
here we come with grate - ful love To praise the chil-dren's
brooks that course thro' mead-ows green And glide on ev - 'ry
King. While sum - mer flow'rs their in - cense breathe, And
hand. For founts of knowl-edge pur - er far Than

Hosanna! Concluded.


birds with rap - ture sing, We tune our souls to
rill or moun - tain spring, For wis - dom's light our
high - er strains And praise the chil - dren's King.
steps to guide, We praise the chil - dren's King.
Chorus.
Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Still let the tem-ple cho - rus ring;
Ho - san - na to Je - sus, He is the chil - dren's King.

No. 134. Merry, Merry Birds.

LAURA E. NEWELL. H. W. FAIRBANK.

DUET. QUARTET.

1. Mer-ry, merry birds that light-ly sway On the leaf - y branches fair,
2. Trilling songs of praise to Him who made All this wondrous earth so bright,
3. Mer-ry, merry birds, sing on, sing on, Fill the earth with songs of joy,

DUET. QUARTET.

Car - ol - ing with joy this Children's Day, Warbling in the soft June air.
He who clothes with verdure hill and glade, Sends to us the day and night.
Till the mists and shad-ows all are gone, Gai - ly hours with song em - ploy.

CHORUS.

Mer-ry, mer-ry birds on leaf - y spray, Car - ol - ing your notes of glee,....
glee, of glee,

Happy is your theme this golden day, Mer-ry, mer-ry birds so free.....
free, so free.

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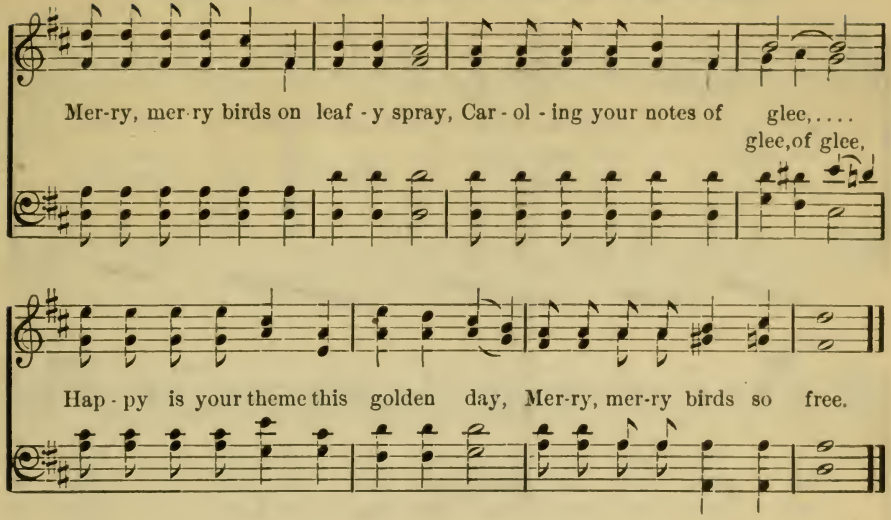
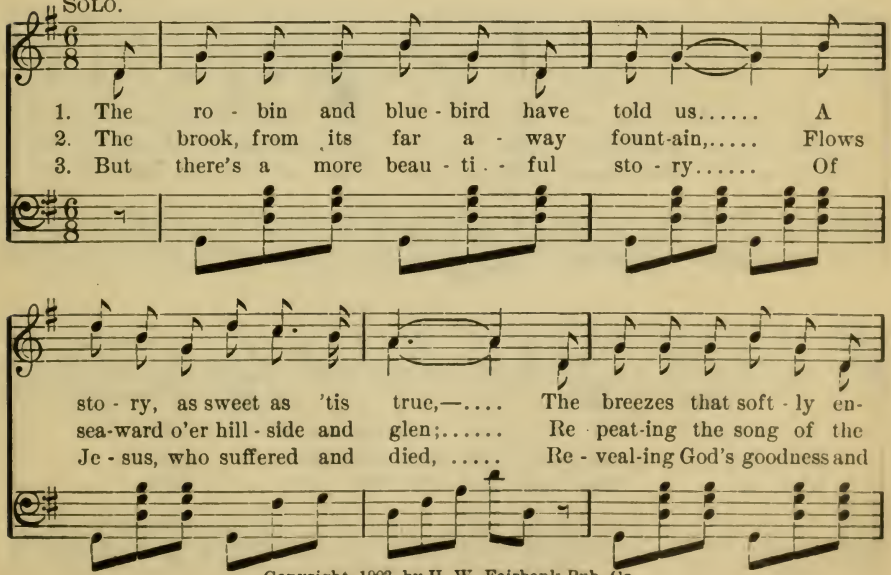
Merry, Merry Birds. Concluded.


Mer-ry, mer-ry birds on leaf - y spray, Car - ol - ing your notes of glee,....
glee, of glee,
Hap - py is your theme this golden day, Mer-ry, mer-ry birds so free.

No. 135. Beautiful Message of Love.

(Children's Day.)

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. K. Langley.

Solo.
1. The ro - bin and blue - bird have told us..... A
2. The brook, from its far a - way fount-ain,..... Flows
3. But there's a more beau - ti - ful sto - ry..... Of
sto - ry, as sweet as 'tis true,—.... The breezes that soft - ly en-
sea-ward o'er hill - side and glen;..... Re - peat-ing the song of the
Je - sus, who suffered and died, ... Re - veal-ing God's goodness and

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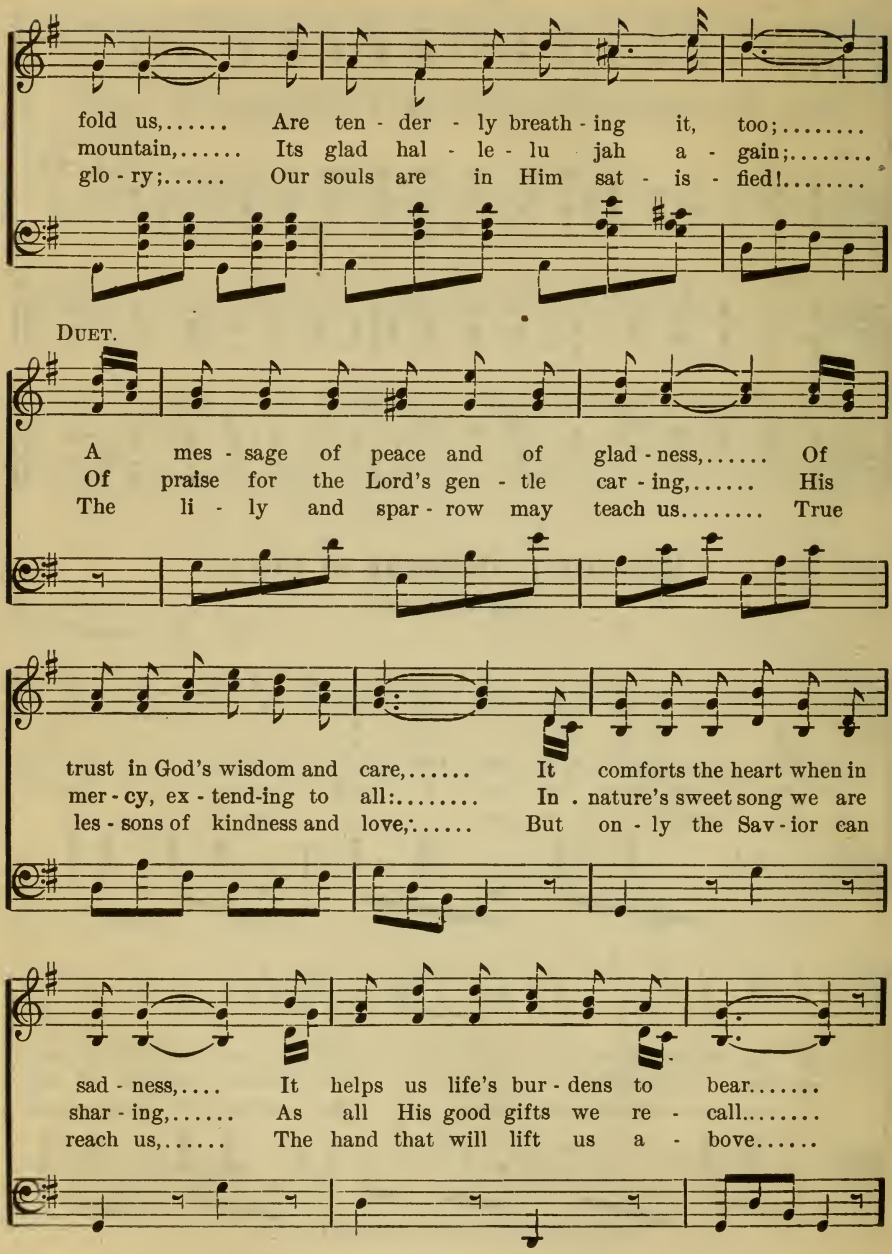
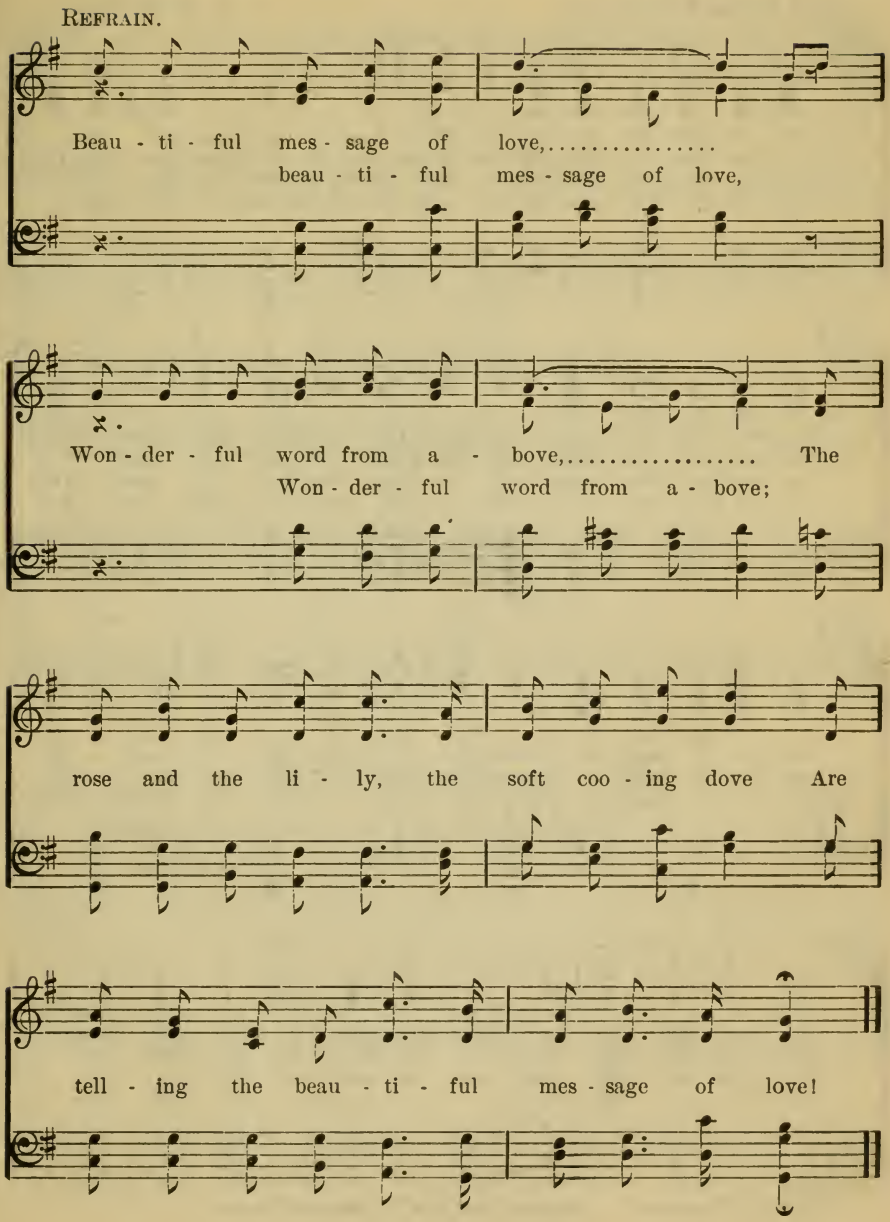
Beautiful Message of Love. Continued.

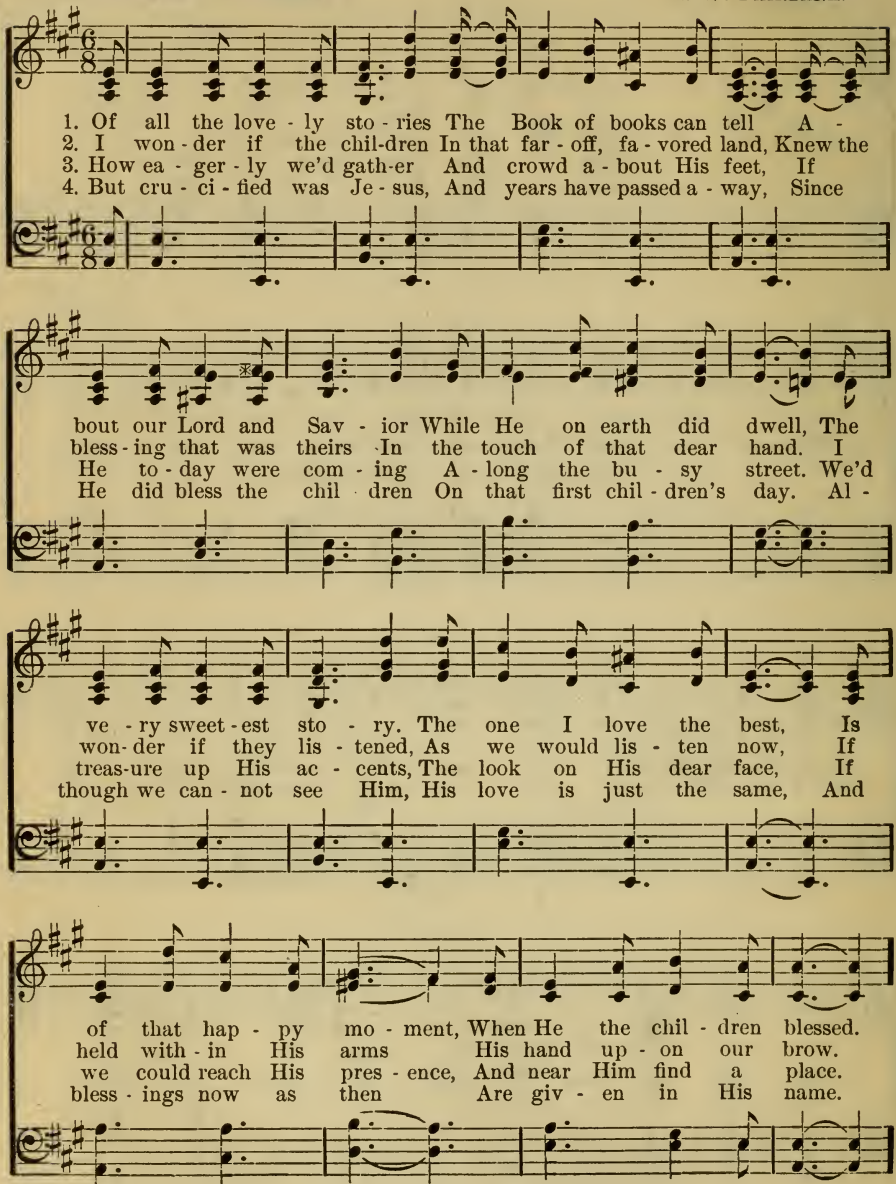

fold us,..... Are ten - der - ly breath - ing it, too;.....
mountain,..... Its glad hal - le - lu jah a - gain;.....
glo - ry;..... Our souls are in Him sat - is - fied!.....
DUET.
A mes - sage of peace and of glad - ness,..... Of
Of praise for the Lord's gen - tle car - ing,..... His
The li - ly and spar - row may teach us..... True
trust in God's wisdom and care,..... It comforts the heart when in
mer - cy, ex - tend-ing to all:..... In . nature's sweet song we are
les - sons of kindness and love,..... But on - ly the Sav - ior can
sad - ness,.... It helps us life's bur - dens to bear.....
shar - ing,..... As all His good gifts we re - call.....
reach us,..... The hand that will lift us a - bove.....

Beautiful Message of Love. Concluded.


Refrain.
Beau - ti - ful mes - sage of love,.....
beau - ti - ful mes - sage of love,
Won - der - ful word from a - bove,..... The
Won - der - ful word from a - bove;
rose and the li - ly, the soft coo - ing dove Are
tell - ing the beau - ti - ful mes - sage of love!

No. 136. The First Children's Day.*

CARRIE CLARK NOTTINGHAM. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Of all the love - ly sto - ries The Book of books can tell A -
2. I won - der if the chil-dren In that far - off, fa - vored land, Knew the
3. How ea - ger - ly we'd gath-er And crowd a - bout His feet, If
4. But cru - ci - fied was Je - sus, And years have passed a - way, Since
bout our Lord and Sav - ior While He on earth did dwell, The
bless - ing that was theirs In the touch of that dear hand. I
He to - day were com - ing A - long the bu - sy street. We'd
He did bless the chil - dren On that first chil - dren's day. Al -
ve - ry sweet - est sto - ry. The one I love the best, Is
won - der if they lis - tened, As we would lis - ten now, If
treas-ure up His ac - cents, The look on His dear face, If
though we can - not see Him, His love is just the same, And
of that hap - py mo - ment, When He the chil - dren blessed.
held with - in His arms His hand up - on our brow.
we could reach His pres - ence, And near Him find a place.
bless - ings now as then Are giv - en in His name.

*Published by request.

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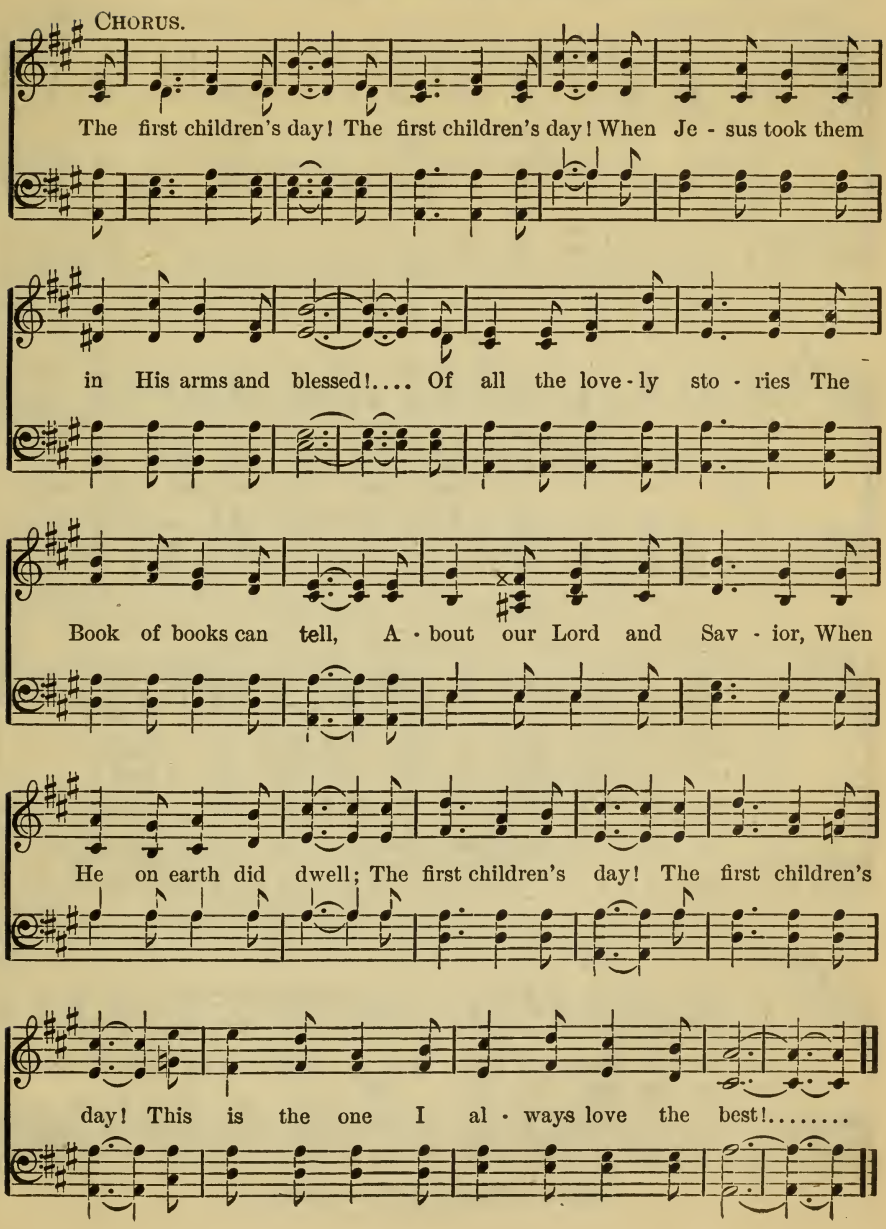
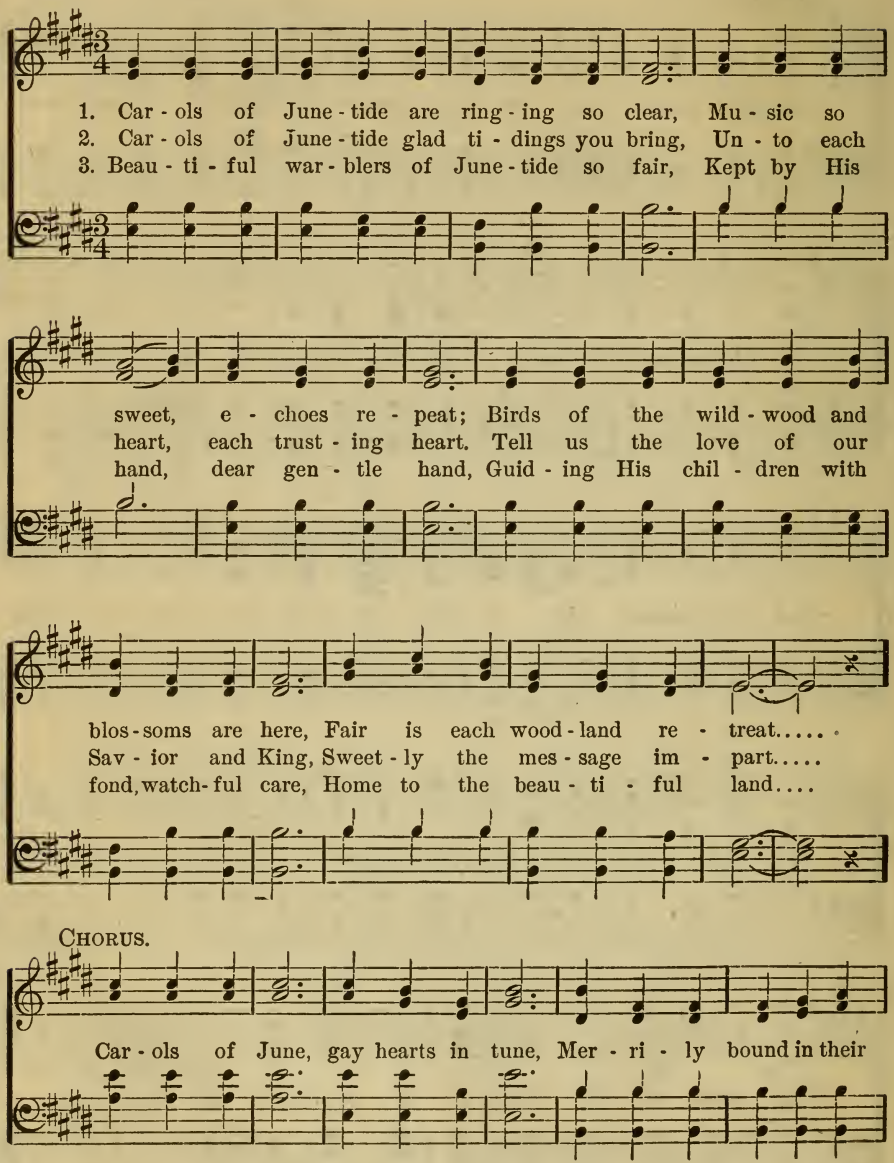
The First Children's Day. Concluded.


CHORUS.
The first children's day! The first children's day! When Je - sus took them
in His arms and blessed!.... Of all the love - ly sto - ries The
Book of books can tell, A - bout our Lord and Sav - ior, When
He on earth did dwell; The first children's day! The first children's
day! This is the one I al - ways love the best!.....

No. 137. Carols of June-tide.

LAURA E. NEWELL. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Car - ols of June - tide are ring - ing so clear, Mu - sic so
2. Car - ols of June - tide glad ti - dings you bring, Un - to each
3. Beau - ti - ful war - blers of June - tide so fair, Kept by His
sweet, e - choes re - peat; Birds of the wild - wood and
heart, each trust - ing heart. Tell us the love of our
hand, dear gen - tle hand, Guid - ing His chil - dren with
blos - soms are here, Fair is each wood - land re - treat.....
Sav - ior and King, Sweet - ly the mes - sage im - part.....
fond, watch - ful care, Home to the beau - ti - ful land....
CHORUS.
Car - ols of June, gay hearts in tune, Mer - ri - ly bound in their

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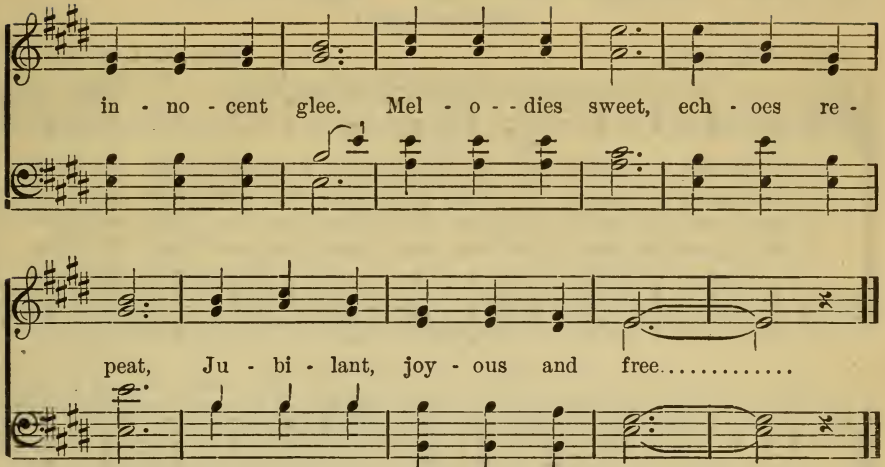
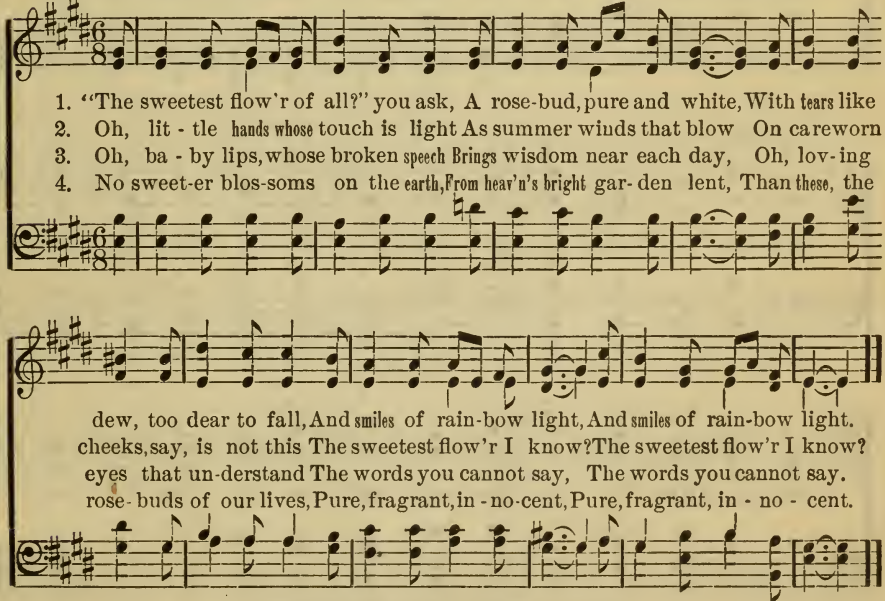


No: 137*b*. The Sweetest Flower of all.

ELSIE JANET FRENCH. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. "The sweetest flow'r of all?" you ask, A rose-bud, pure and white, With tears like dew, too dear to fall, And smiles of rain-bow light, And smiles of rain-bow light.
2. Oh, lit - tle hands whose touch is light As summer winds that blow On care-worn cheeks, say, is not this The sweetest flow'r I know? The sweetest flow'r I know?
3. Oh, ba - by lips, whose broken speech Brings wisdom near each day, Oh, lov-ing eyes that un-derstand The words you cannot say, The words you cannot say.
4. No sweet-er blos-soms on the earth, From heav'n's bright gar-den lent, Than these, the rose-buds of our lives, Pure, fragrant, in - no-cent, Pure, fragrant, in - no - cent.

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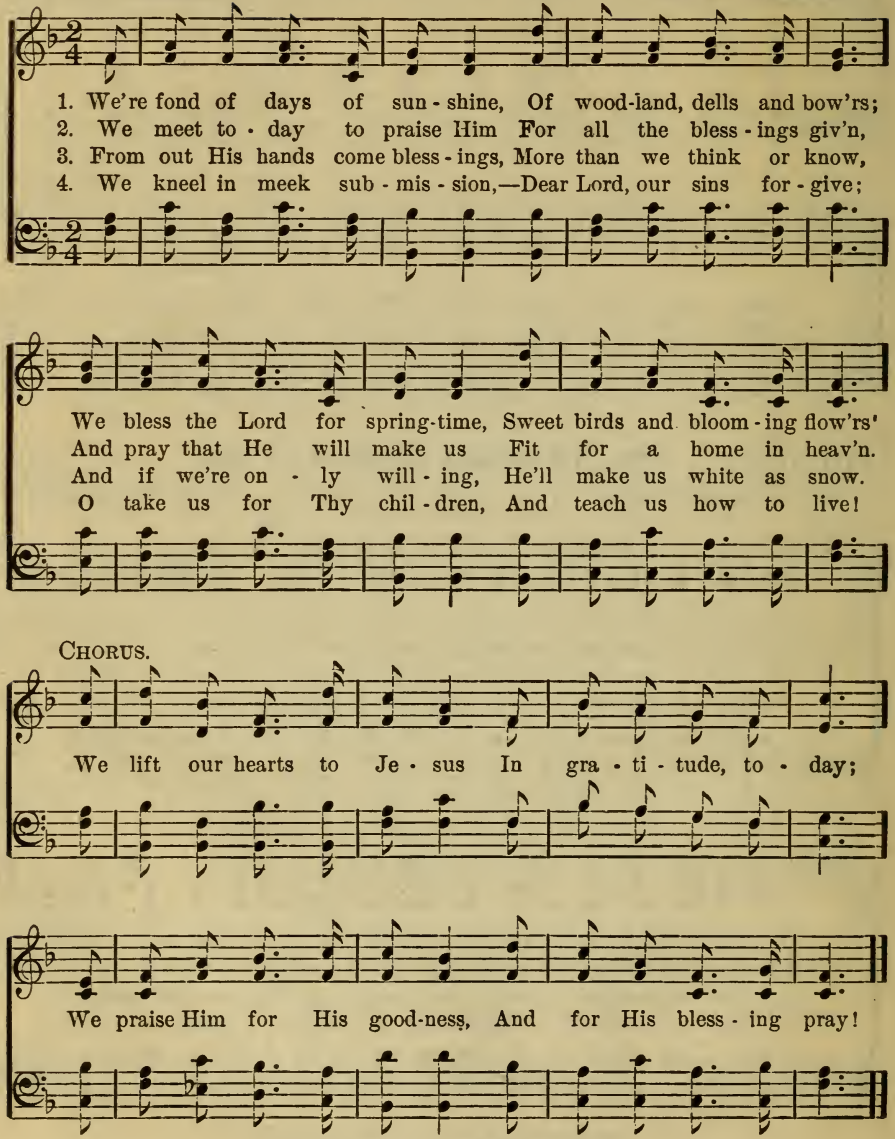
No. 138. Days of Sunshine.

(Children's Day.)

F. S. SHEPARD. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. We're fond of days of sun - shine, Of wood-land, dells and bow'rs;
2. We meet to - day to praise Him For all the bless - ings giv'n,
3. From out His hands come bless - ings, More than we think or know,
4. We kneel in meek sub - mis - sion,—Dear Lord, our sins for - give;
We bless the Lord for spring-time, Sweet birds and bloom - ing flow'rs'
And pray that He will make us Fit for a home in heav'n.
And if we're on - ly will - ing, He'll make us white as snow.
O take us for Thy chil - dren, And teach us how to live!
CHORUS.
We lift our hearts to Je - sus In gra - ti - tude, to - day;
We praise Him for His good-ness, And for His bless - ing pray!

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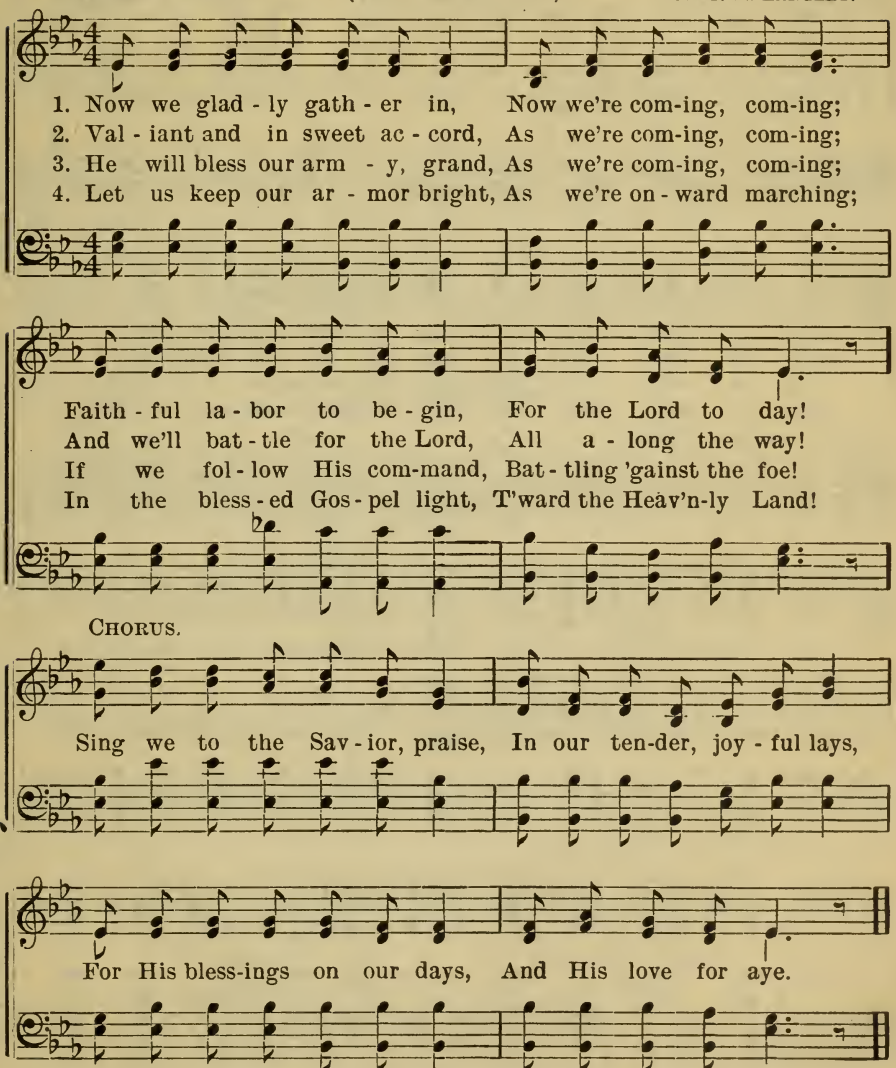
No. 139. Under Christ's Banner.

HARRIET E. JONES. (For the Juvenile Class) CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. Now we glad - ly gath - er in, Now we're com-ing, com-ing;
2. Val - iant and in sweet ac - cord, As we're com-ing, com-ing;
3. He will bless our arm - y, grand, As we're com-ing, com-ing;
4. Let us keep our ar - mor bright, As we're on - ward marching;
Faith - ful la - bor to be - gin, For the Lord to day!
And we'll bat - tle for the Lord, All a - long the way!
If we fol - low His com-mand, Bat - tling 'gainst the foe!
In the bless - ed Gos - pel light, T'ward the Heav'n-ly Land!
CHORUS.
Sing we to the Sav - ior, praise, In our ten-der, joy - ful lays,
For His bless-ings on our days, And His love for aye.

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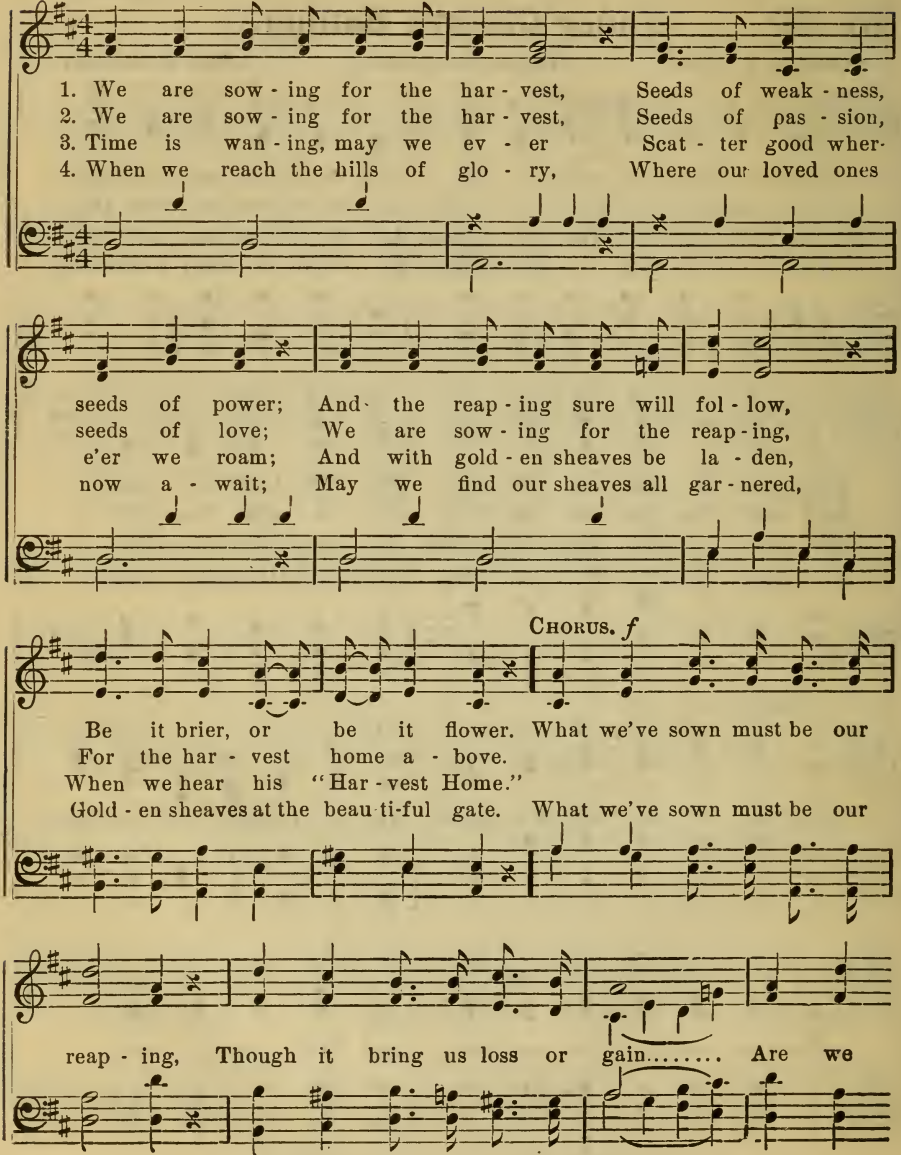
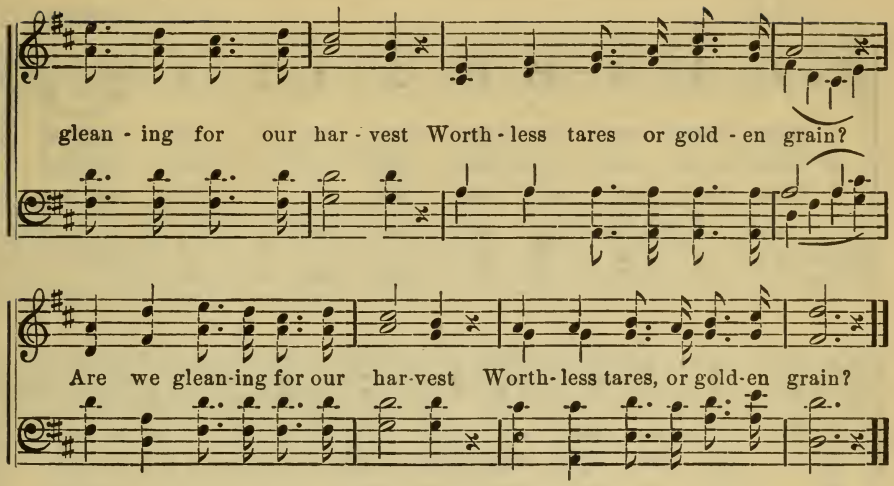
No. 140. Harvest Home.

RETTA ANDREWS PETTIT. H. W. FAIRBANK.

DUET.


1. We are sow - ing for the har - vest, Seeds of weak - ness,
2. We are sow - ing for the har - vest, Seeds of pas - sion,
3. Time is wan - ing, may we ev - er Scat - ter good wher-
4. When we reach the hills of glo - ry, Where our loved ones
seeds of power; And the reap - ing sure will fol - low,
seeds of love; We are sow - ing for the reap - ing,
e'er we roam; And with gold - en sheaves be la - den,
now a - wait; May we find our sheaves all gar - nered,
CHORUS. f
Be it brier, or be it flower. What we've sown must be our
For the har - vest home a - bove.
When we hear his "Har - vest Home."
Gold - en sheaves at the beau - ti-ful gate. What we've sown must be our
reap - ing, Though it bring us loss or gain..... Are we

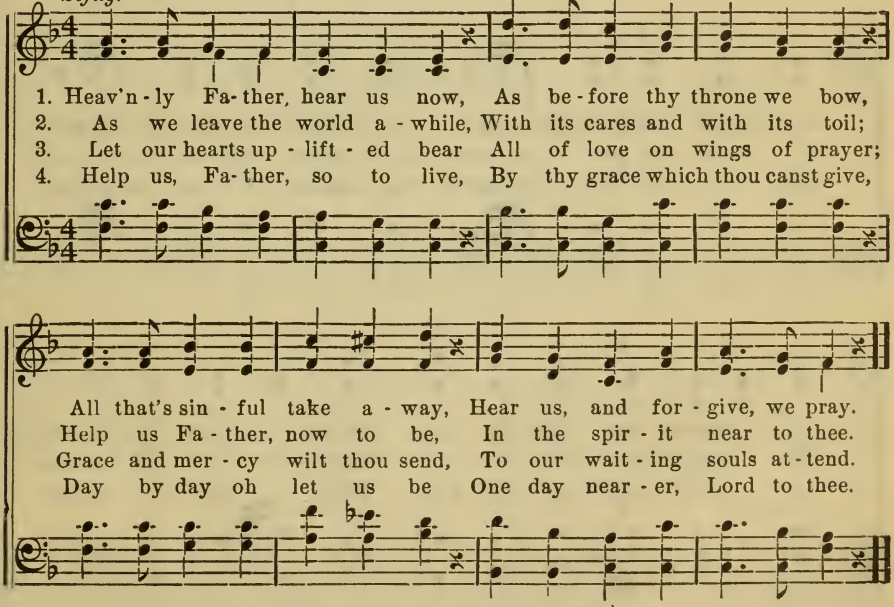
Harvest Home. Concluded.


glean - ing for our har - vest Worth - less tares or gold - en grain?
Are we glean-ing for our har-vest Worth-less tares, or gold-en grain?

No. 141. A Prayer.

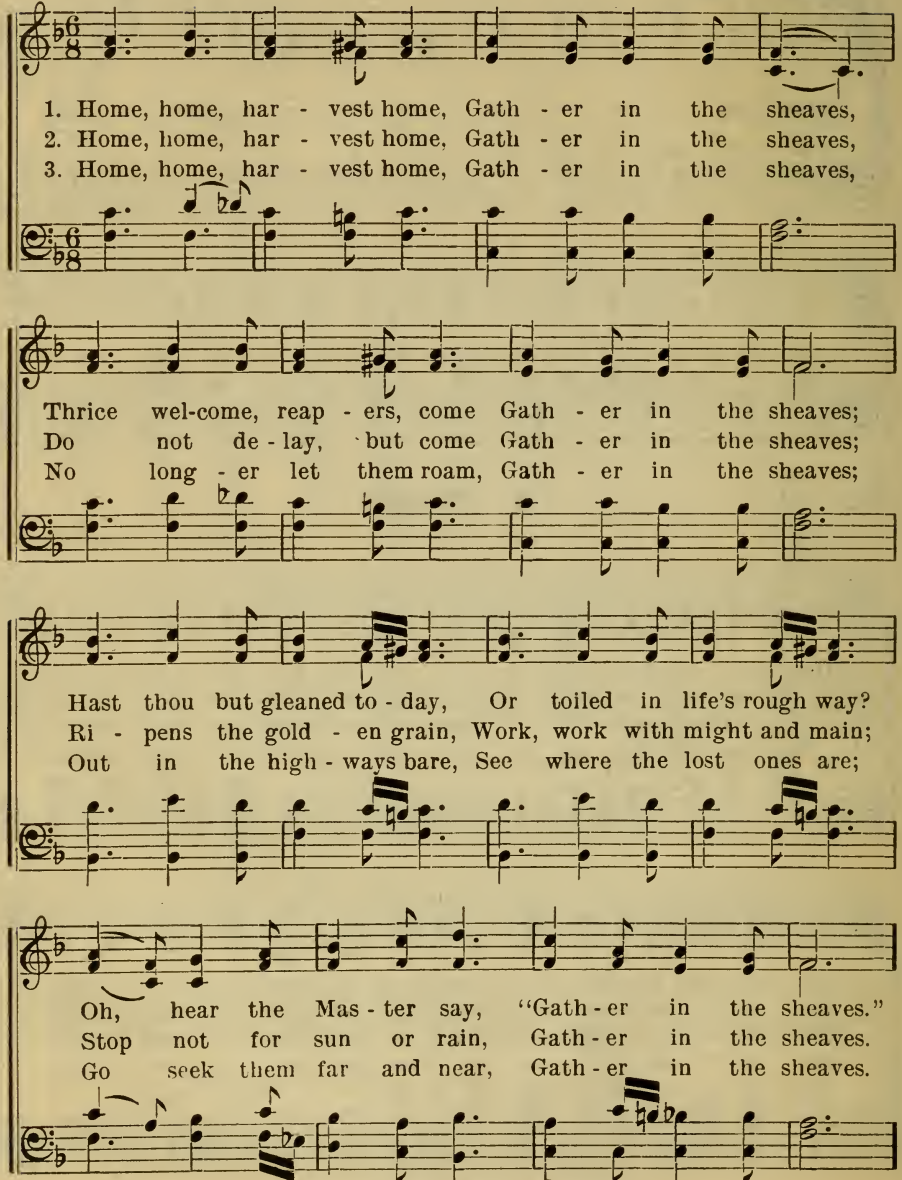
E. R. Mrs. Ella Rockwood.

Softly.


1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, hear us now, As be - fore thy throne we bow,
2. As we leave the world a - while, With its cares and with its toil;
3. Let our hearts up - lift - ed bear All of love on wings of prayer;
4. Help us, Fa - ther, so to live, By thy grace which thou canst give,
All that's sin - ful take a - way, Hear us, and for - give, we pray.
Help us Fa - ther, now to be, In the spir - it near to thee.
Grace and mer - cy wilt thou send, To our wait - ing souls at - tend.
Day by day oh let us be One day near - er, Lord to thee.

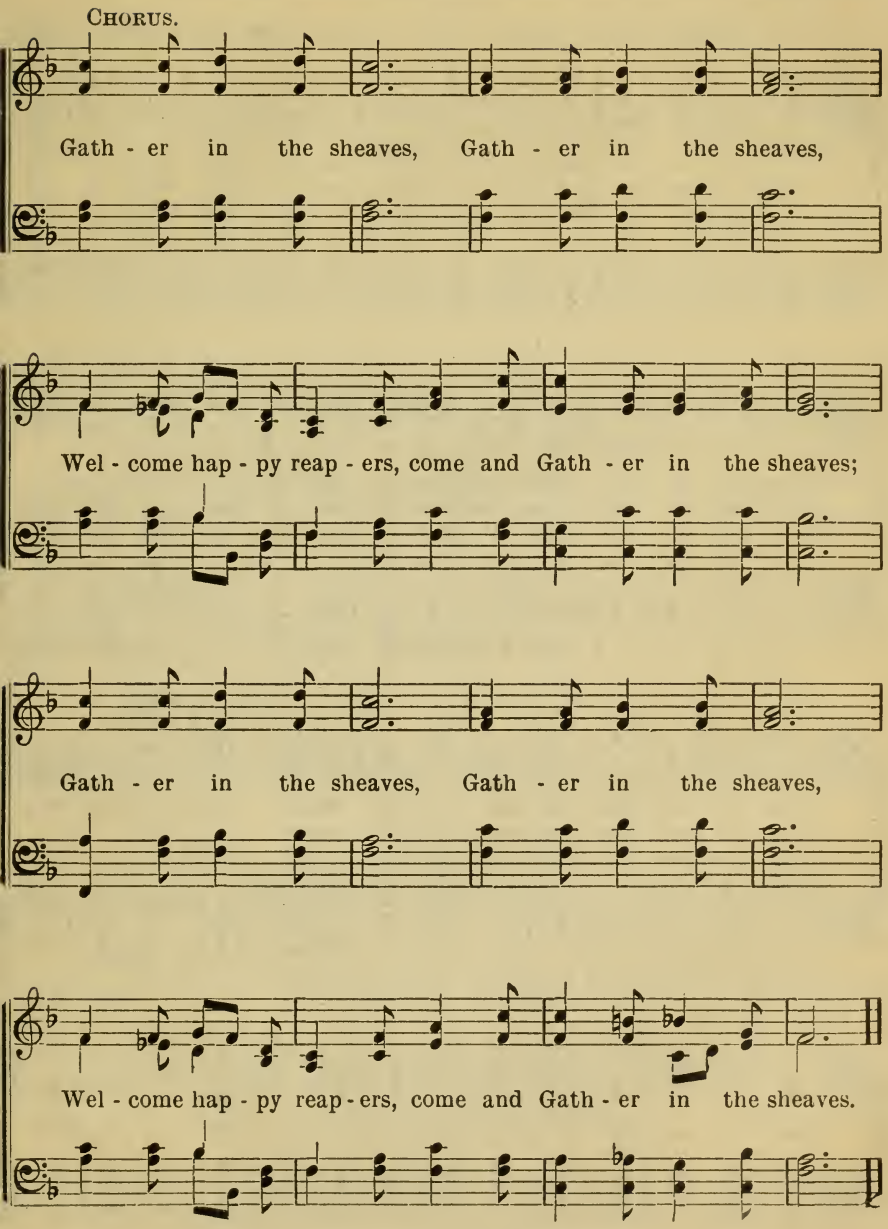
No. 142. Song of Harvest Home.

R. C. M. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.


1. Home, home, har - vest home, Gath - er in the sheaves,
2. Home, home, har - vest home, Gath - er in the sheaves,
3. Home, home, har - vest home, Gath - er in the sheaves,
Thrice wel-come, reap - ers, come Gath - er in the sheaves;
Do not de - lay, but come Gath - er in the sheaves;
No long - er let them roam, Gath - er in the sheaves;
Hast thou but gleaned to - day, Or toiled in life's rough way?
Ri - pens the gold - en grain, Work, work with might and main;
Out in the high - ways bare, See where the lost ones are;
Oh, hear the Mas - ter say, "Gath - er in the sheaves."
Stop not for sun or rain, Gath - er in the sheaves.
Go seek them far and near, Gath - er in the sheaves.

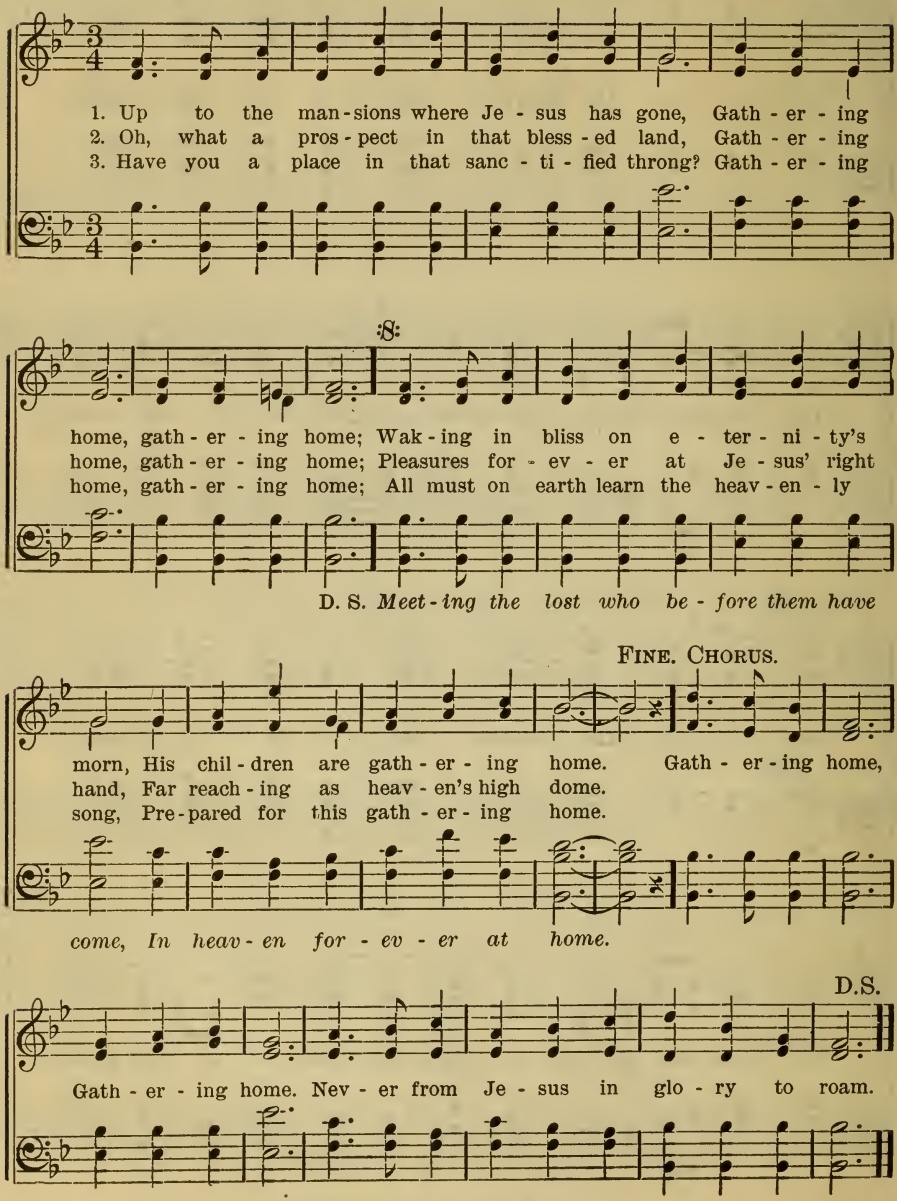
Copyright, 1894, by Robt. C. Marquis.

Song of Harvest Home. Concluded.


Chorus.
Gath - er in the sheaves, Gath - er in the sheaves,
Wel - come hap - py reap - ers, come and Gath - er in the sheaves;
Gath - er in the sheaves, Gath - er in the sheaves,
Wel - come hap - py reap - ers, come and Gath - er in the sheaves.

No. 143. Gathering Home.

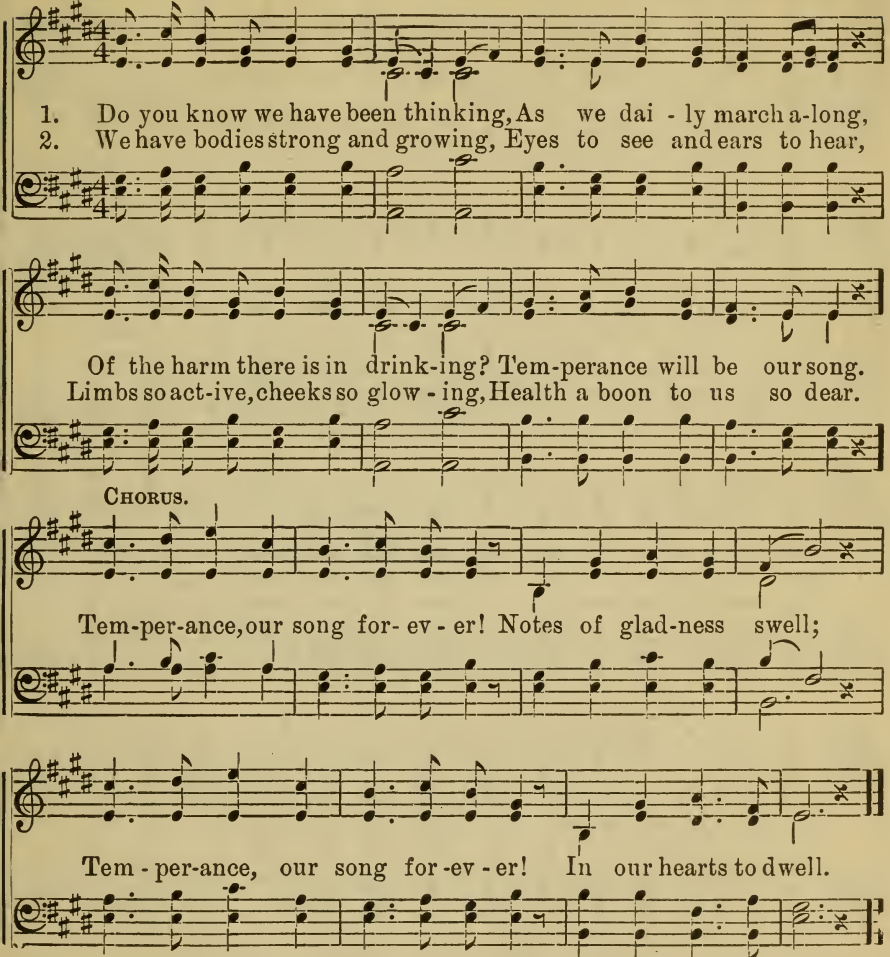
B. H. WINSLOW. Arr. from HARVEY BRUCE.


1. Up to the man-sions where Je - sus has gone, Gath - er - ing
2. Oh, what a pros-pect in that bless-ed land, Gath - er - ing
3. Have you a place in that sanc - ti - fied throng? Gath - er - ing
home, gath - er - ing home; Wak - ing in bliss on e - ter - ni - ty's
home, gath - er - ing home; Pleasures for - ev - er at Je - sus' right
home, gath - er - ing home; All must on earth learn the heav - en - ly
D. S. Meet - ing the lost who be - fore them have
FINE. CHORUS.
morn, His chil - dren are gath - er - ing home. Gath - er - ing home,
hand, Far reach - ing as heav - en's high dome.
song, Pre-pared for this gath - er - ing home.
come, In heav - en for - ev - er at home.
D.S.
Gath - er - ing home. Nev - er from Je - sus in glo - ry to roam.

Copyright, by B. H. Winslow.

No. 144. Temperance, Our Song forever.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. H. W. FAIRBANK.

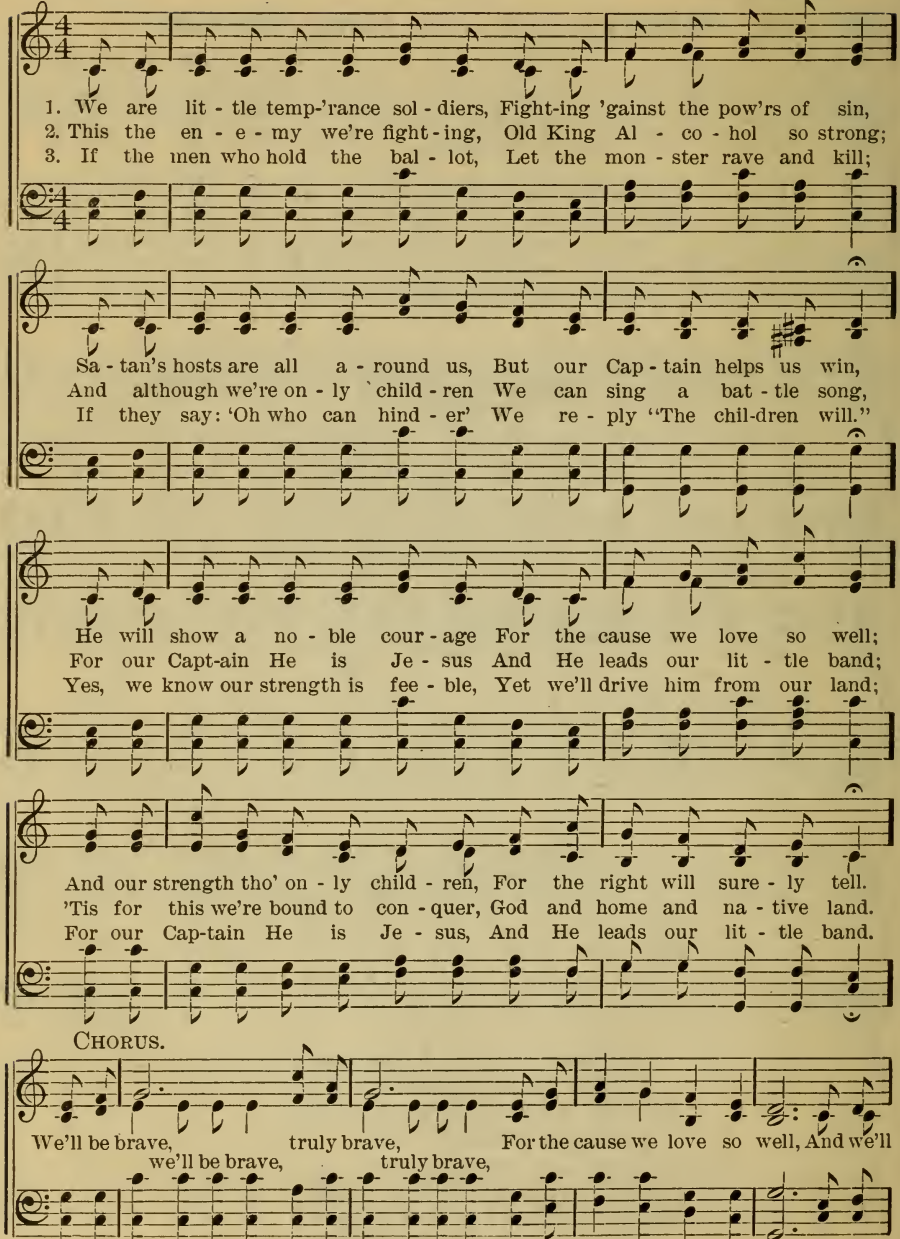

1. Do you know we have been thinking, As we dai - ly march a-long,
2. We have bodies strong and growing, Eyes to see and ears to hear,
Of the harm there is in drink-ing? Tem-perance will be our song.
Limbs so act-ive, cheeks so glow - ing, Health a boon to us so dear.
CHORUS.
Tem-per-ance, our song for- ev - er! Notes of glad-ness swell;
Tem - per-ance, our song for-ev - er! In our hearts to dwell.

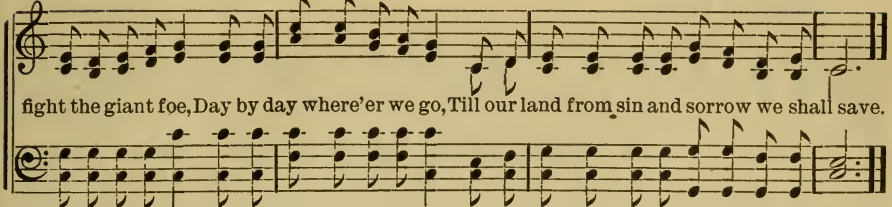
3 Homes where love and peace are reigning,
Parents that are good and true,
Earnest, watchful in their training,
Telling us the right to do.

4 Let it be our sole endeavor,
From this evil—drink—to hie,
Temperance, our song forever,
And our motto, "I will try."

By permission.

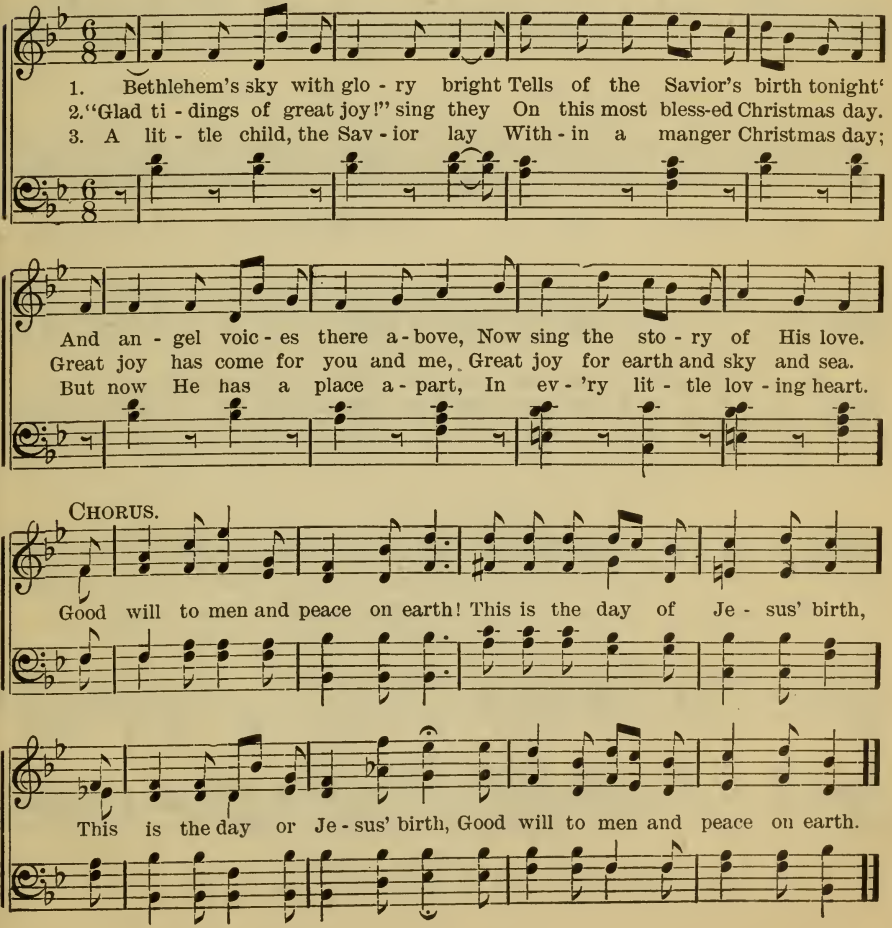
No. 145. Little Temperance Soldiers.

E. R. ELLA ROCKWOOD.

1. We are lit - tle temp-'rance sol - diers, Fight-ing 'gainst the pow'rs of sin,
2. This the en - e - my we're fight - ing, Old King Al - co - hol so strong;
3. If the men who hold the bal - lot, Let the mon - ster rave and kill;
Sa - tan's hosts are all a - round us, But our Cap - tain helps us win,
And although we're on - ly child - ren We can sing a bat - tle song,
If they say: 'Oh who can hind - er' We re - ply "The chil-dren will."
He will show a no - ble cour - age For the cause we love so well;
For our Capt-ain He is Je - sus And He leads our lit - tle band;
Yes, we know our strength is fee - ble, Yet we'll drive him from our land;
And our strength tho' on - ly child - ren, For the right will sure - ly tell.
'Tis for this we're bound to con - quer, God and home and na - tive land.
For our Cap-tain He is Je - sus, And He leads our lit - tle band.
CHORUS.
We'll be brave, truly brave, For the cause we love so well, And we'll
we'll be brave, truly brave,



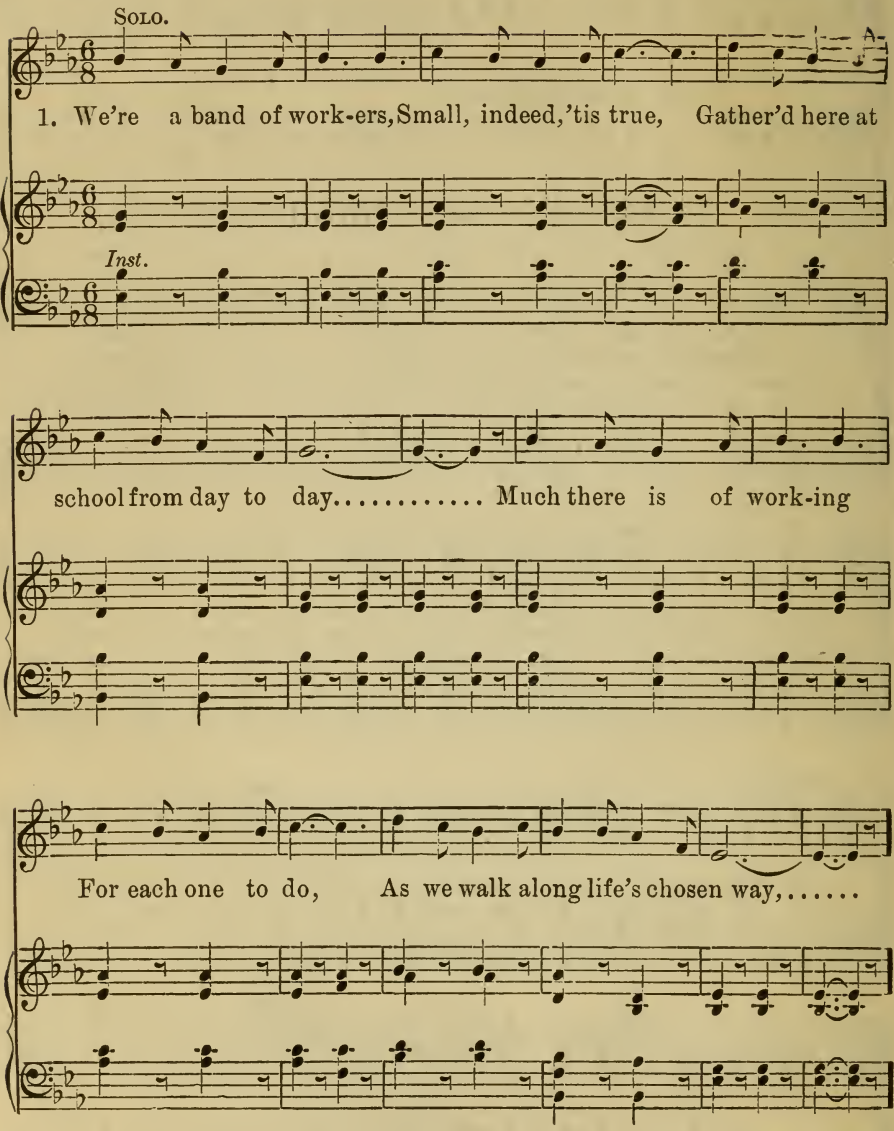
No. 146. Bethlehem's Sky with Glory Bright.

CARRIE. E. CLARKE. H. W. FAIRBANK.

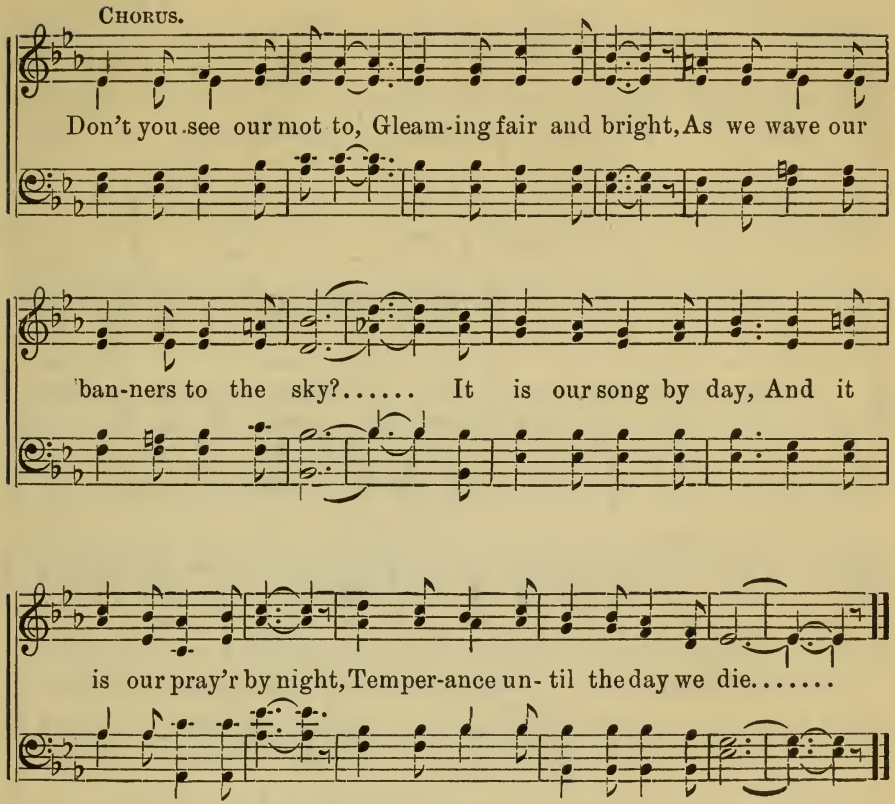

1. Bethlehem's sky with glo - ry bright Tells of the Savior's birth tonight'
2. "Glad ti - dings of great joy!" sing they On this most bless-ed Christmas day.
3. A lit - tle child, the Sav - ior lay With - in a manger Christmas day;
And an - gel voic - es there a - bove, Now sing the sto - ry of His love.
Great joy has come for you and me, Great joy for earth and sky and sea.
But now He has a place a - part, In ev - 'ry lit - tle lov - ing heart.
CHORUS.
Good will to men and peace on earth! This is the day of Je - sus' birth,
This is the day or Je - sus' birth, Good will to men and peace on earth.

No. 147. We're a Band of Workers.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. H. W. FAIRBANK.


Solo.
1. We're a band of work-ers, Small, indeed, 'tis true, Gather'd here at
Inst.
school from day to day..... Much there is of work-ing
For each one to do, As we walk along life's chosen way,.....

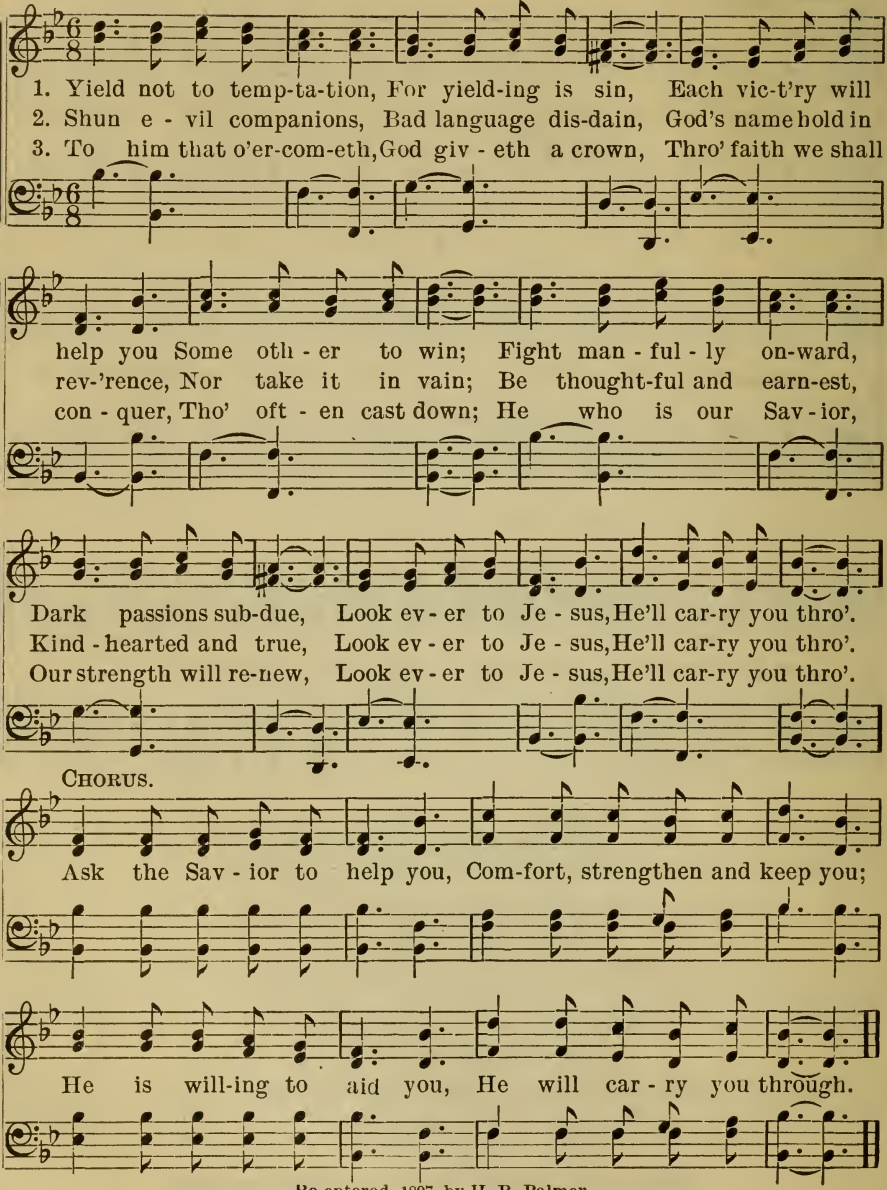
We're a Band of Workers. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Don't you see our mot to, Gleam-ing fair and bright, As we wave our
ban-ners to the sky?..... It is our song by day, And it
is our pray'r by night, Temper-ance un- til the day we die.....

2 Yes, we are but children,
Now so weak and small,
Yet, we'll grow up stronger day by day;
We can take our standing
In this noble cause,
Taste not, touch not, handle not," our cry.

3 Death there is in drinking,
Frightful oft to see,
Soul and body go the downward way;
From our motto shrinking,
Never let us be,
Peace and comfort, then will crown each day.

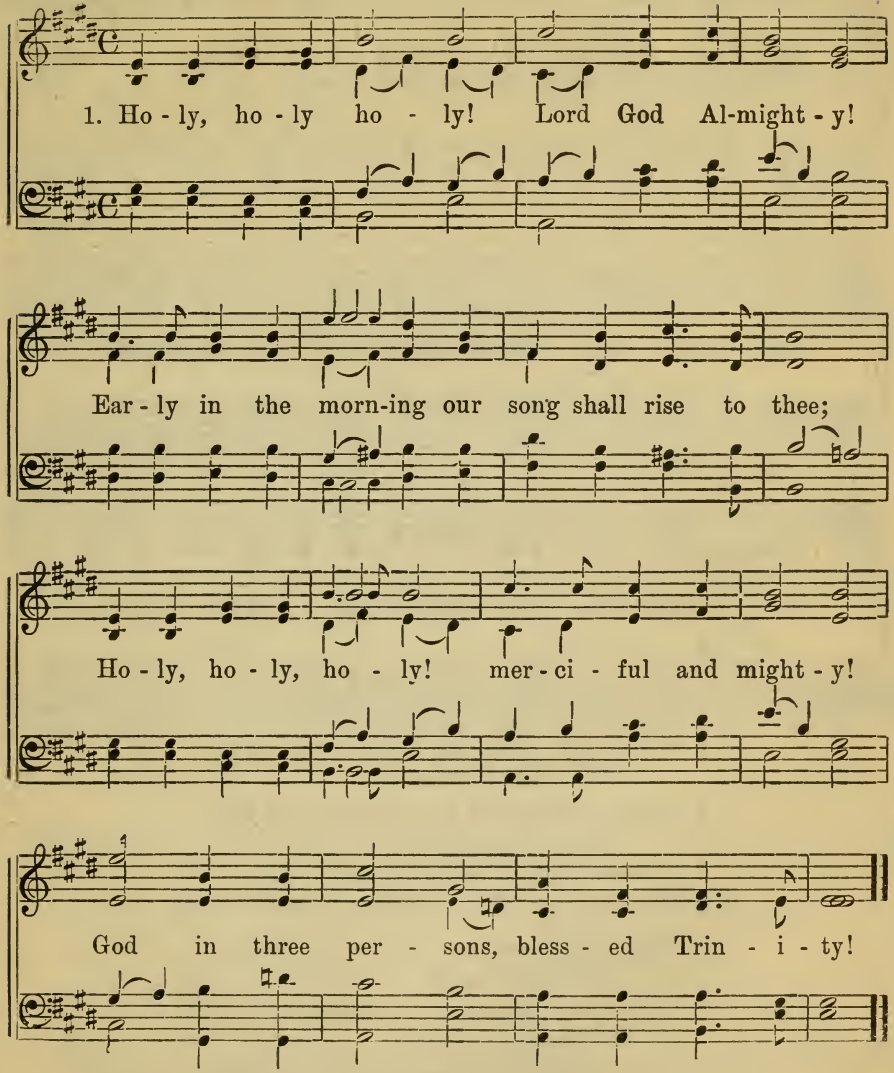
No. 148. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn-est,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Re-entered, 1897, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 149. Holy, Holy, Holy!

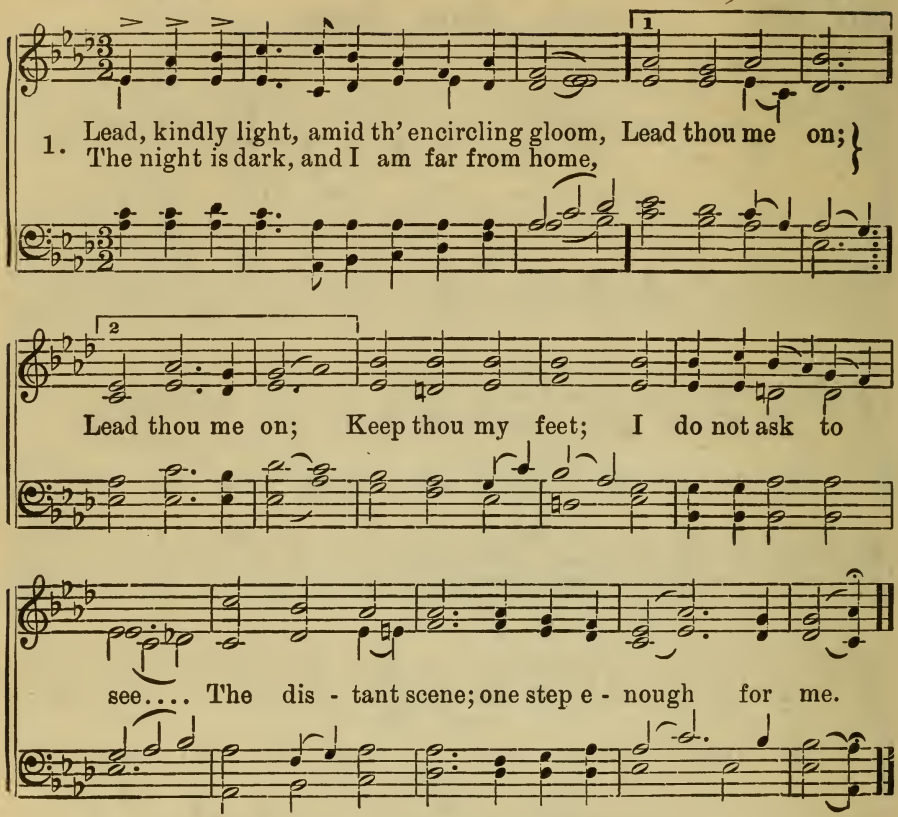
R. HEBER. REV. J. B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

No. 150. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

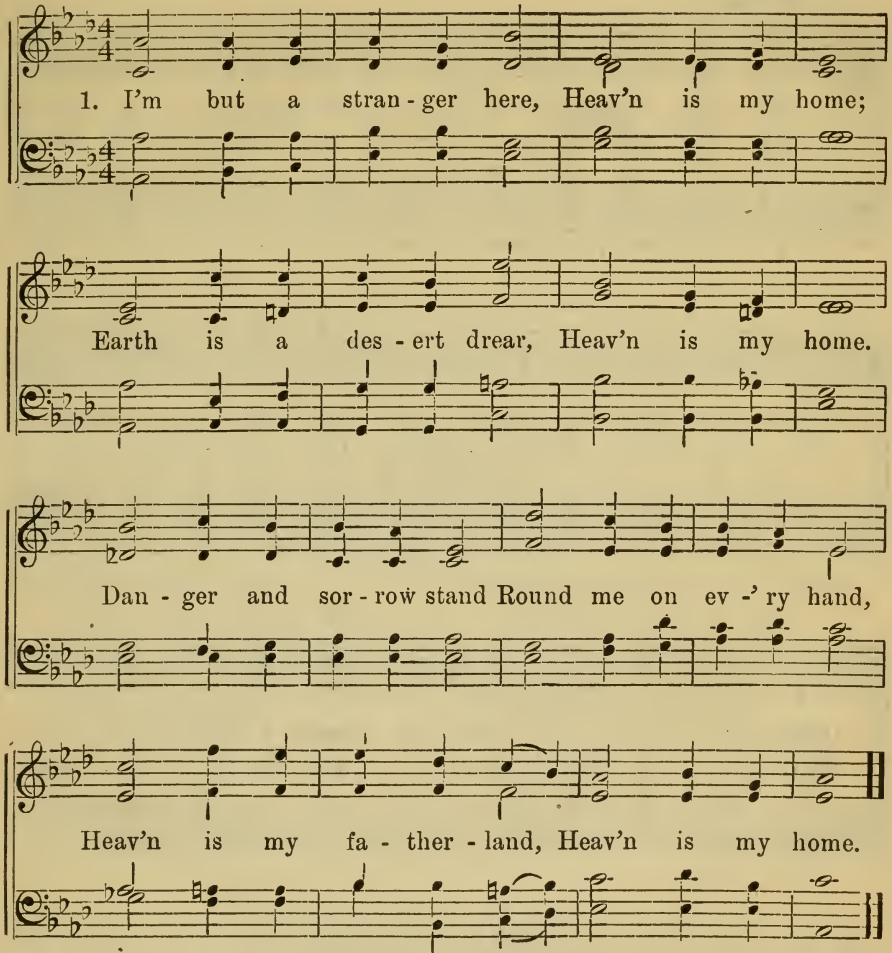

1. Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
see.... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 151. I'm but a Stranger here.

REV. THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand,
Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.

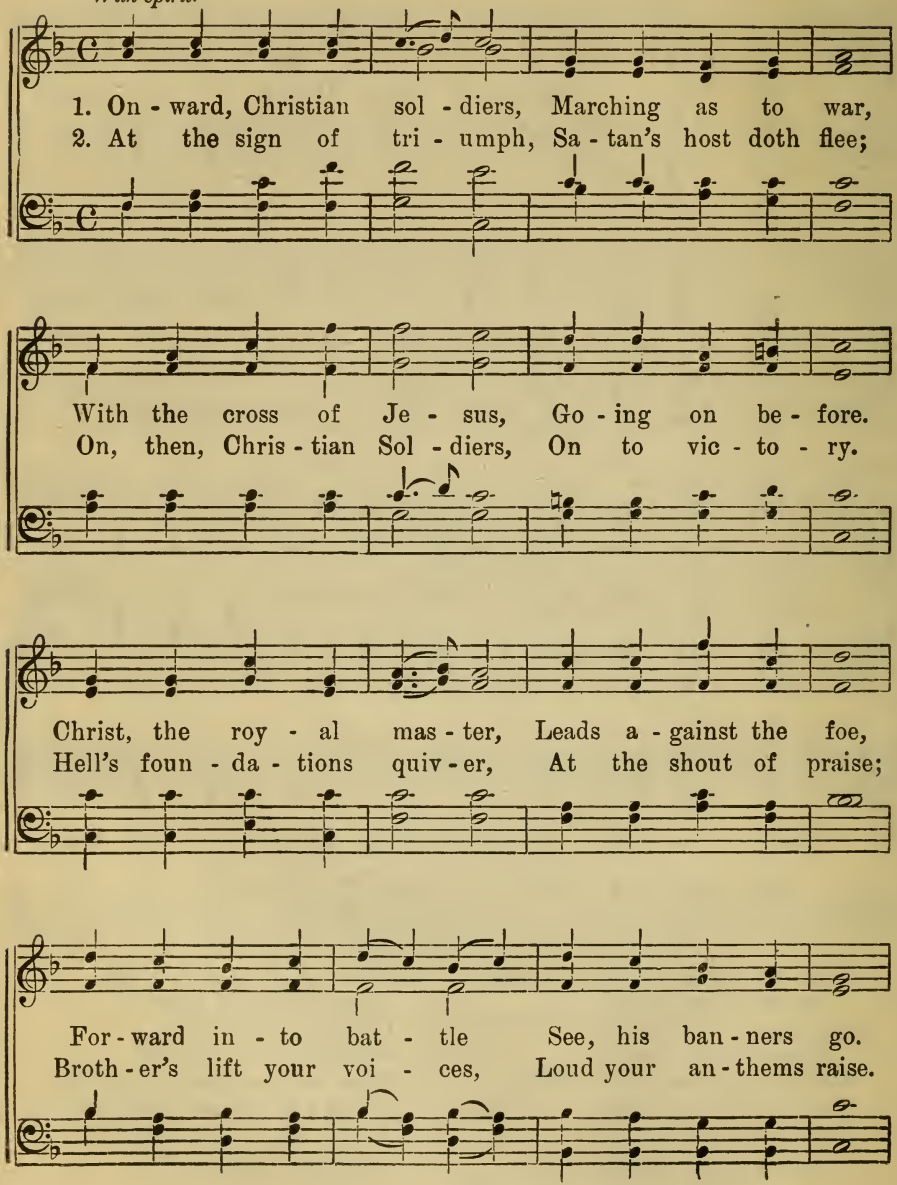
2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Savior's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

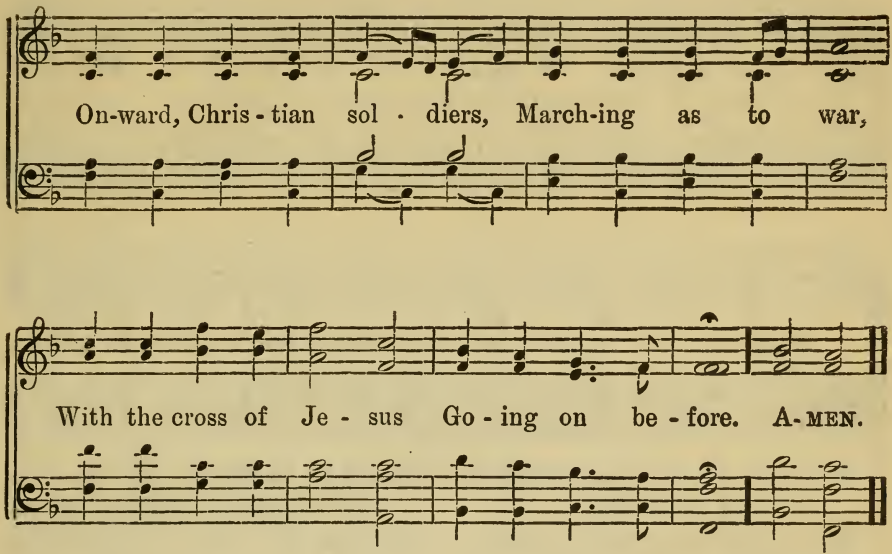
No. 152. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

A. Sullivan.

With spirit.


1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war,
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa - tan's host doth flee;
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
On, then, Chris - tian Sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry.
Christ, the roy - al mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,
Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er, At the shout of praise;
For - ward in - to bat - tle See, his ban - ners go.
Broth - er's lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.

Onward, Christian Soldiers. Concluded.

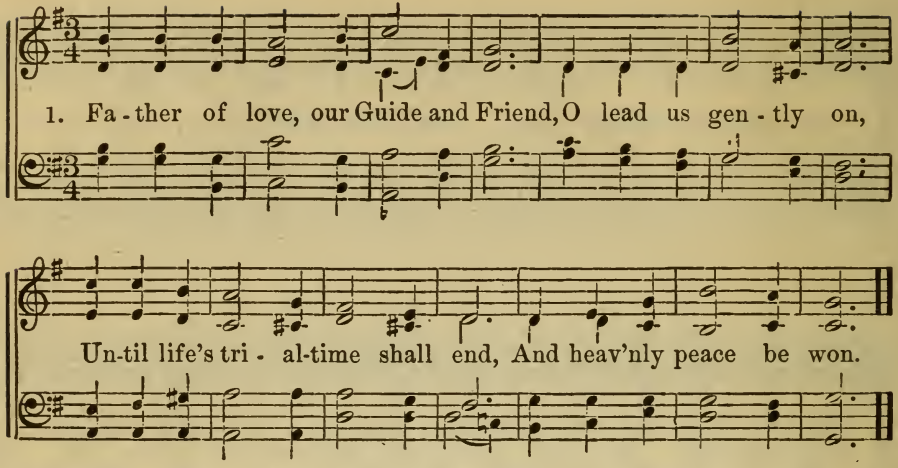


3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song—
Glory, laud and honor,
Unto Christ the king,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

No. 153. Father of Love.



2 We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

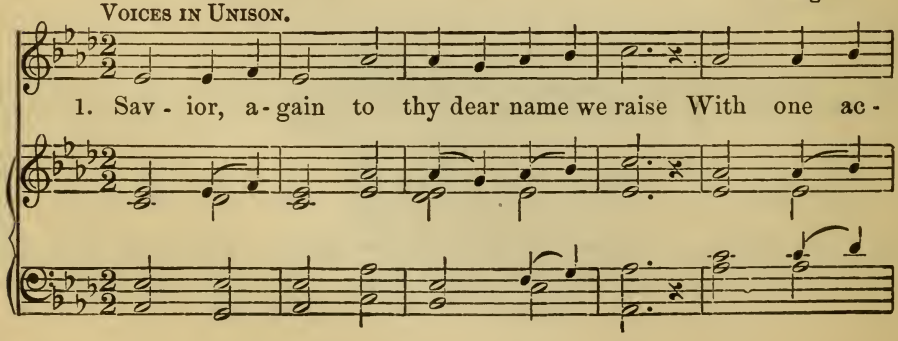
3 But if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

4 Christ by no flow'ry pathway came,
And we, his servants here, [Name,
Must do thy will, and praise thy
In hope, and love, and fear.

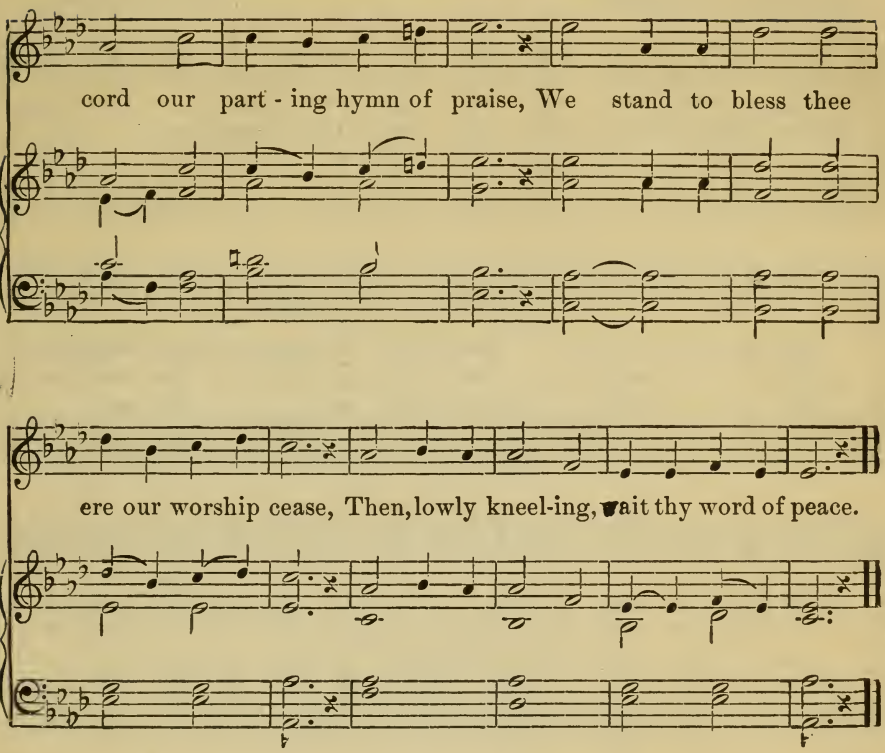
5 And, till in heav'n we sinless bow
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

No: 154. Savior, again to Thy Dear Name.

Arranged.



Savior, again. Concluded.



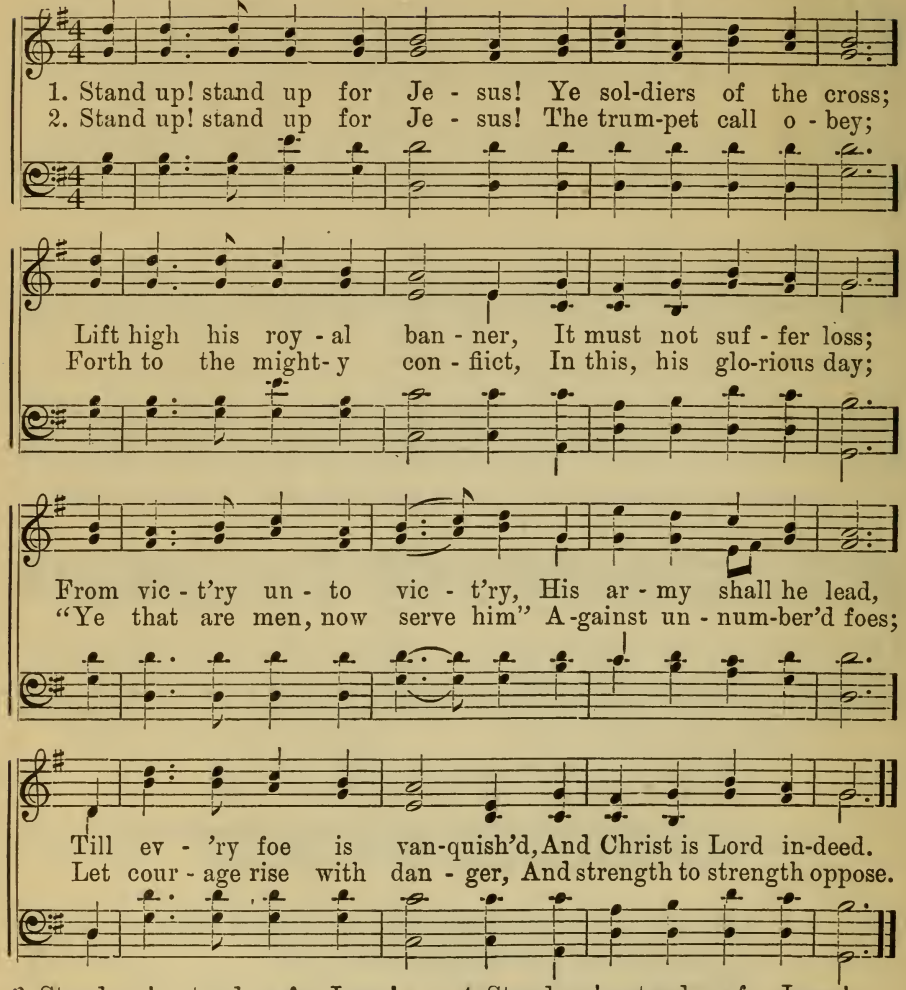
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

No. 155. Stand Up! Stand Up For Jesus!

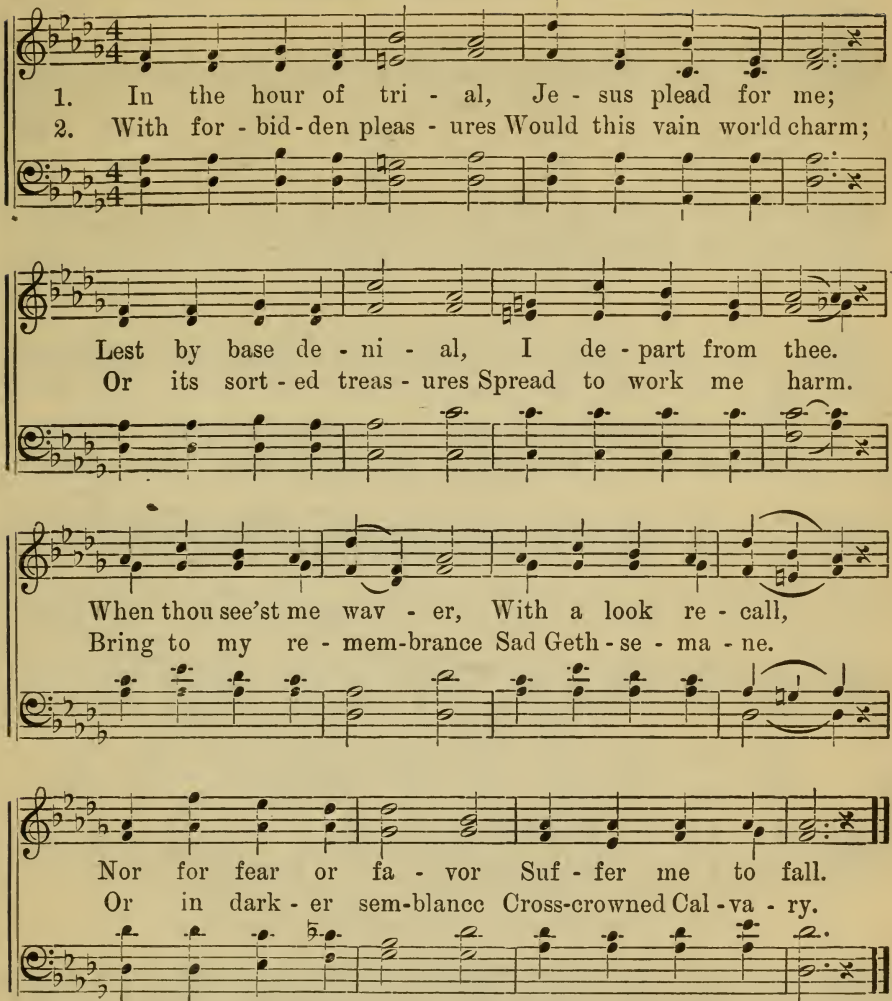
REV. GEO. DUFFIELD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might- y con - flict, In this, his glo-rious day;
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall he lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve him" A-gainst un - num-ber'd foes;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

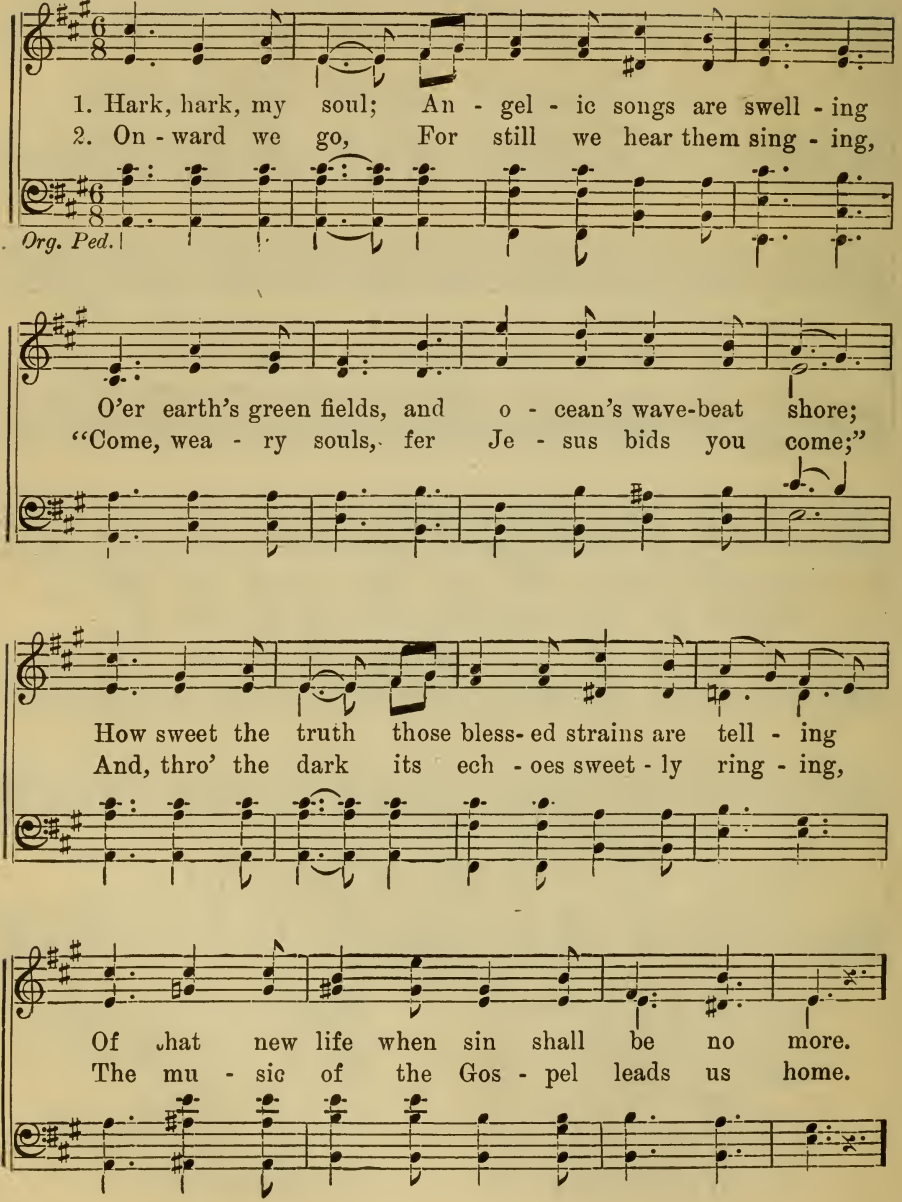
No. 156. In the Hour of Trial.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus plead for me;
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;
Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from thee.
Or its sort - ed treas - ures Spread to work me harm.
When thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth - se - ma - ne.
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Or in dark - er sem-blance Cross-crowned Cal - va - ry.

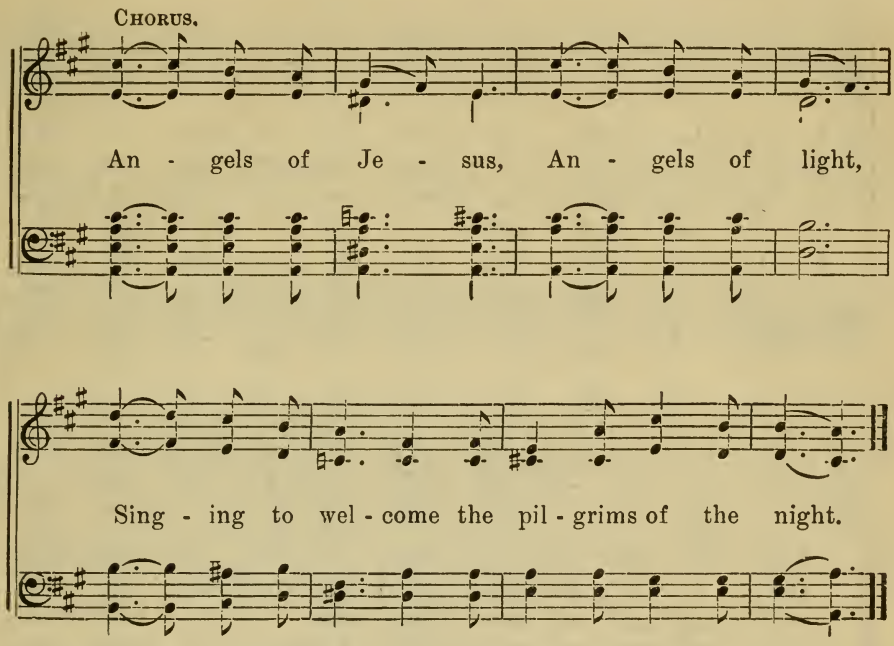
4 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, or woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

5 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife.
Jesus, take me dying,
To immortal life.

No. 157. Hark! Hark! My Soul.


1. Hark, hark, my soul; An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
2. On - ward we go, For still we hear them sing - ing,
Org. Ped.
O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore;
"Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
And, thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.

Hark! Hark! My Soul. Concluded.

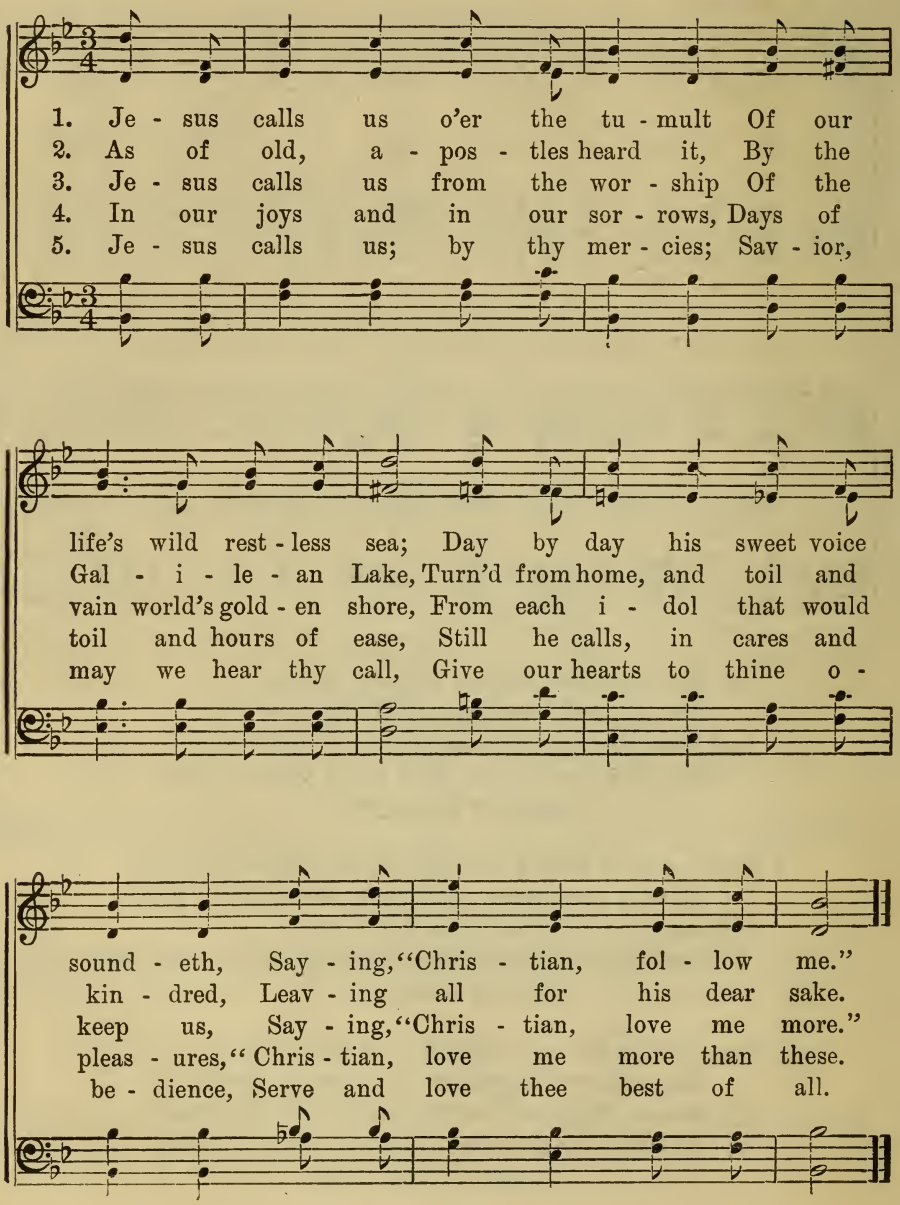


3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary.
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

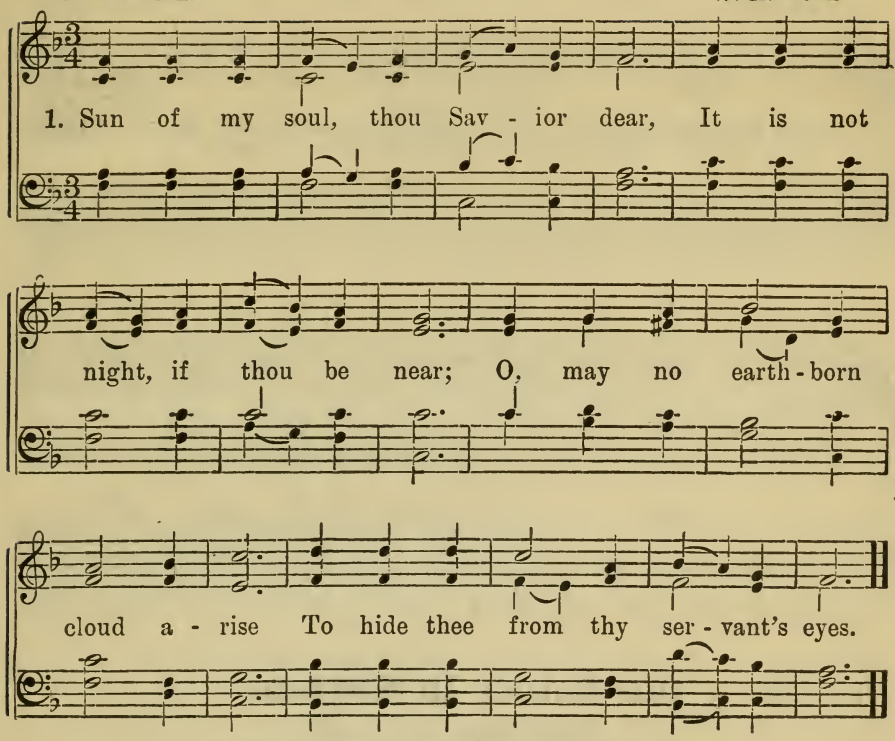
5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

No. 158. Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.


1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our
life's wild rest - less sea; Day by day his sweet voice
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me."
2. As of old, a - pos - tles heard it, By the
Gal - i - le - an Lake, Turn'd from home, and toil and
kin - dred, Leav - ing all for his dear sake.
3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the
vain world's gold - en shore, From each i - dol that would
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more."
4. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of
toil and hours of ease, Still he calls, in cares and
pleas - ures, "Chris - tian, love me more than these.
5. Je - sus calls us; by thy mer - cies; Sav - ior,
may we hear thy call, Give our hearts to thine o -
be - dience, Serve and love thee best of all.

No. 159. Sun of my Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. W. H. MONK.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not
night, if thou be near; O, may no earth - born
cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

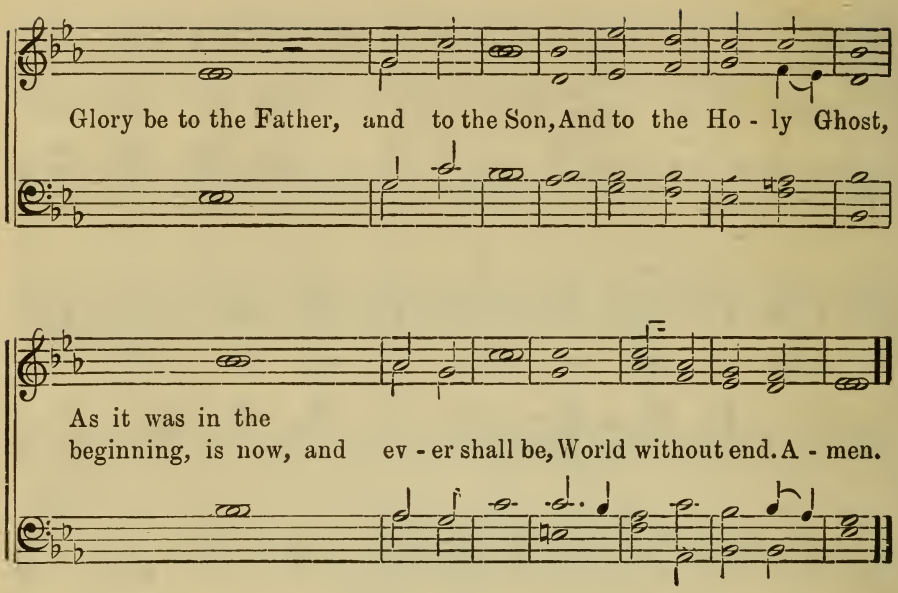
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heav'n above.

No. 160. Gloria Patri.

BARNBY.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the
beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men.

No. 161. Our Father In Heaven.

Tune, "Home, Sweet Home."

1 Our Father in Heaven, we hallow thy name,
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same;
Oh! give to us daily our portion of bread,
For it is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

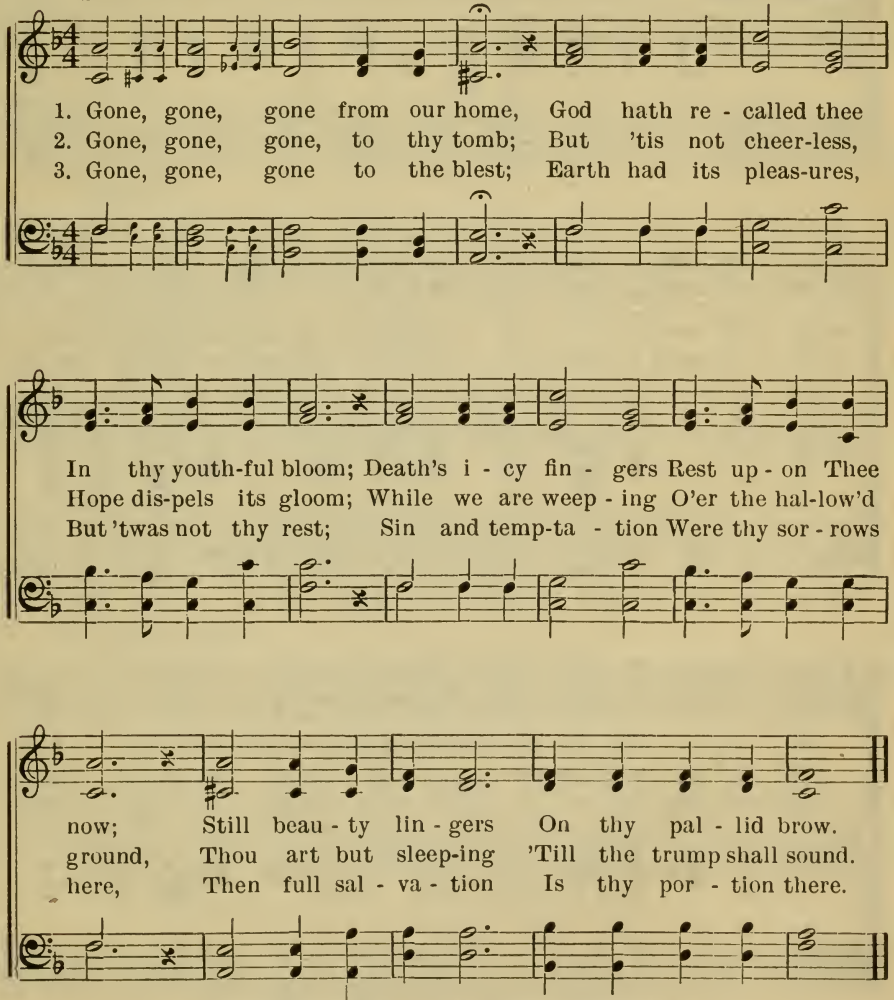
CHO. Home, home, sweet home!
Prepare us, dear Savior for heaven our home.

2 Forgive our transgressions and teach us to know,
That humble compassion that pardon's each foe,
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory, forever. Amen—CHO.

No. 162. Requiem.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

Slow. H. R. PALMER.


1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath re - called thee
2. Gone, gone, gone, to thy tomb; But 'tis not cheer-less,
3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its pleas-ures,
In thy youth-ful bloom; Death's i - cy fin - gers Rest up - on Thee
Hope dis-pels its gloom; While we are weep - ing O'er the hal-low'd
But 'twas not thy rest; Sin and temp-ta - tion Were thy sor - rows
now; Still beau - ty lin - gers On thy pal - lid brow.
ground, Thou art but sleep-ing 'Till the trump shall sound.
here, Then full sal - va - tion Is thy por - tion there.

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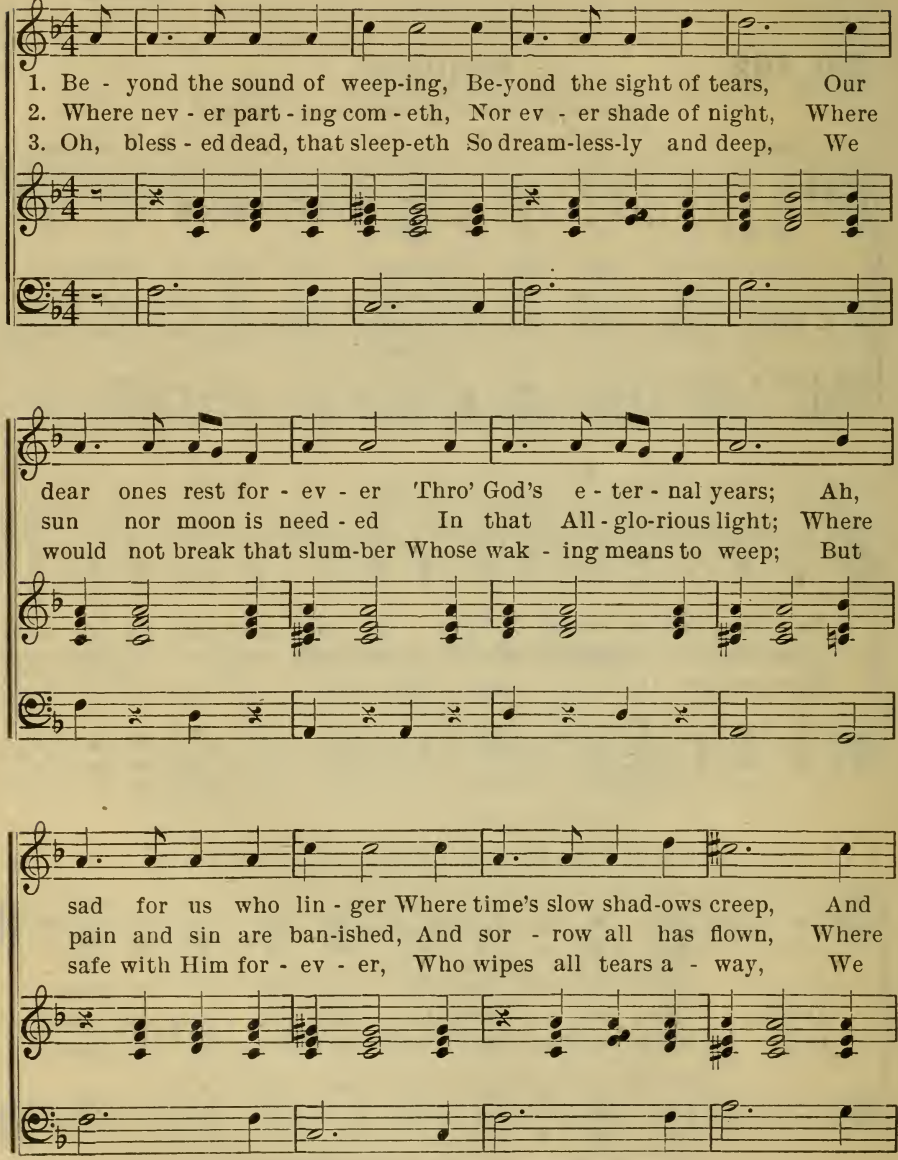
No. 163. Beyond the Sound of Weeping.

ELSIE JANET FRENCH. H. W. FAIRBANK.

Moderato.


1. Be - yond the sound of weep-ing, Be-yond the sight of tears, Our
dear ones rest for - ev - er Thro' God's e - ter - nal years; Ah,
sad for us who lin - ger Where time's slow shad-ows creep, And
2. Where nev - er part - ing com - eth, Nor ev - er shade of night, Where
sun nor moon is need - ed In that All - glo-rious light; Where
pain and sin are ban-ished, And sor - row all has flown, Where
3. Oh, bless - ed dead, that sleep-eth So dream-less-ly and deep, We
would not break that slum-ber Whose wak - ing means to weep; But
safe with Him for - ev - er, Who wipes all tears a - way, We

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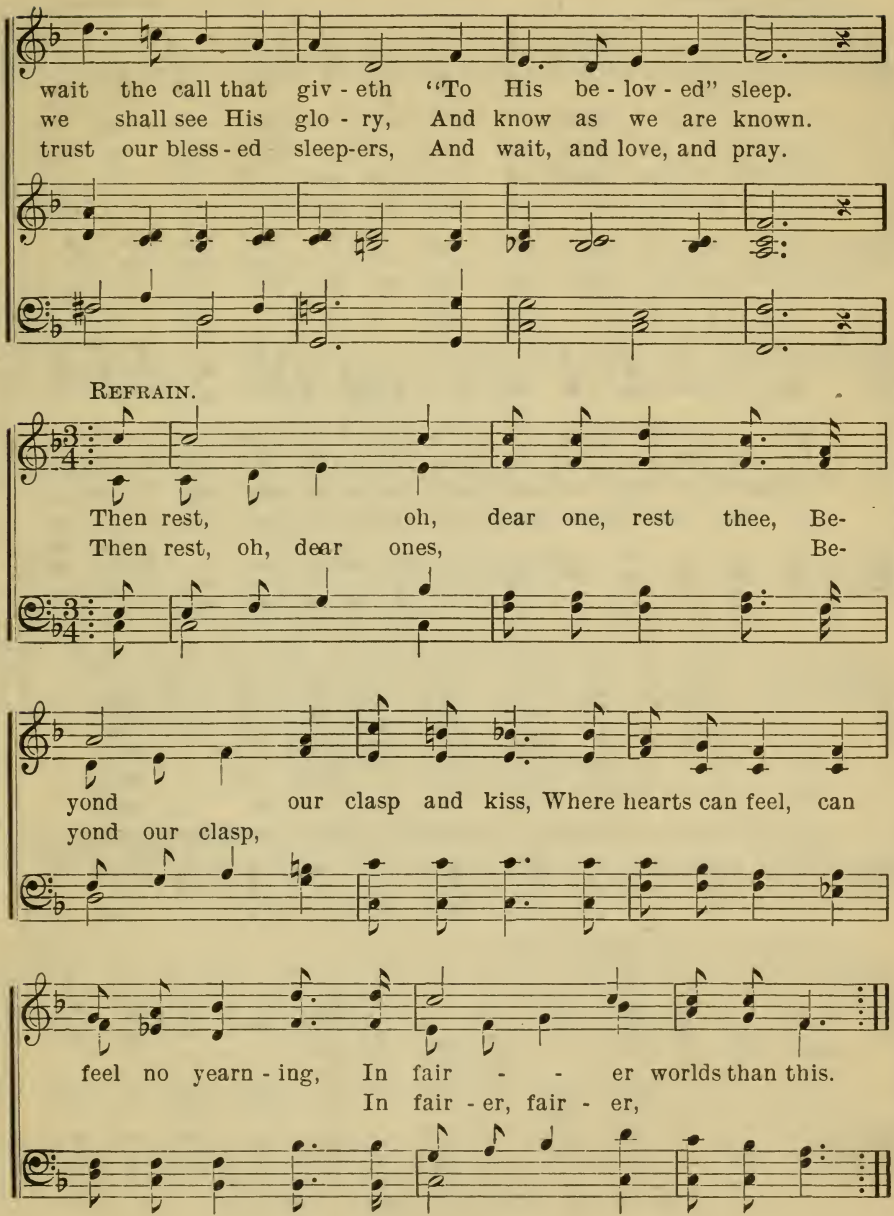
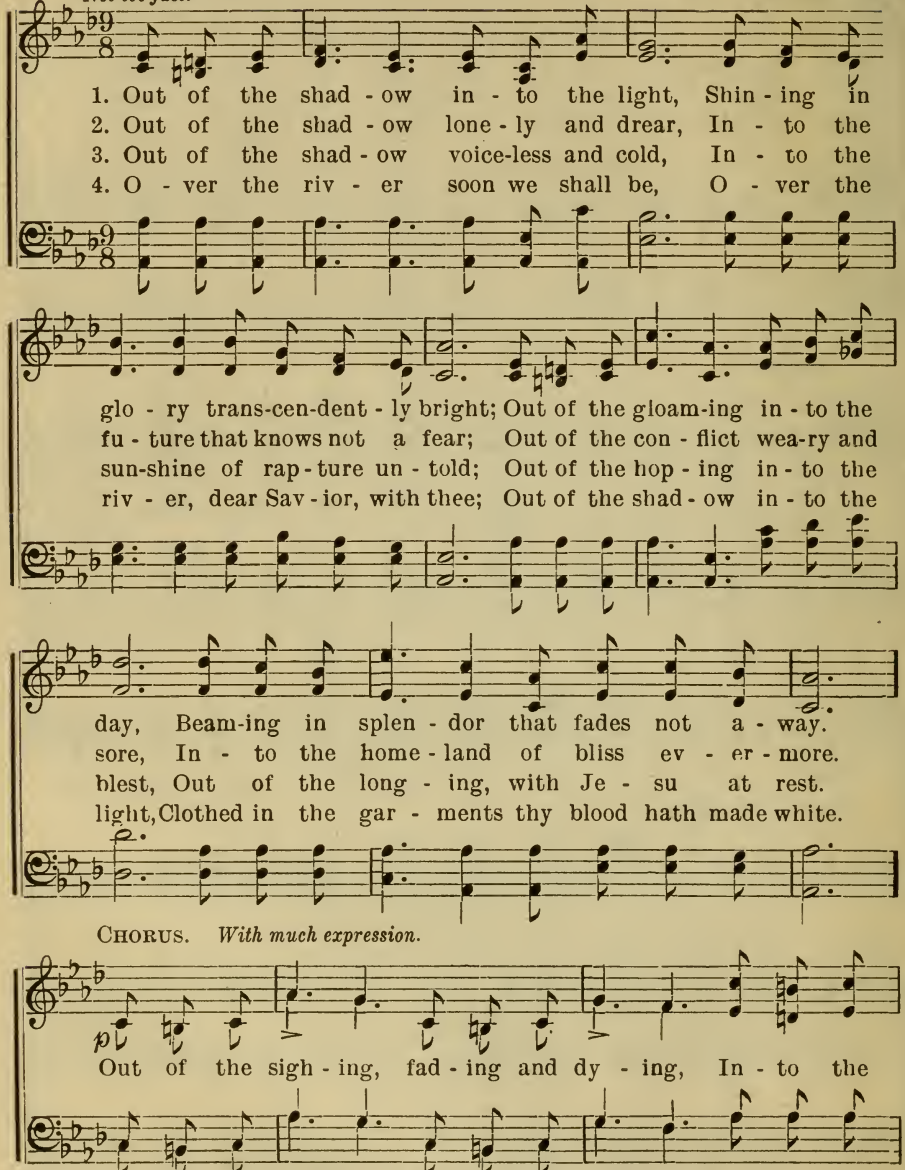
Beyond the Sound of Weeping. Concluded.


wait the call that giv - eth "To His be - lov - ed" sleep.
we shall see His glo - ry, And know as we are known.
trust our bless - ed sleep-ers, And wait, and love, and pray.
REFRAIN.
Then rest, oh, dear one, rest thee, Be-
Then rest, oh, dear ones, Be-
yond our clasp and kiss, Where hearts can feel, can
yond our clasp,
feel no yearn - ing, In fair - - er worlds than this.
In fair - er, fair - er,

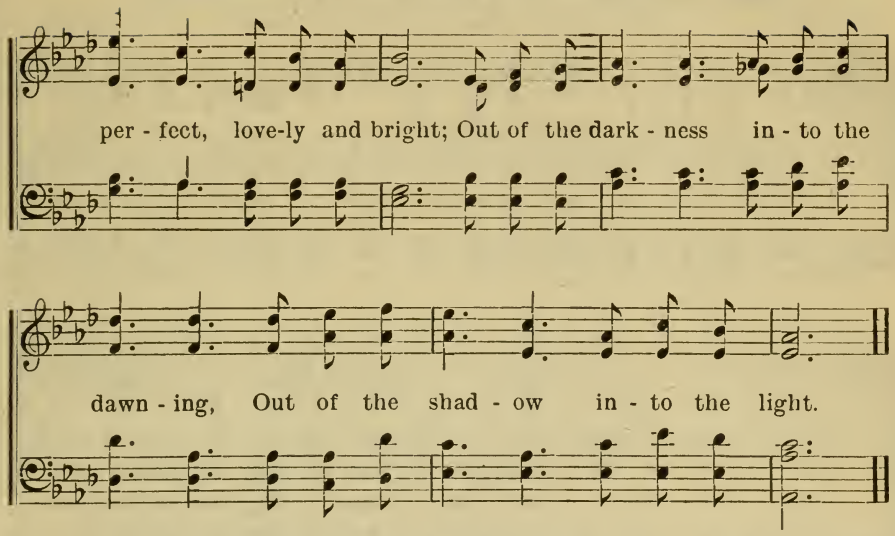
No. 164. Out of the Shadow.

FANNY J, CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

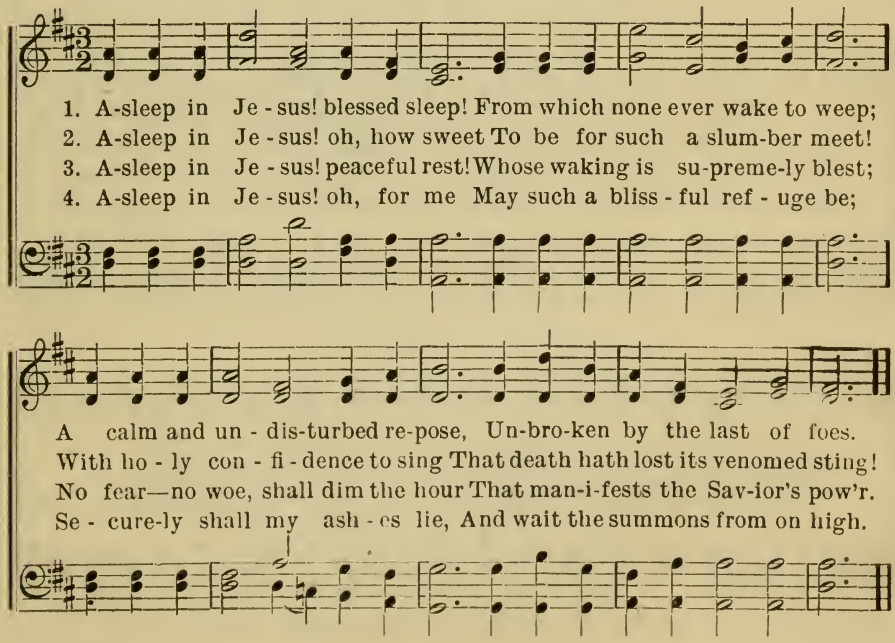
Not too fast.


1. Out of the shad - ow in - to the light, Shin - ing in
2. Out of the shad - ow lone - ly and drear, In - to the
3. Out of the shad - ow voice-less and cold, In - to the
4. O - ver the riv - er soon we shall be, O - ver the
glo - ry trans-cen-dent - ly bright; Out of the gloam-ing in - to the
fu - ture that knows not a fear; Out of the con - flict wea-ry and
sun-shine of rap - ture un - told; Out of the hop - ing in - to the
riv - er, dear Sav - ior, with thee; Out of the shad - ow in - to the
day, Beam-ing in splen - dor that fades not a - way.
sore, In - to the home - land of bliss ev - er - more.
blest, Out of the long - ing, with Je - su at rest.
light, Clothed in the gar - ments thy blood hath made white.
CHORUS. *With much expression.*
p
Out of the sigh - ing, fad - ing and dy - ing, In - to the

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

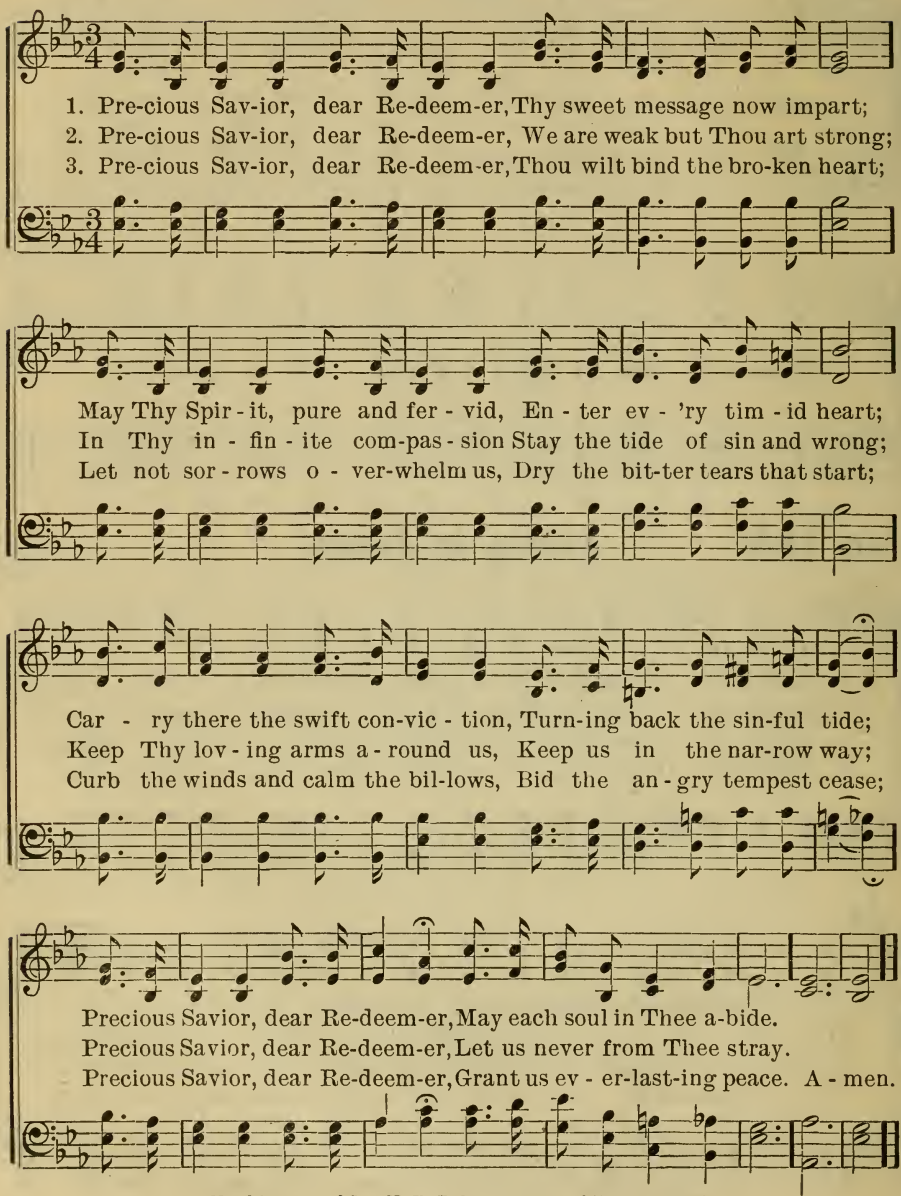


No. 165. Asleep In Jesus.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be;
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Sav-ior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

No. 166. Precious Savior, Dear Redeemer.

H. R. P. (Third stanza particularly appropriate for funerals.) H. R. PALMER.


1. Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, Thy sweet message now impart;
2. Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, We are weak but Thou art strong;
3. Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, Thou wilt bind the bro-ken heart;
May Thy Spir-it, pure and fer-vid, En-ter ev-'ry tim-id heart;
In Thy in-fin-ite com-pas-sion Stay the tide of sin and wrong;
Let not sor-rows o-ver-whelm us, Dry the bit-ter tears that start;
Car-ry there the swift con-vic-tion, Turn-ing back the sin-ful tide;
Keep Thy lov-ing arms a-round us, Keep us in the nar-row way;
Curb the winds and calm the bil-lows, Bid the an-gry tempest cease;
Precious Savior, dear Re-deem-er, May each soul in Thee a-bide.
Precious Savior, dear Re-deem-er, Let us never from Thee stray.
Precious Savior, dear Re-deem-er, Grant us ev-er-last-ing peace. A-men.

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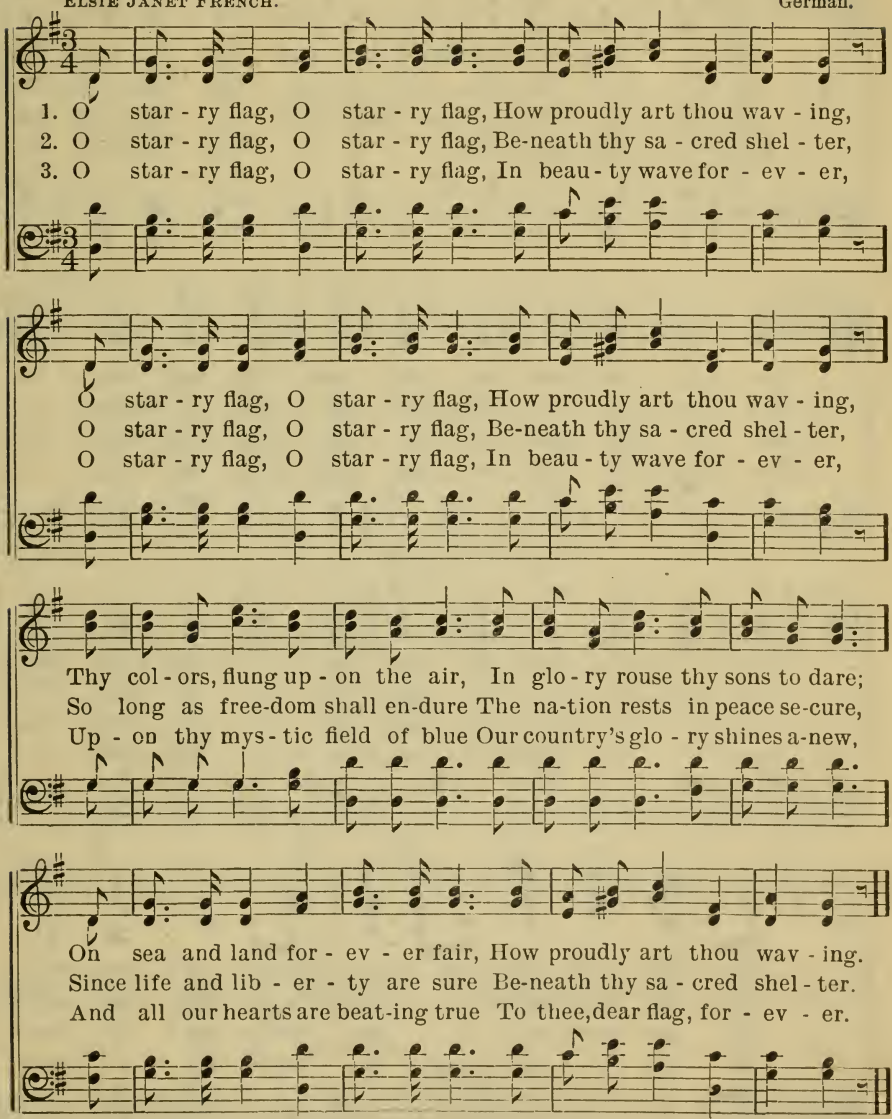
No. 167. O Starry Flag.

ELSIE JANET FRENCH. German.


1. O star - ry flag, O star - ry flag, How proudly art thou wav - ing,
2. O star - ry flag, O star - ry flag, Be-neath thy sa - cred shel - ter,
3. O star - ry flag, O star - ry flag, In beau - ty wave for - ev - er,
O star - ry flag, O star - ry flag, How proudly art thou wav - ing,
O star - ry flag, O star - ry flag, Be-neath thy sa - cred shel - ter,
O star - ry flag, O star - ry flag, In beau - ty wave for - ev - er,
Thy col - ors, flung up - on the air, In glo - ry rouse thy sons to dare;
So long as free-dom shall en-dure The na-tion rests in peace se-cure,
Up - on thy mys - tic field of blue Our country's glo - ry shines a-new,
On sea and land for - ev - er fair, How proudly art thou wav - ing.
Since life and lib - er - ty are sure Be-neath thy sa - cred shel - ter.
And all our hearts are beat-ing true To thee, dear flag, for - ev - er.

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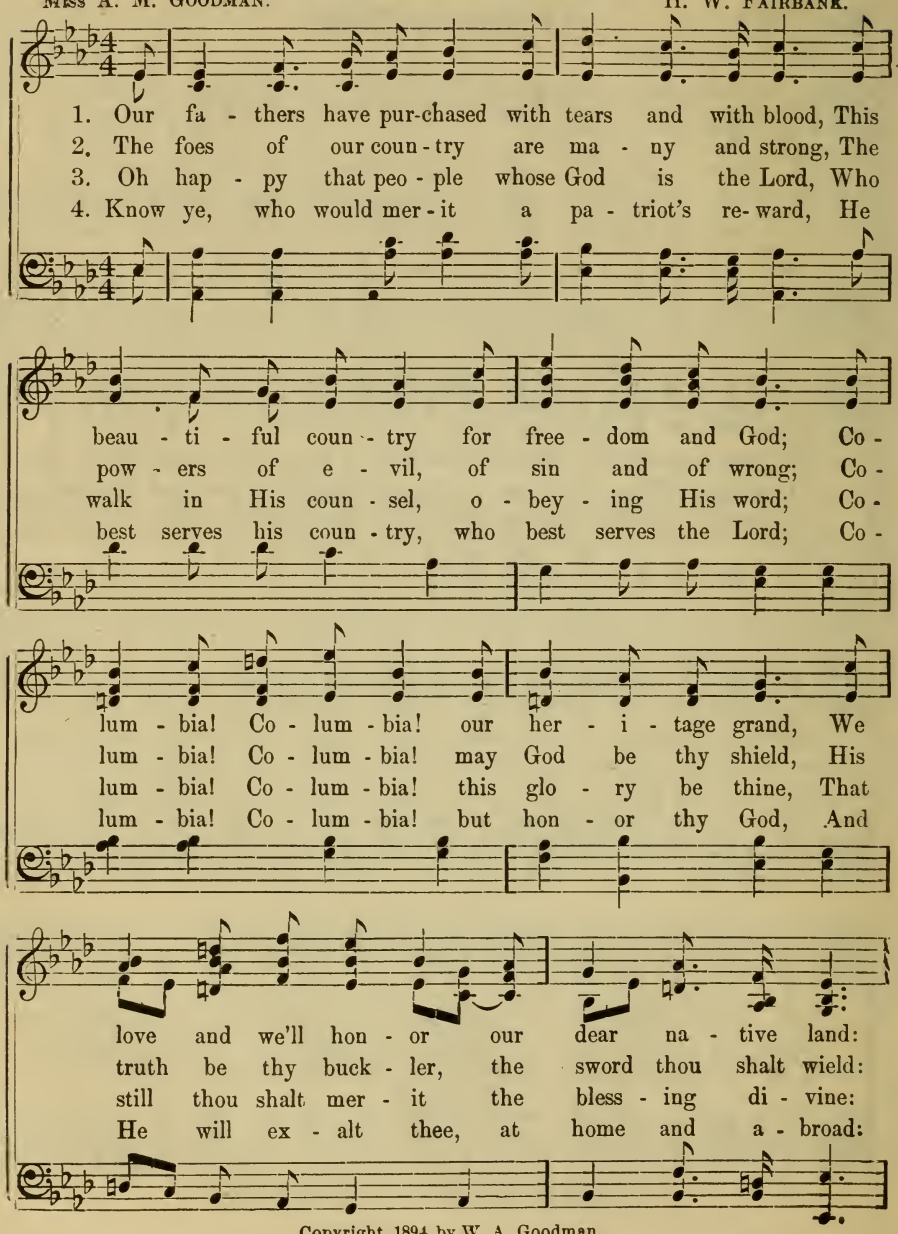
No. 168. LOYAL AND TRUE.

American Sunday School Patriotic Hymn.

Miss A. M. Goodman. H. W. Fairbank.

1. Our fa - thers have pur-chased with tears and with blood, This
beau - ti - ful coun - try for free - dom and God; Co -
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! our her - i - tage grand, We
love and we'll hon - or our dear na - tive land:
2. The foes of our coun - try are ma - ny and strong, The
pow - ers of e - vil, of sin and of wrong; Co -
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! may God be thy shield, His
truth be thy buck - ler, the sword thou shalt wield:
3. Oh hap - py that peo - ple whose God is the Lord, Who
walk in His coun - sel, o - bey - ing His word; Co -
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! this glo - ry be thine, That
still thou shalt mer - it the bless - ing di - vine:
4. Know ye, who would mer - it a pa - triot's re - ward, He
best serves his coun - try, who best serves the Lord; Co -
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! but hon - or thy God, And
He will ex - alt thee, at home and a - broad:

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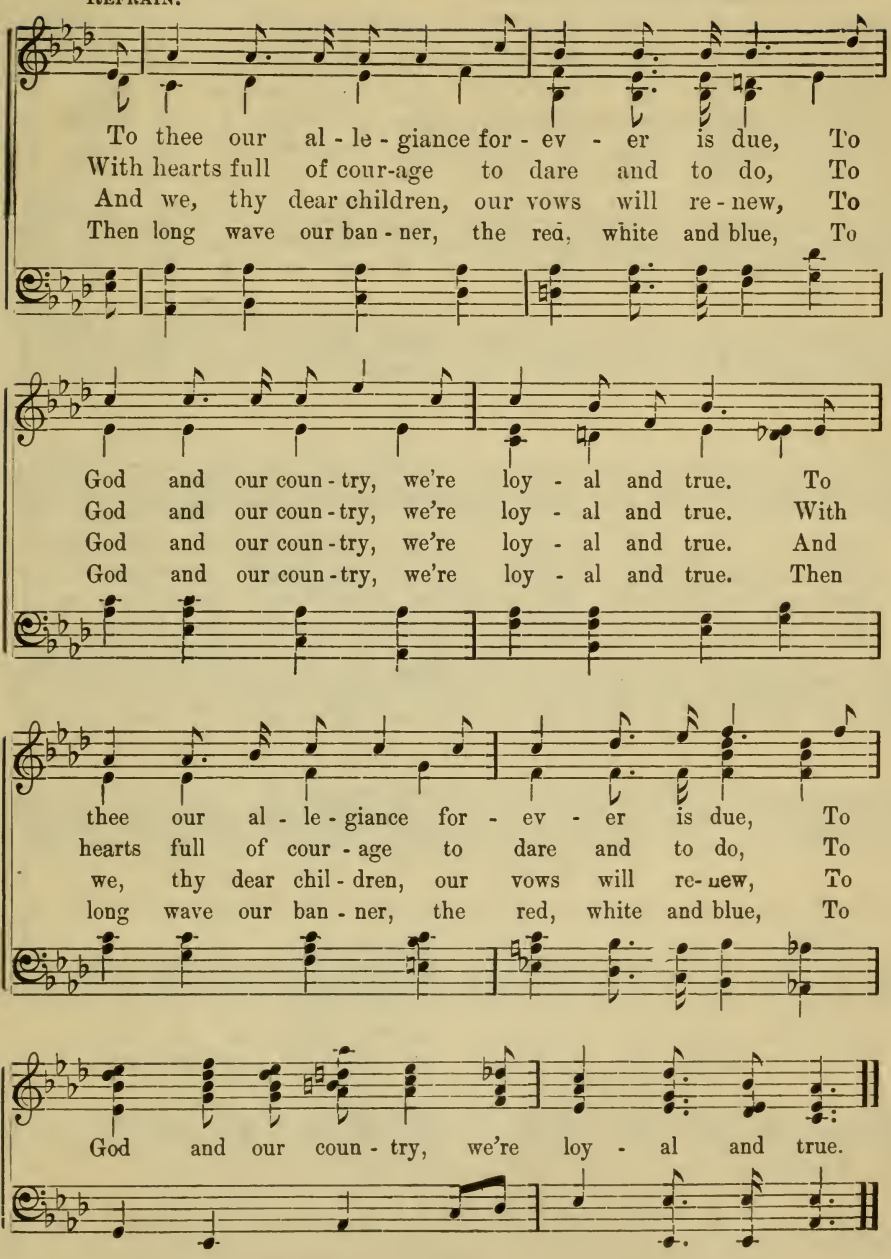
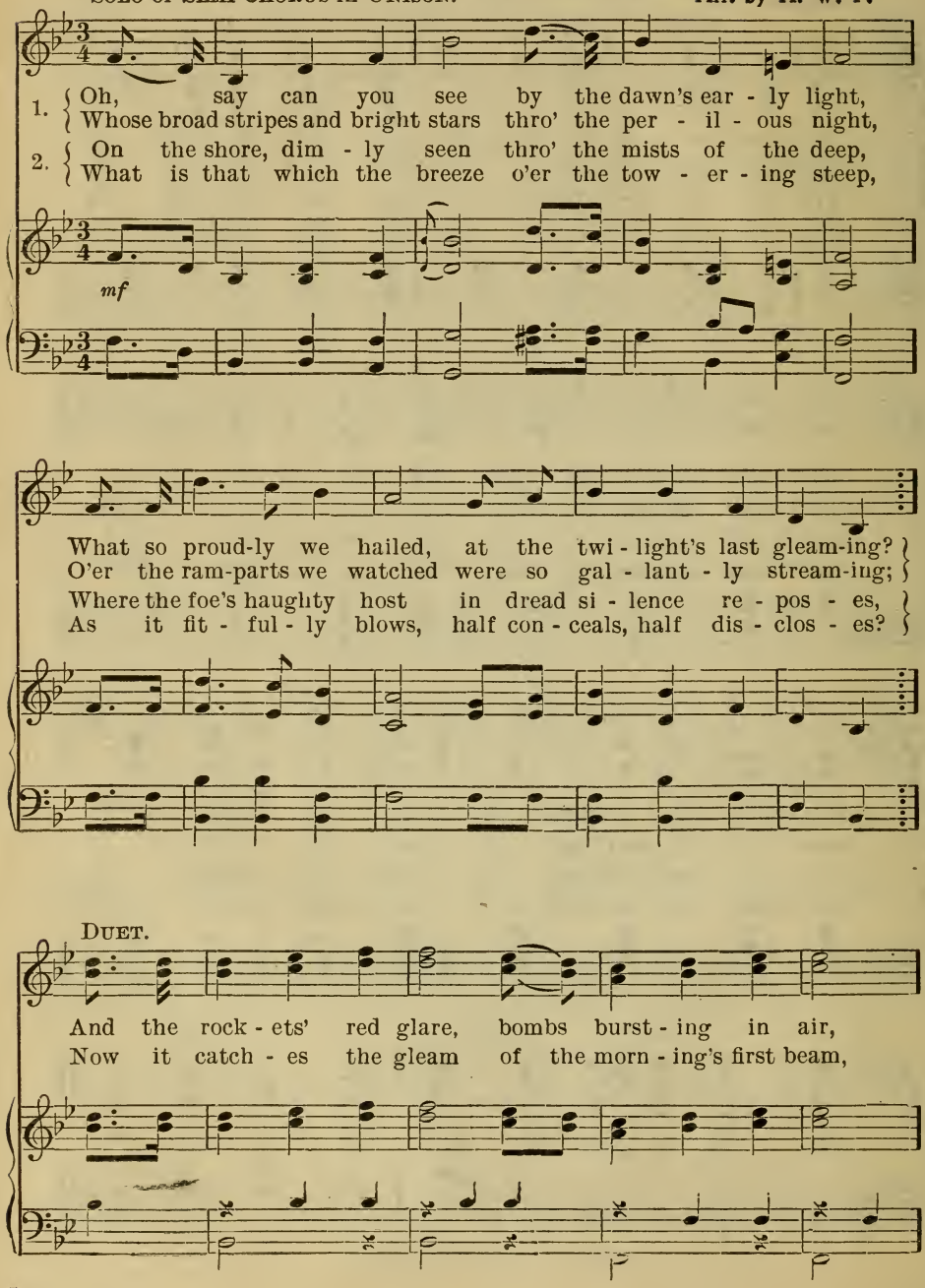
LOYAL AND TRUE. Concluded.

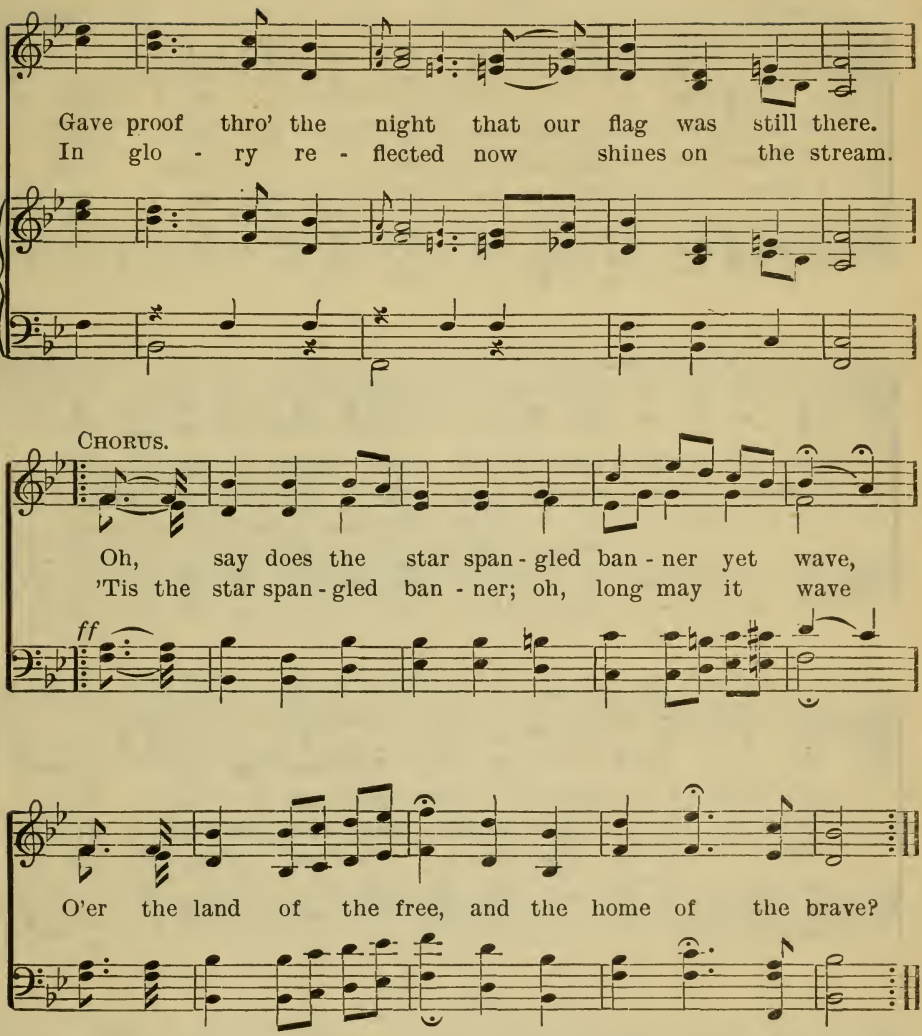
REFRAIN.

To thee our al - le - giance for - ev - er is due, To
With hearts full of cour-age to dare and to do, To
And we, thy dear children, our vows will re - new, To
Then long wave our ban - ner, the red, white and blue, To
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. To
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. With
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. And
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true. Then
thee our al - le - giance for - ev - er is due, To
hearts full of cour - age to dare and to do, To
we, thy dear chil - dren, our vows will re - new, To
long wave our ban - ner, the red, white and blue, To
God and our coun - try, we're loy - al and true.

No. 169 The Star Spangled Banner.

SOLO or SEMI CHORUS in UNISON. Arr. by H. W. F.


1. Oh, say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous night,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
What is that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
mf
What so proud-ly we hailed, at the twi - light's last gleam-ing?
O'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing;
Where the foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
DUET.
And the rock - ets' red glare, bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,

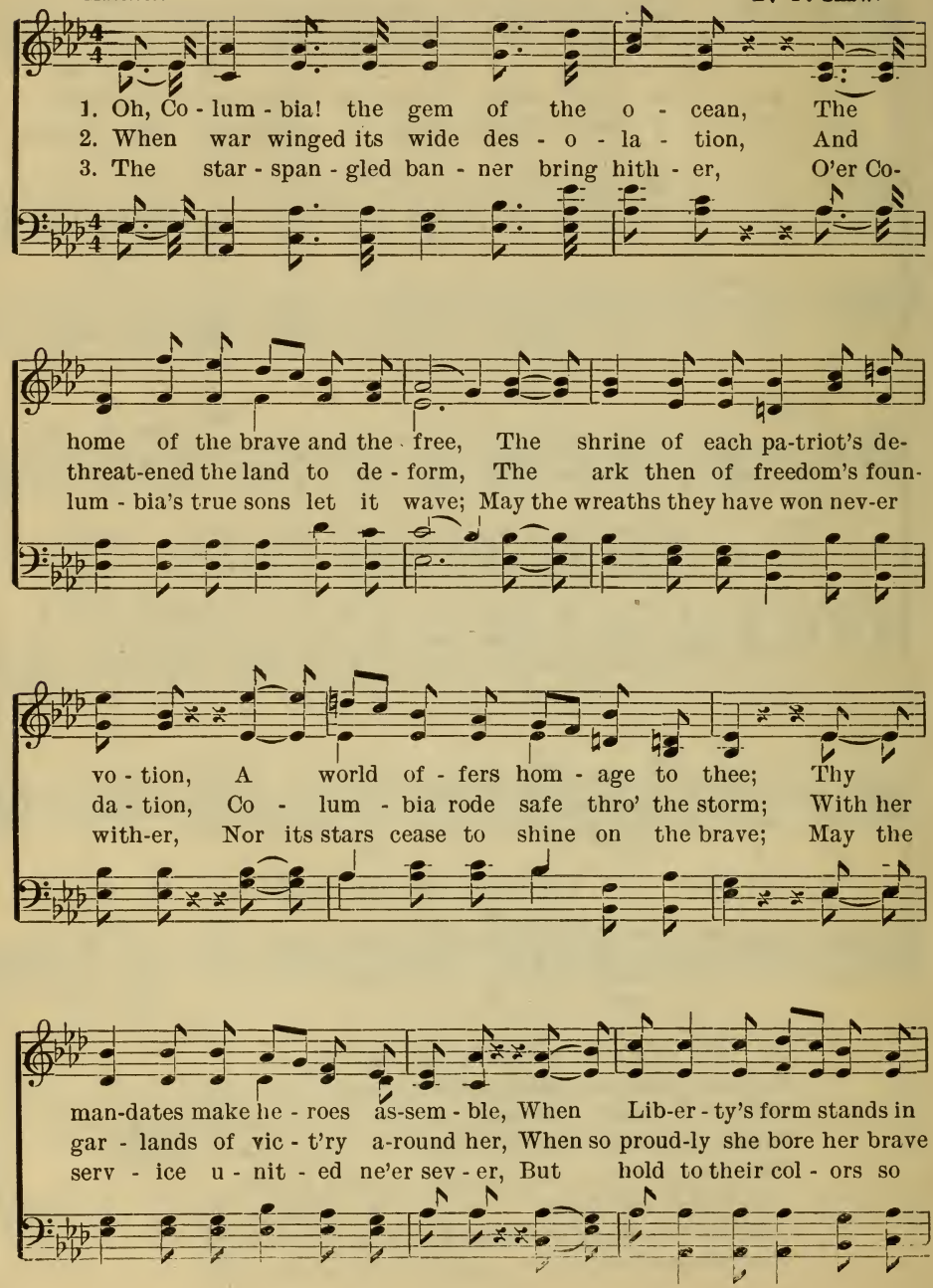
The Star Spangled Banner.


Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In glo - ry re - flected now shines on the stream.
CHORUS.
Oh, say does the star span - gled ban - ner yet wave,
'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner; oh, long may it wave
ff
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

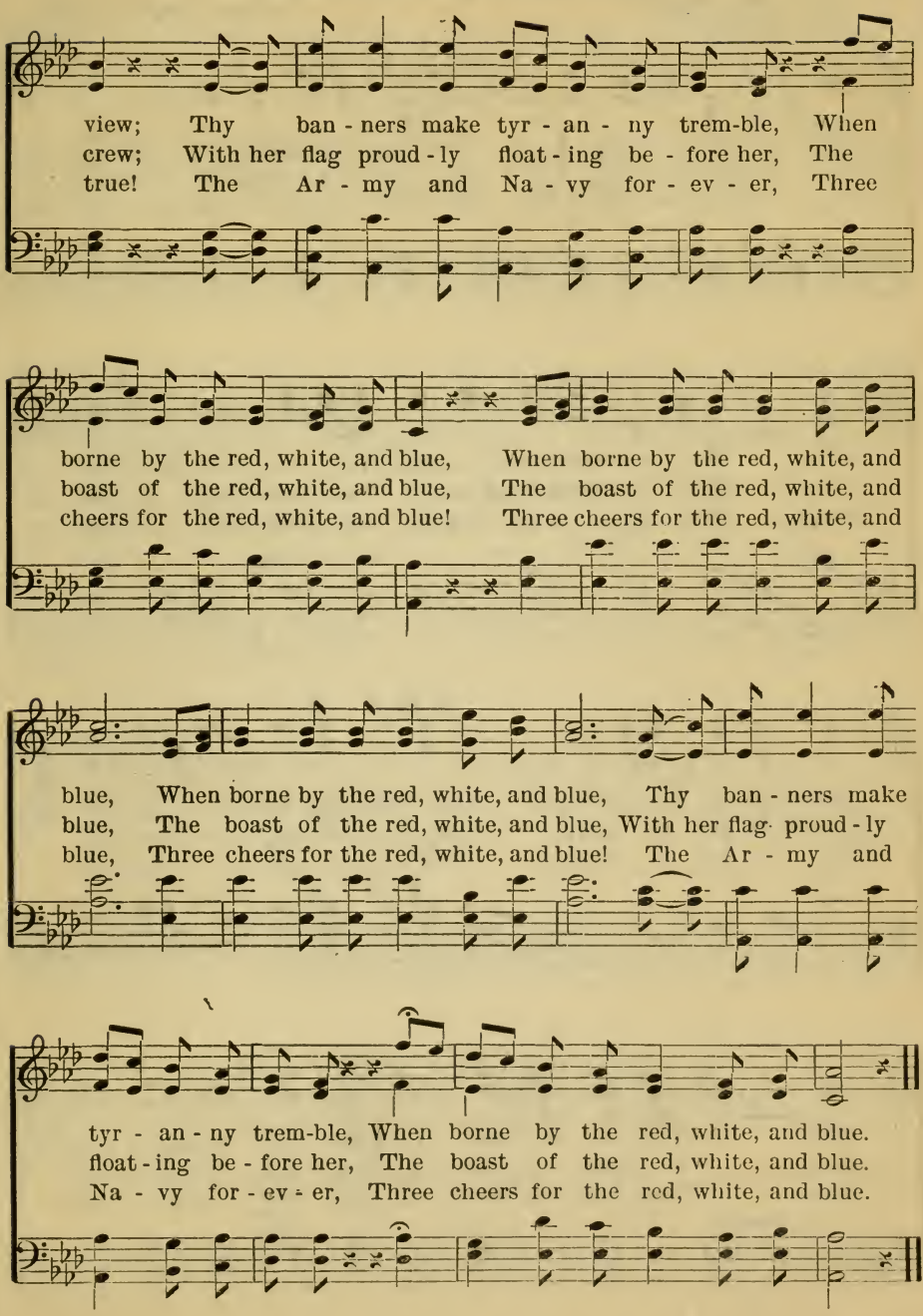
3. Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes, and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
Over the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 170. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Maestoso. D. T. Shaw.


1. Oh, Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co-
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-
threat-ened the land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foun-
lum - bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev-er
vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy
da - tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her
with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the
man-dates make he - roes as-sem - ble, When Lib-er - ty's form stands in
gar - lands of vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave
serv - ice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so

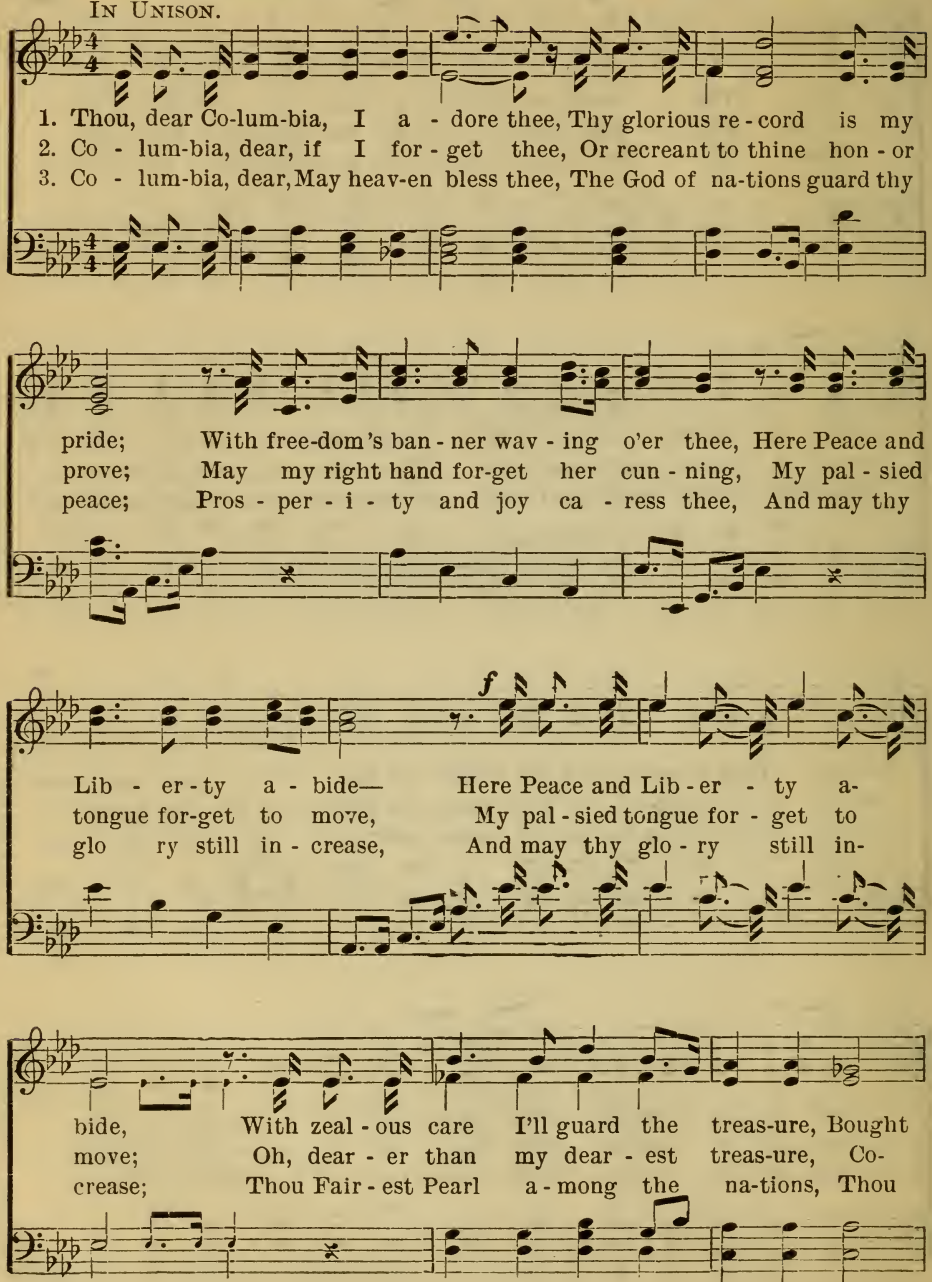
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.


view; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When
crew; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The
true! The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three
borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and
boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and
cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and
blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy ban - ners make
blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her flag proud - ly
blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The Ar - my and
tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

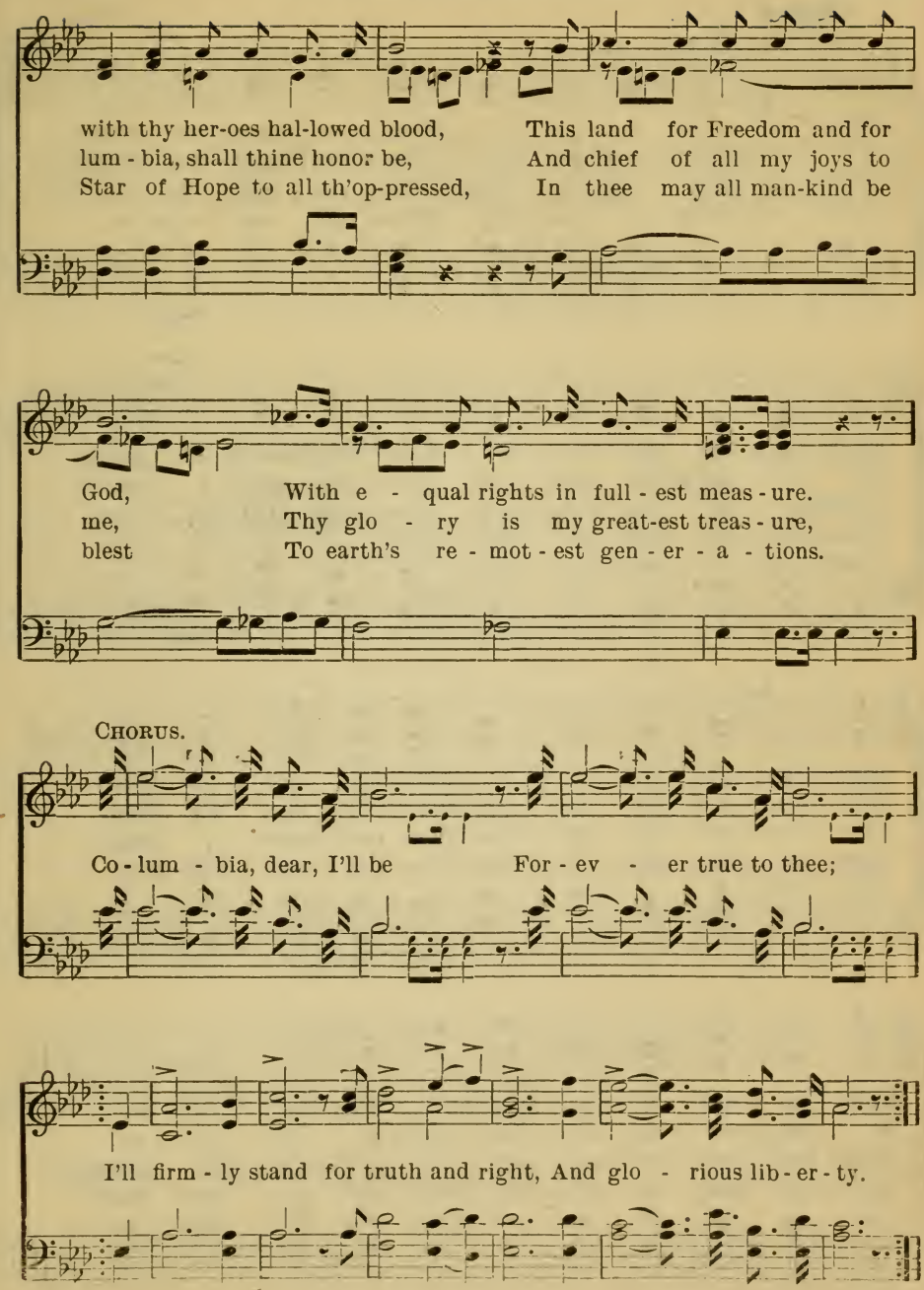
No. 171. The American Marseillaise.

Miss A. M. Goodman. Arr. from Rouget de Lisle.

In Unison.


1. Thou, dear Co-lum-bia, I a - dore thee, Thy glorious re - cord is my
2. Co - lum-bia, dear, if I for - get thee, Or recreant to thine hon - or
3. Co - lum-bia, dear, May heav-en bless thee, The God of na-tions guard thy
pride; With free-dom's ban - ner wav - ing o'er thee, Here Peace and
prove; May my right hand for-get her cun - ning, My pal - sied
peace; Pros - per - i - ty and joy ca - ress thee, And may thy
f
Lib - er - ty a - bide— Here Peace and Lib - er - ty a-
tongue for-get to move, My pal - sied tongue for - get to
glo ry still in - crease, And may thy glo - ry still in-
bide, With zeal - ous care I'll guard the treas-ure, Bought
move; Oh, dear - er than my dear - est treas-ure, Co-
crease; Thou Fair - est Pearl a - mong the na-tions, Thou

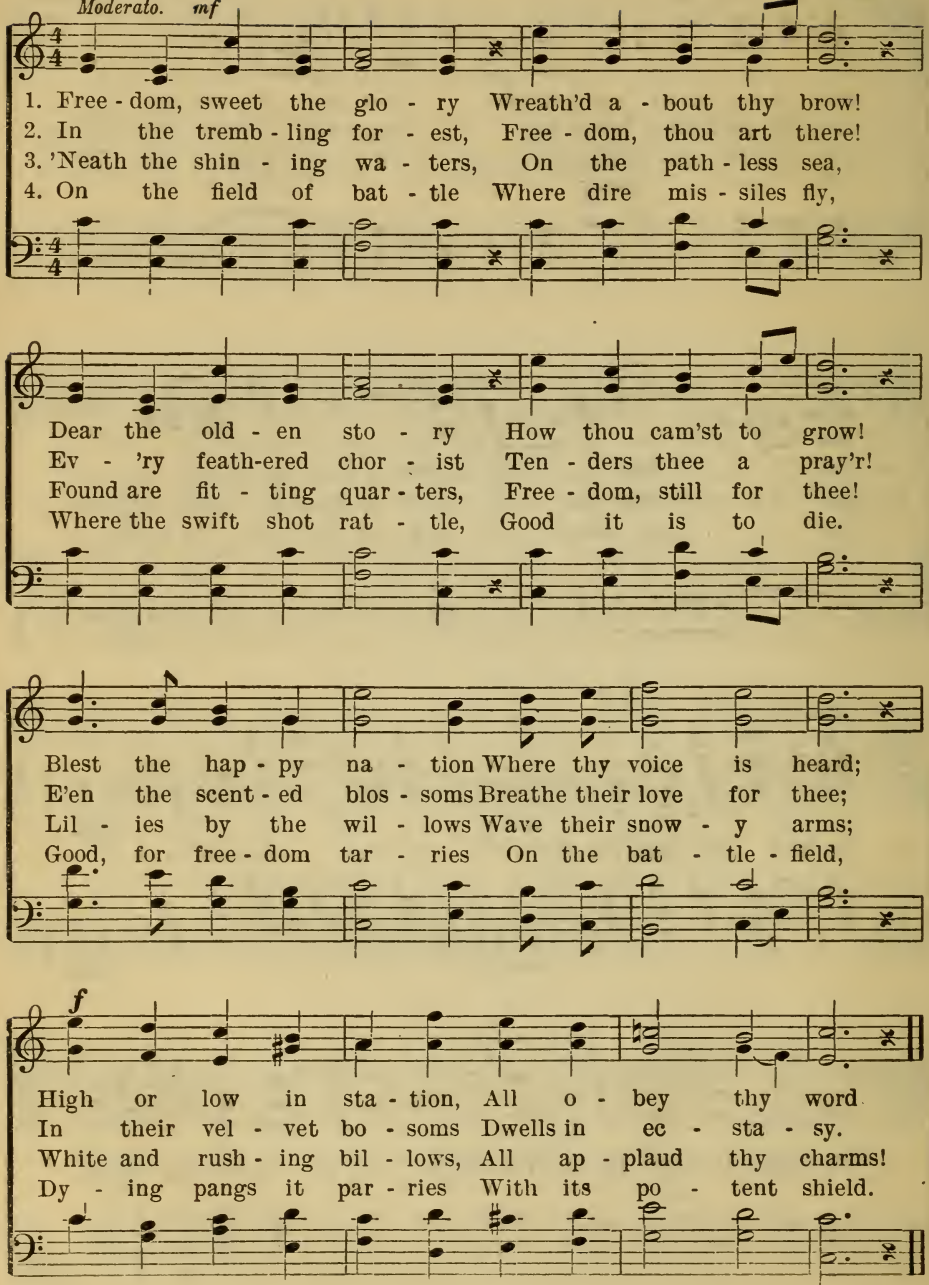
The American Marseillaise.


with thy her-oes hal-lowed blood, This land for Freedom and for
lum - bia, shall thine honor be, And chief of all my joys to
Star of Hope to all th'op-pressed, In thee may all man-kind be
God, With e - qual rights in full - est meas - ure.
me, Thy glo - ry is my great-est treas - ure,
blest To earth's re - mot - est gen - er - a - tions.
Chorus.
Co - lum - bia, dear, I'll be For - ev - er true to thee;
I'll firm - ly stand for truth and right, And glo - rious lib - er - ty.

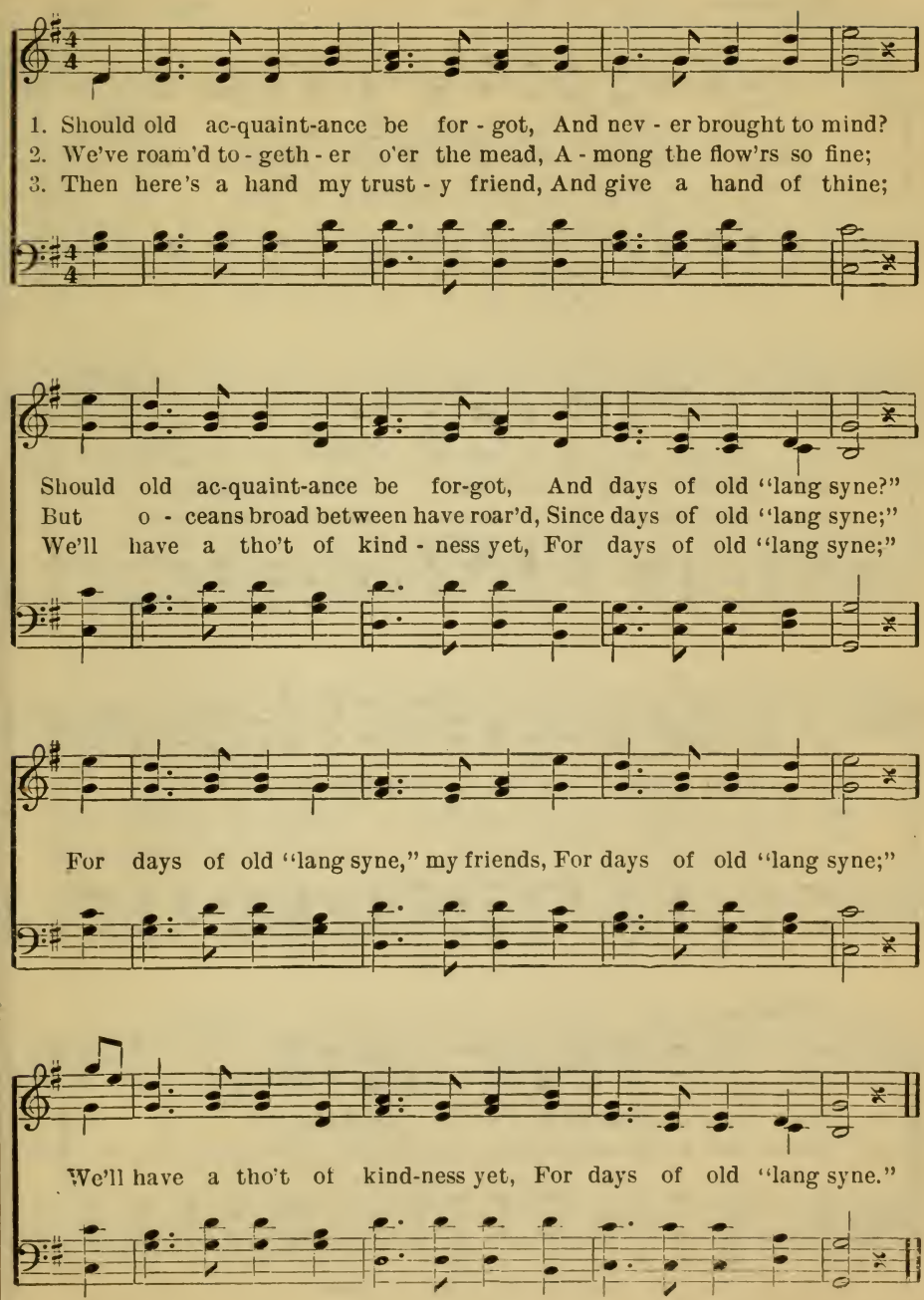
No. 172. Freedom.

Oxenford, Gross.

Moderato. *mf*


1. Free - dom, sweet the glo - ry Wreath'd a - bout thy brow!
2. In the tremb - ling for - est, Free - dom, thou art there!
3. 'Neath the shin - ing wa - ters, On the path - less sea,
4. On the field of bat - tle Where dire mis - siles fly,
Dear the old - en sto - ry How thou cam'st to grow!
Ev - 'ry feath-ered chor - ist Ten - ders thee a pray'r!
Found are fit - ting quar - ters, Free - dom, still for thee!
Where the swift shot rat - tle, Good it is to die.
Blest the hap - py na - tion Where thy voice is heard;
E'en the scent - ed blos - soms Breathe their love for thee;
Lil - ies by the wil - lows Wave their snow - y arms;
Good, for free - dom tar - ries On the bat - tle - field,
f
High or low in sta - tion, All o - bey thy word
In their vel - vet bo - soms Dwells in ec - sta - sy.
White and rush - ing bil - lows, All ap - plaud thy charms!
Dy - ing pangs it par - ries With its po - tent shield.

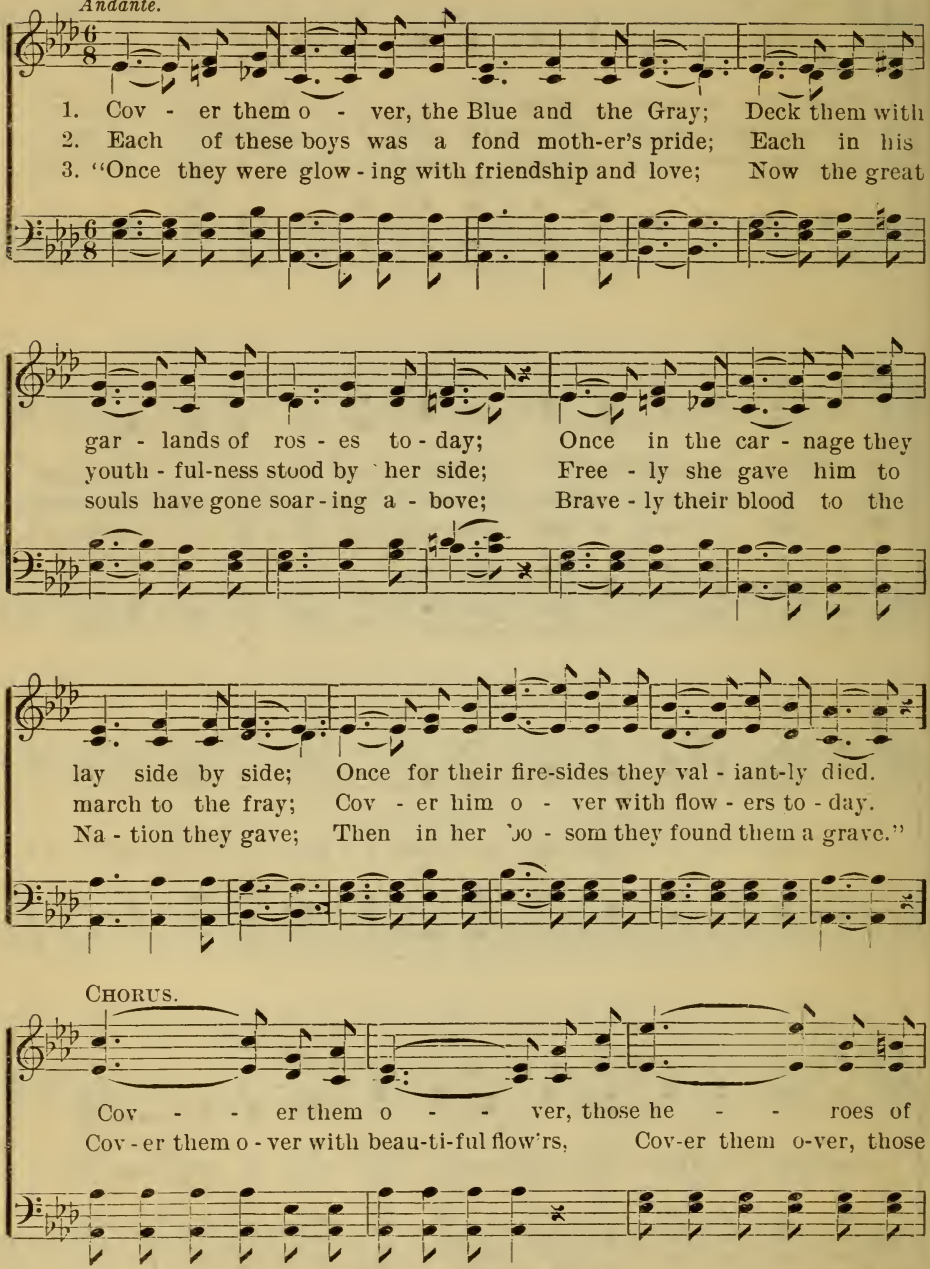
No. 173. Auld Lang Syne.


1. Should old ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind?
2. We've roam'd to - geth - er o'er the mead, A - mong the flow'rs so fine;
3. Then here's a hand my trust - y friend, And give a hand of thine;
Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of old "lang syne?"
But o - ceans broad between have roar'd, Since days of old "lang syne;"
We'll have a tho't of kind - ness yet, For days of old "lang syne;"
For days of old "lang syne," my friends, For days of old "lang syne;"
We'll have a tho't of kind-ness yet, For days of old "lang syne."

No. 174. The Blue and the Gray.

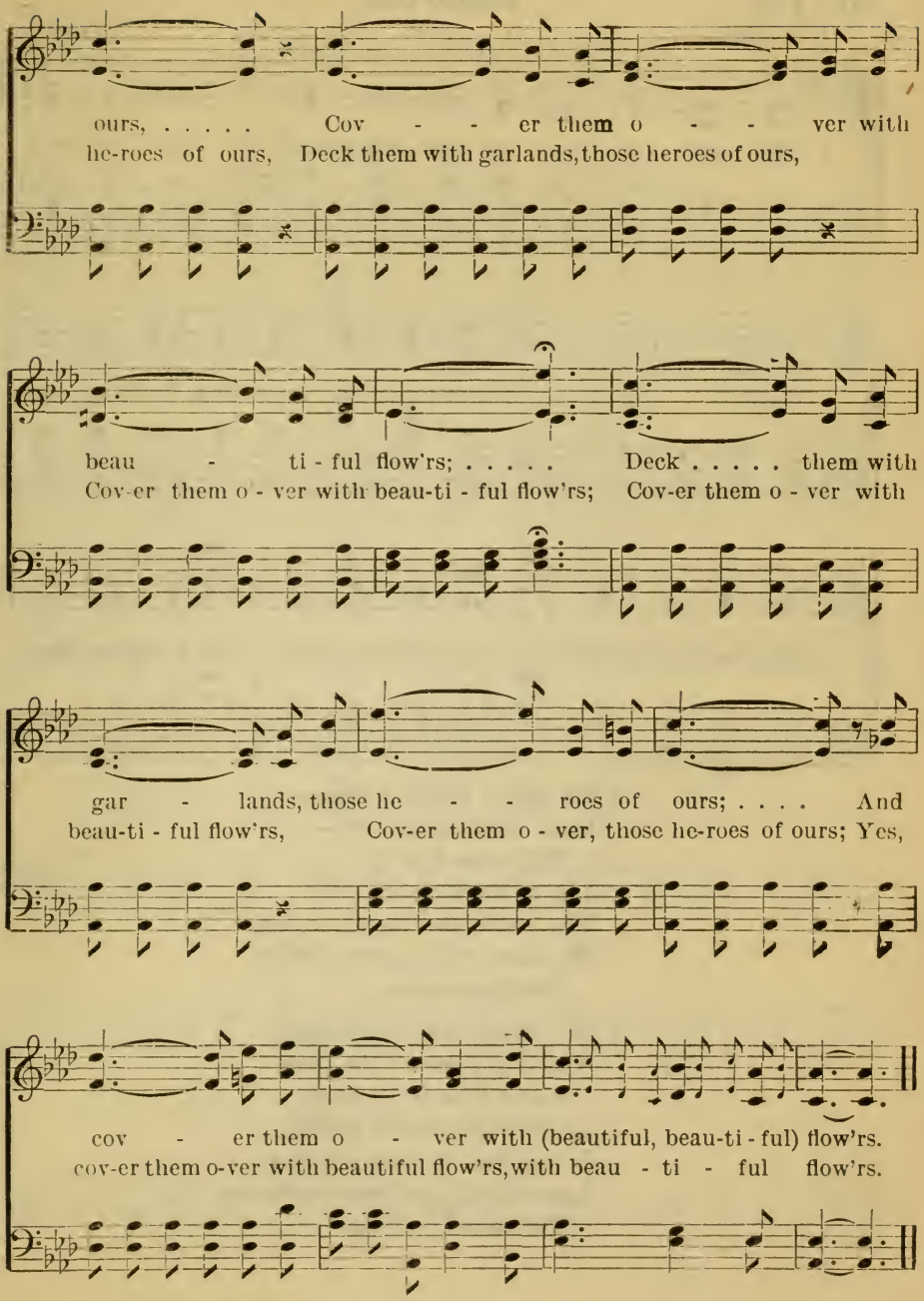
Will Carleton. Arr. by R. C. M. Robt. C. Marquis.

Andante.


1. Cov - er them o - ver, the Blue and the Gray; Deck them with
2. Each of these boys was a fond moth-er's pride; Each in his
3. "Once they were glow - ing with friendship and love; Now the great
gar - lands of ros - es to - day; Once in the car - nage they
youth - ful-ness stood by her side; Free - ly she gave him to
souls have gone soar - ing a - bove; Brave - ly their blood to the
lay side by side; Once for their fire-sides they val - iant-ly died.
march to the fray; Cov - er him o - ver with flow - ers to - day.
Na - tion they gave; Then in her bo - som they found them a grave."
Chorus.
Cov - - er them o - - ver, those he - - roes of
Cov - er them o - ver with beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Cov-er them o-ver, those

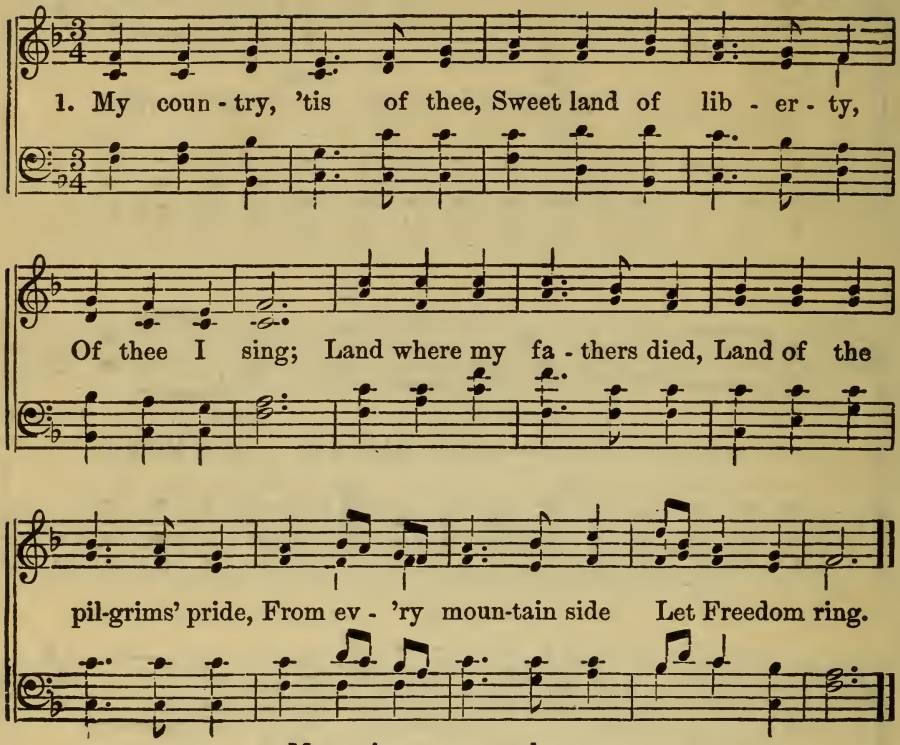
copyright, 1895, by Robt. C. Marquis.

The Blue and the Gray.


ours, ... Cov - - - er them o - - - ver with
he-roes of ours, Deck them with garlands, those heroes of ours,
beau - ti - ful flow'rs; . . . . . Deck . . . . . them with
Cov-er them o - ver with beau-ti - ful flow'rs; Cov-er them o - ver with
gar - lands, those he - - - roes of ours; . . . . And
beau-ti - ful flow'rs, Cov-er them o - ver, those he-roes of ours; Yes,
cov - er them o - ver with (beautiful, beau-ti - ful) flow'rs.
cov-er them o-ver with beautiful flow'rs, with beau - ti - ful flow'rs.

No. 175. America.

S. F. Smith. Carey.

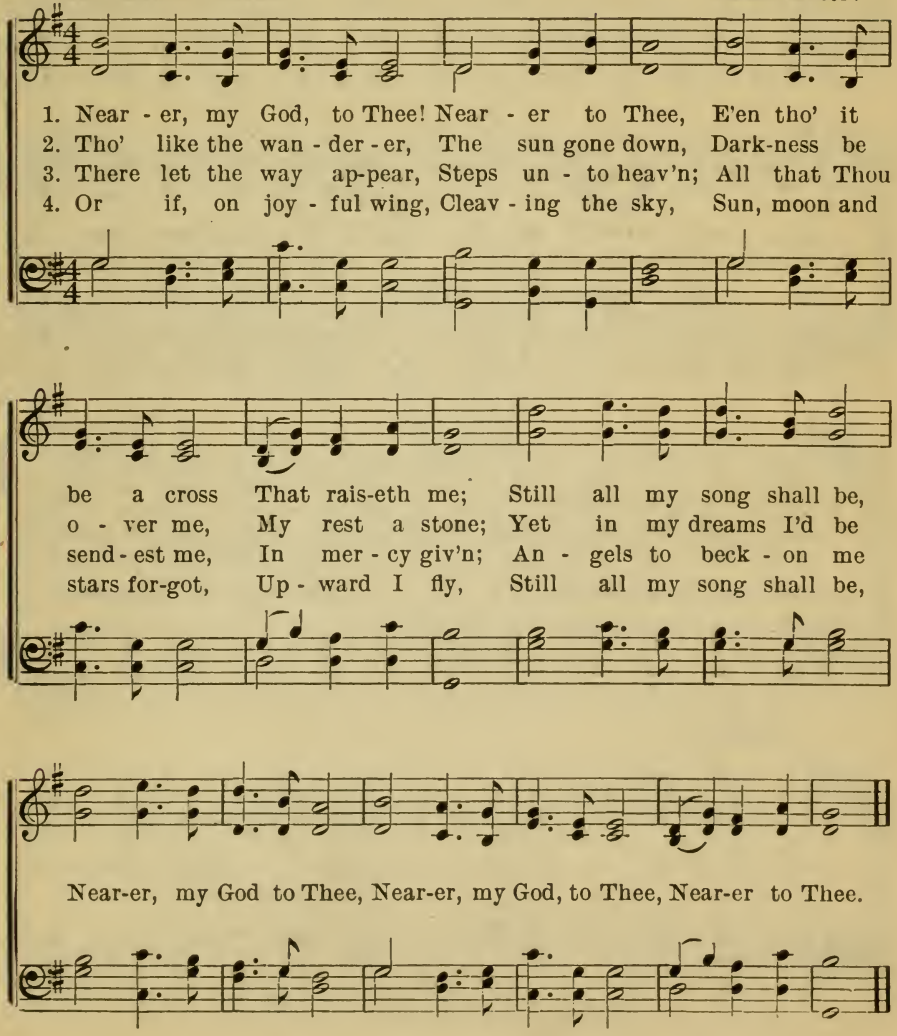

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let Freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

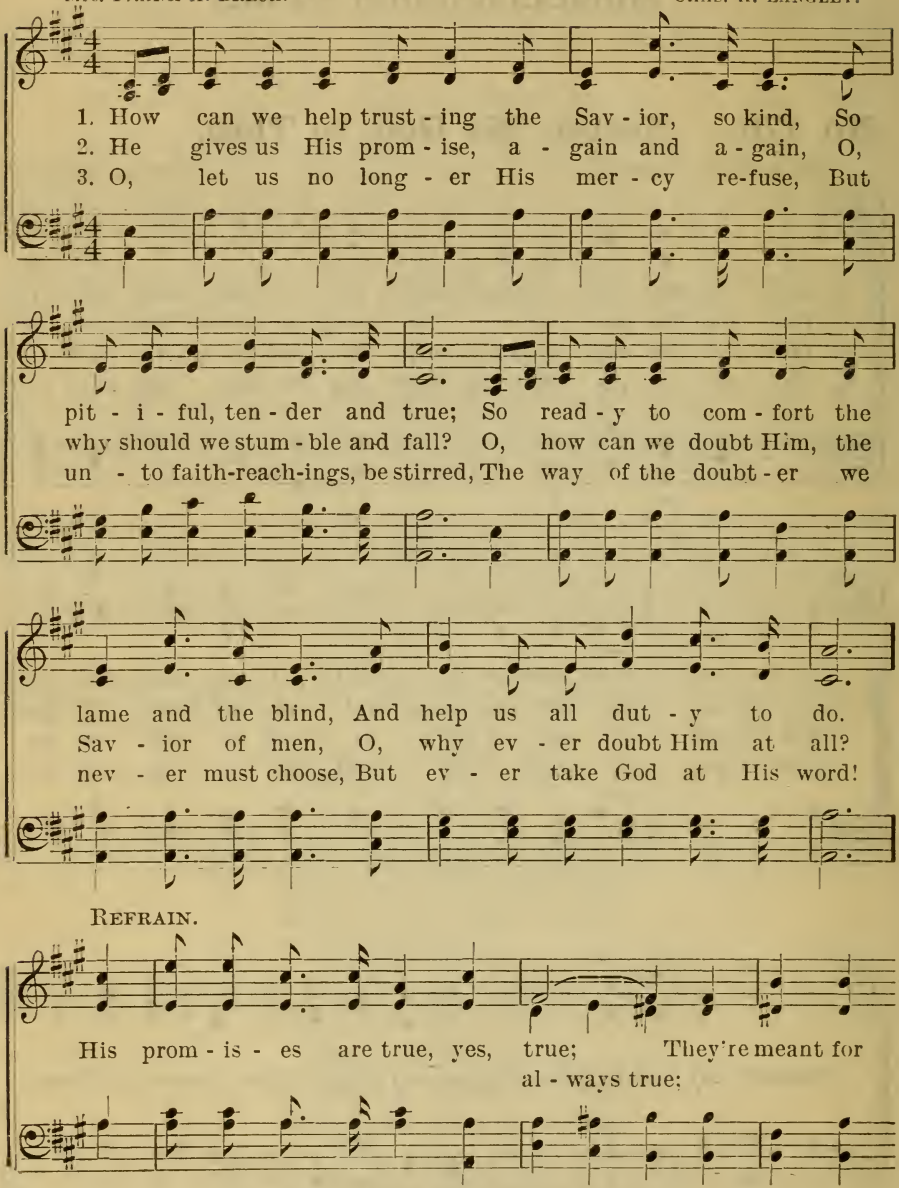
No. 176. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
stars for-got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near-er, my God to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

No. 177. His Promises Are True!

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. K. Langley.


1. How can we help trust - ing the Sav - ior, so kind, So pit - i - ful, ten - der and true; So read - y to com - fort the lame and the blind, And help us all dut - y to do.
2. He gives us His prom - ise, a - gain and a - gain, O, why should we stum - ble and fall? O, how can we doubt Him, the Sav - ior of men, O, why ev - er doubt Him at all?
3. O, let us no long - er His mer - cy re-fuse, But un - to faith-reach-ings, be stirred, The way of the doubt - er we nev - er must choose, But ev - er take God at His word!
Refrain.
His prom - is - es are true, yes, true; They're meant for al - ways true;

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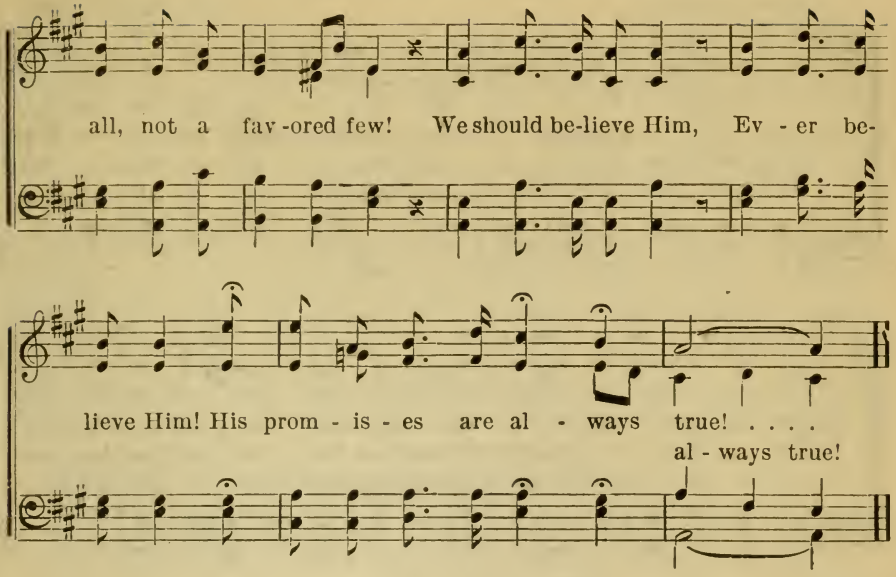
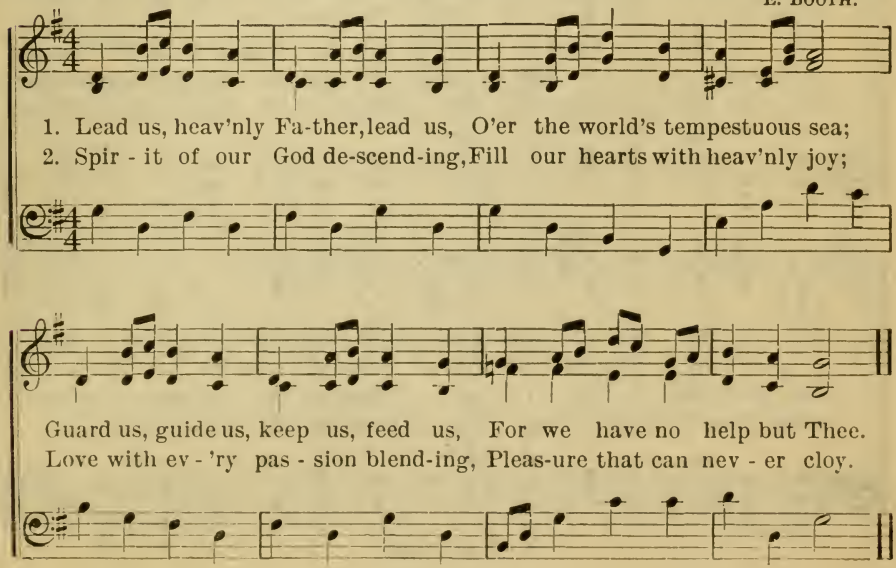
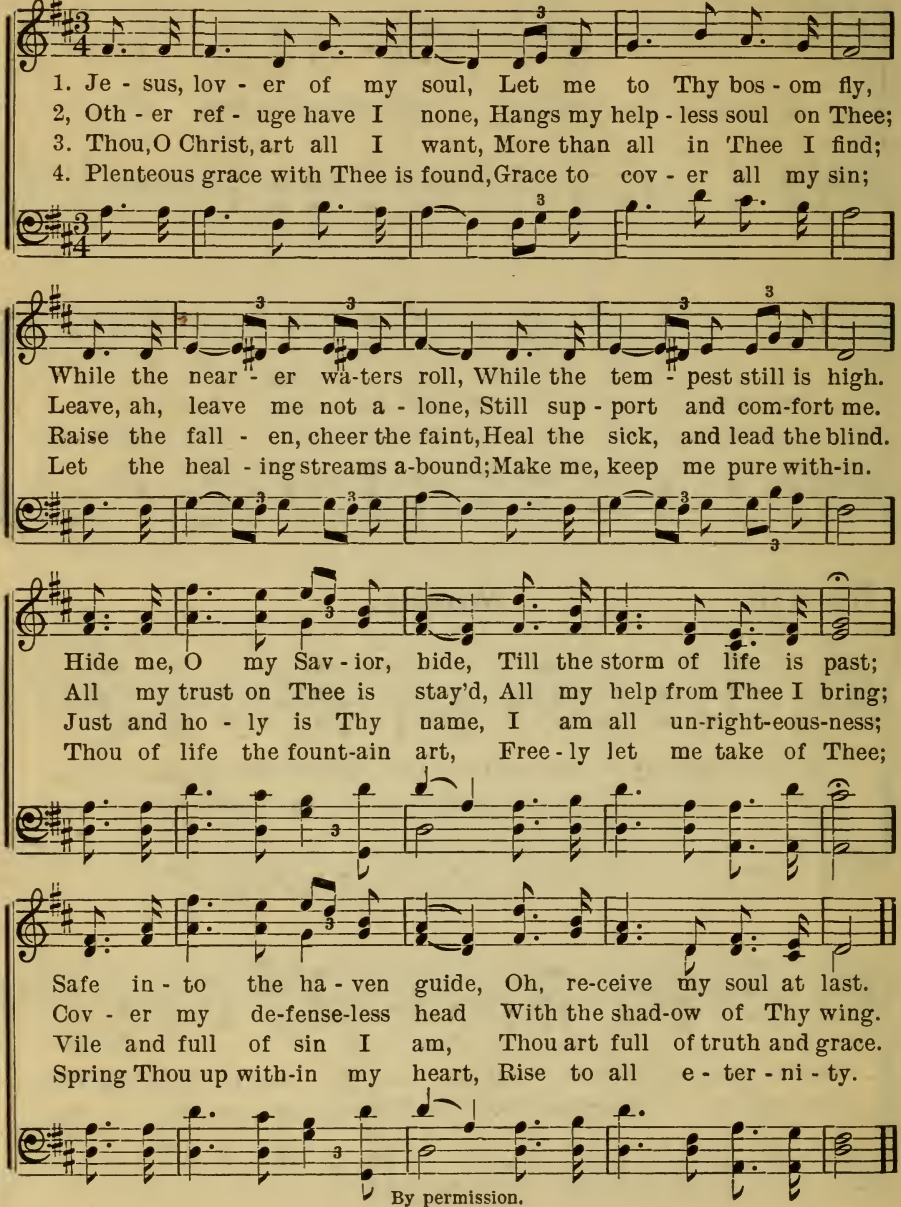
His Promises Are True! Concluded.

No. 178. Mosely.

E. Booth.


1. Lead us, heav'nly Fa-ther, lead us, O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
2. Spir - it of our God de-scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee.
Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend-ing, Pleas-ure that can nev - er cloy.

No. 179. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune—REFUGE. 7s D.


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2, Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make me, keep me pure with-in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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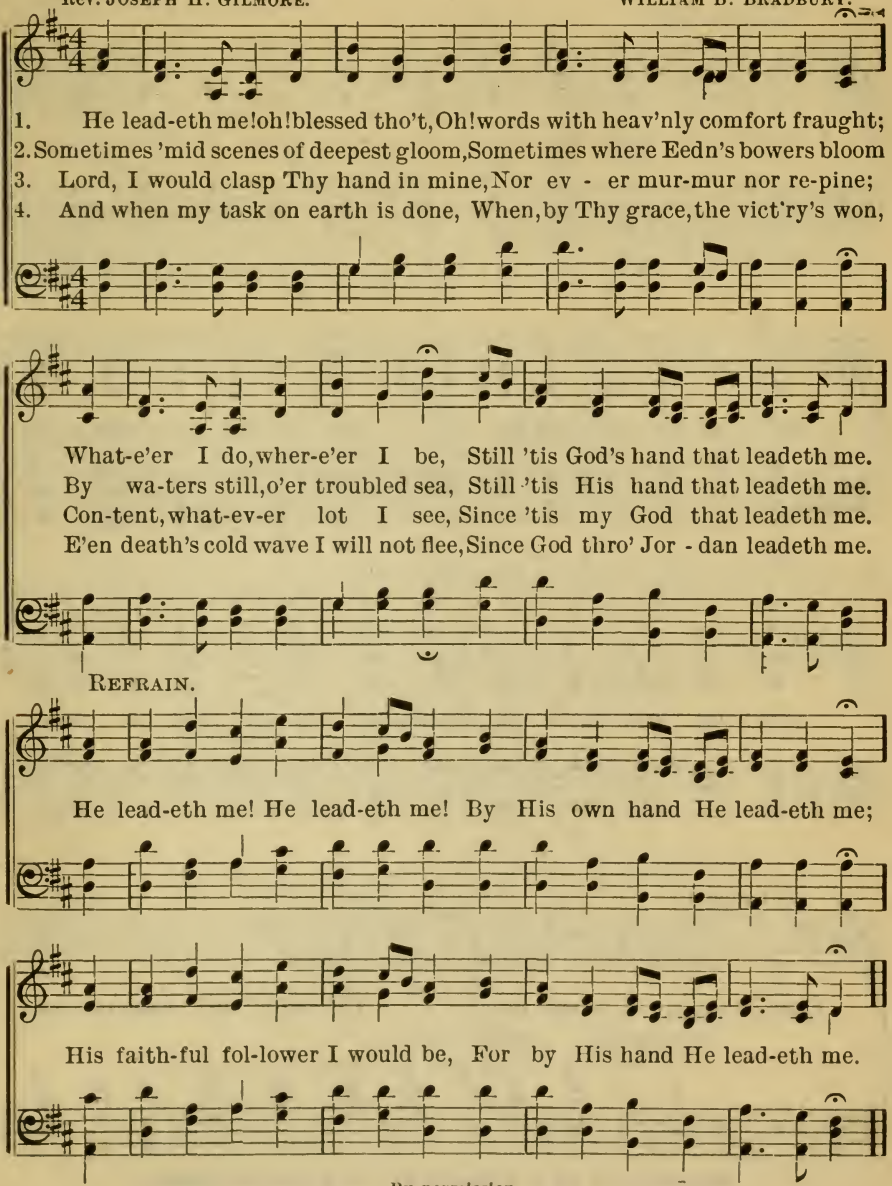
No. 180. He Leadeth Me.

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

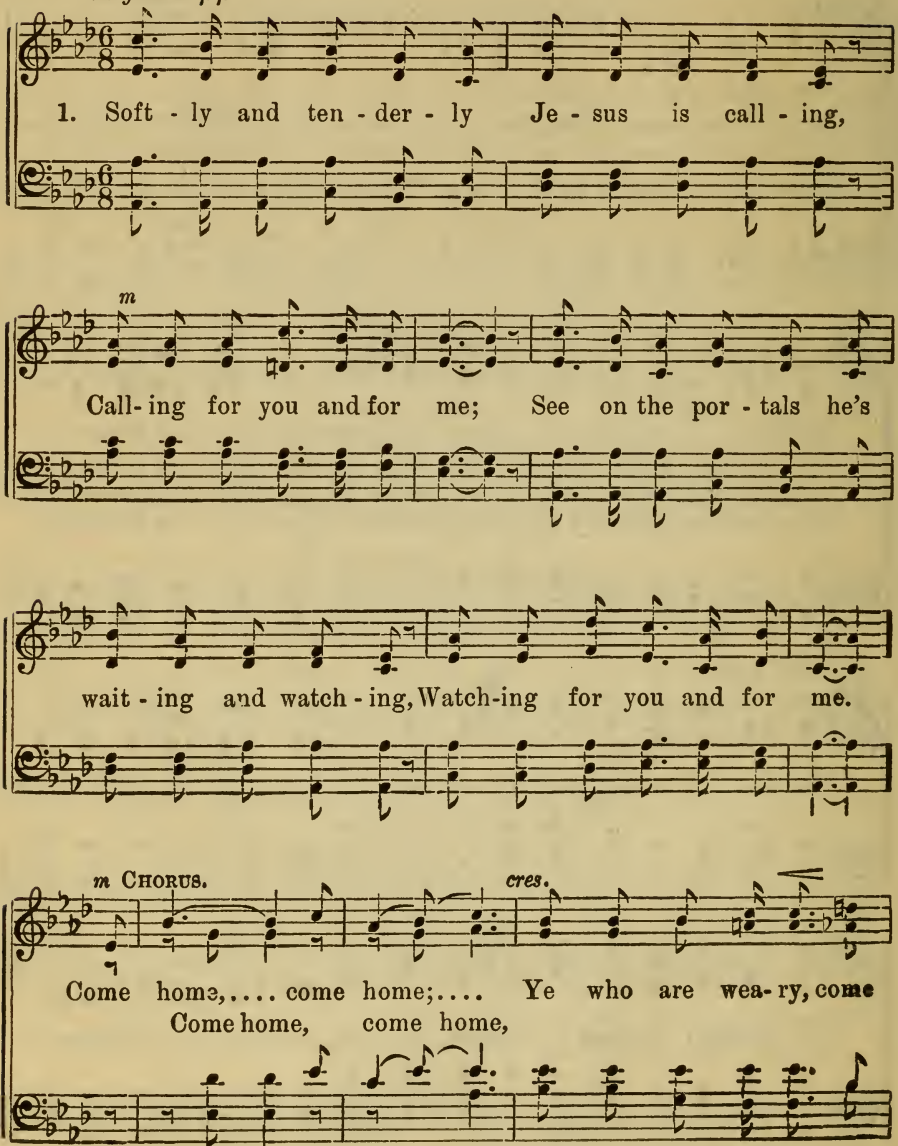

1. He lead-eth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan leadeth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

By permission.

No. 181. For You and for Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *pp*


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
m
Call- ing for you and for me; See on the por - tals he's
wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
m CHORUS.
cres.
Come home,.... come home;.... Ye who are wea- ry, come
Come home, come home,

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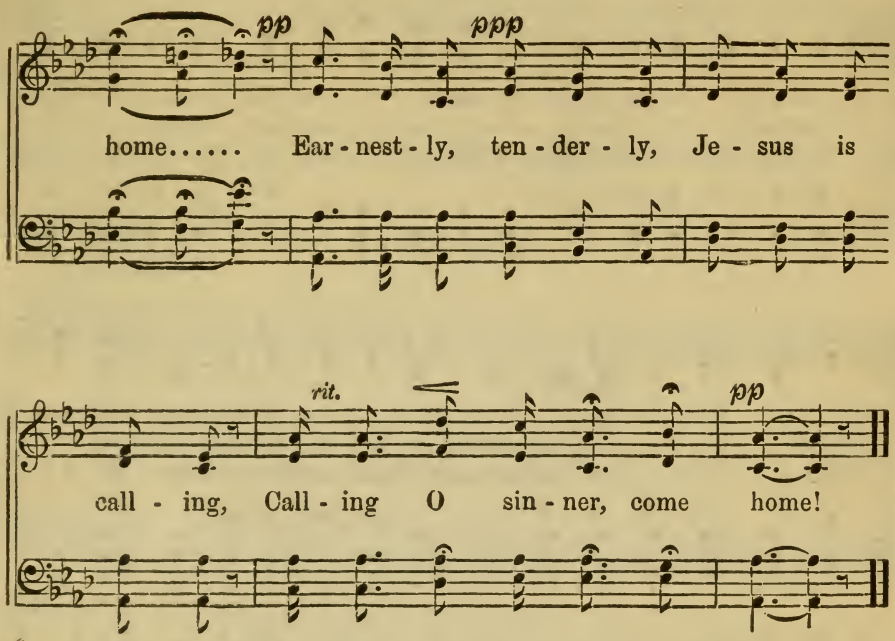
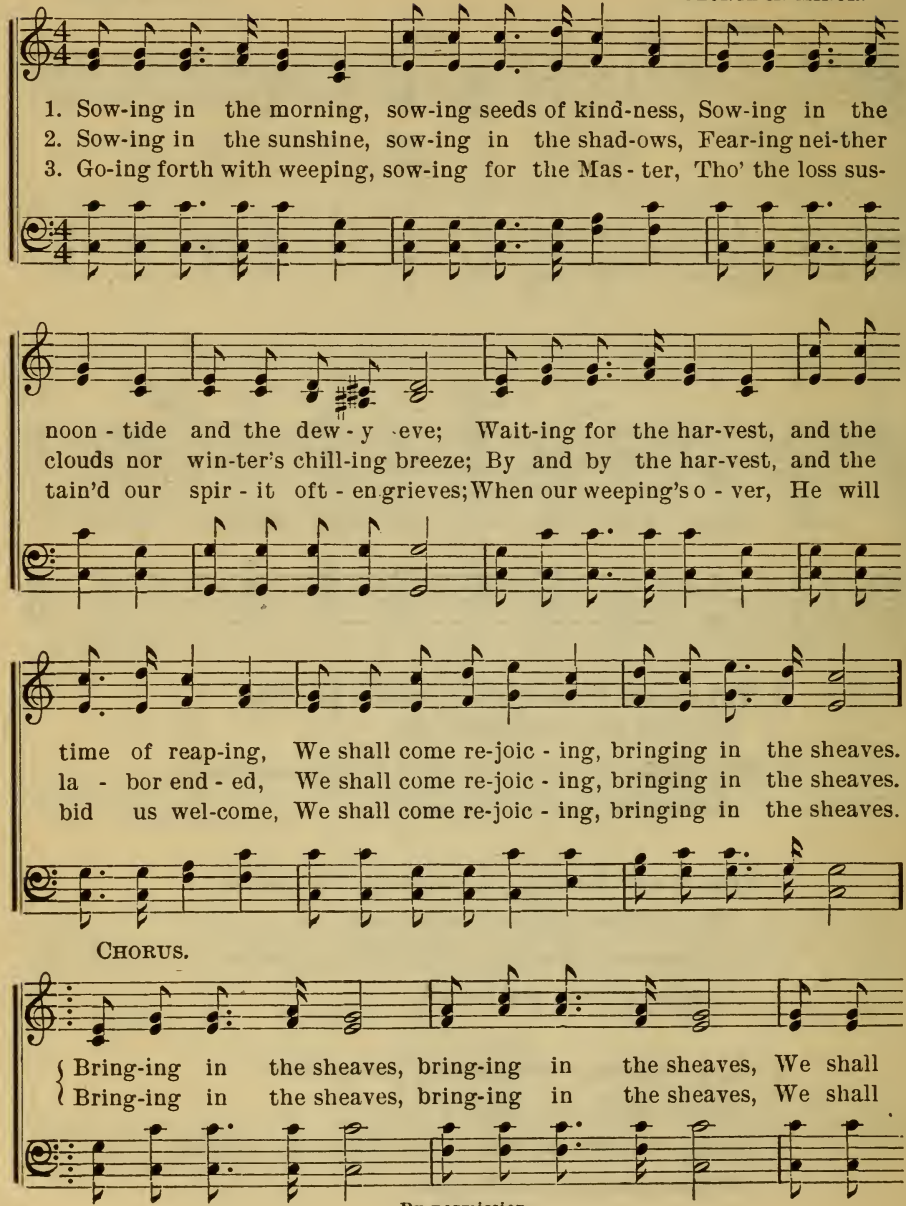
For You and for Me. Concluded.

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

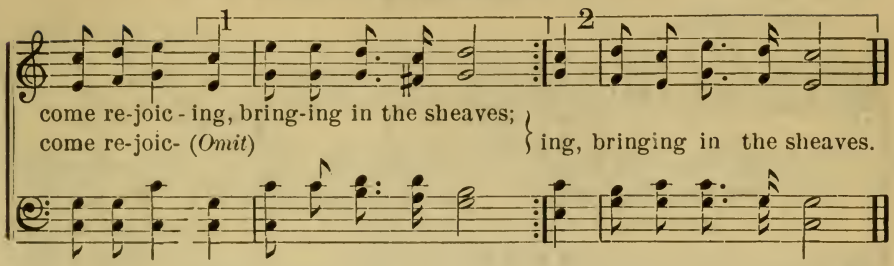
4 Oh, for the wonderful love he has promised,
Promised for you and for me;
Though we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

No. 182. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

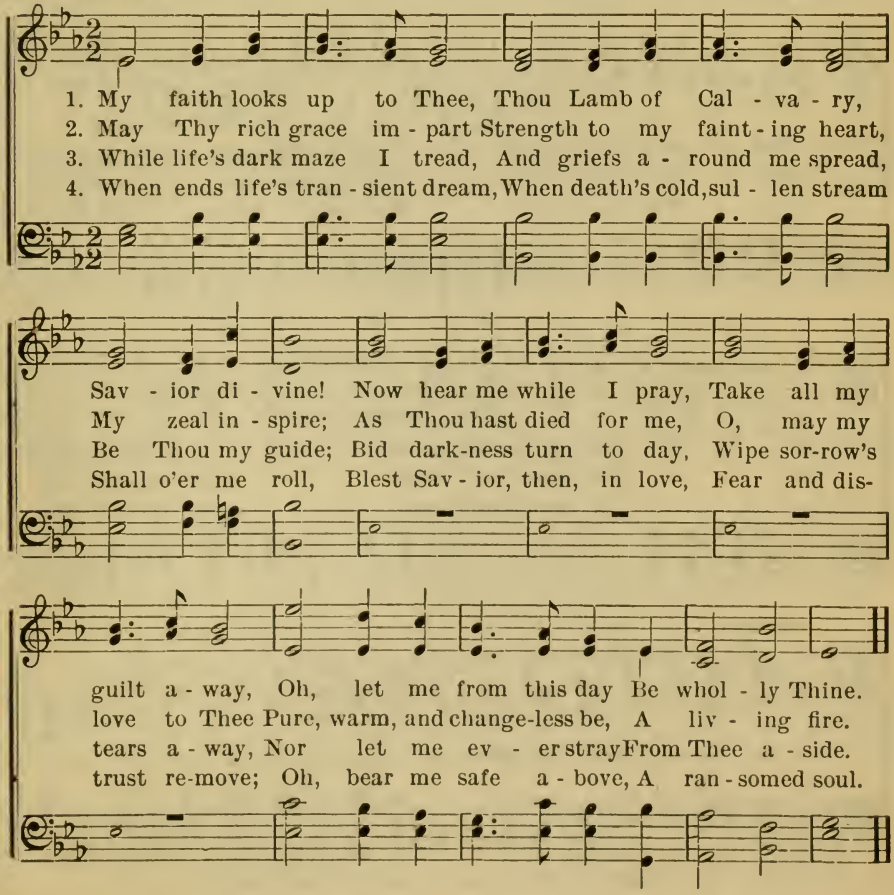

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-
noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the
tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will
time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
la - bor end - ed, We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
bid us wel-come, We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall

By permission.



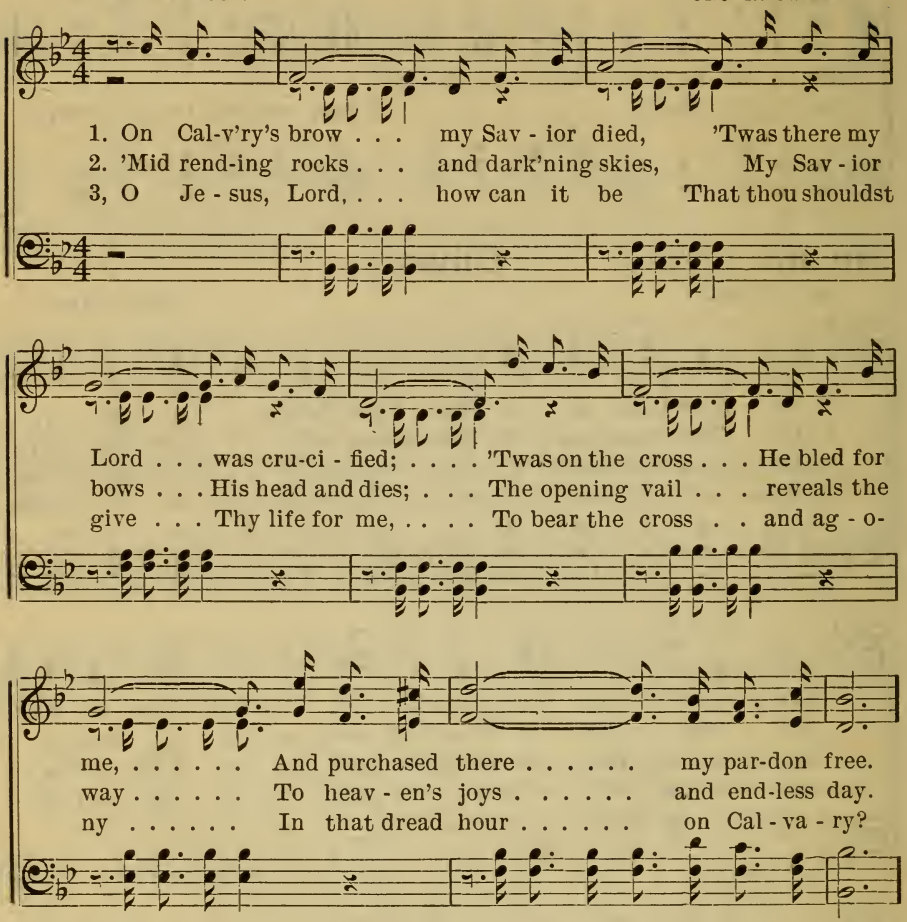
No. 183. Olivet.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

No. 184. Calvary.

W M'K. DARWOOD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. On Cal-v'ry's brow . . . my Sav - ior died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks . . . and dark'ning skies, My Sav - ior
3, O Je - sus, Lord, . . . how can it be That thou shouldst
Lord . . . was cru-ci - fied; . . . . 'Twas on the cross . . . He bled for
bows . . . His head and dies; . . . The opening vail . . . reveals the
give . . . Thy life for me, ... To bear the cross . . and ag - o-
me, ... And purchased there . . . . . my par-don free.
way . . . . . To heav - en's joys . . . . . and end-less day.
ny . . . . . In that dread hour . . . . . on Cal - va - ry?
CHORUS.
O Cal - va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me; for me;

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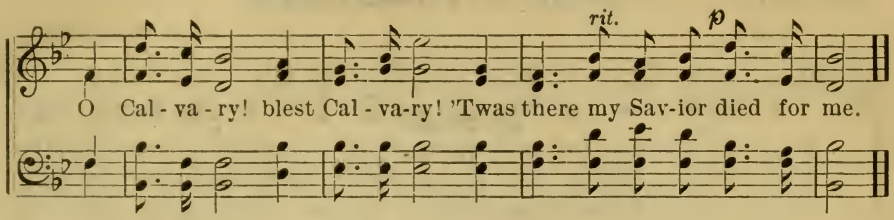
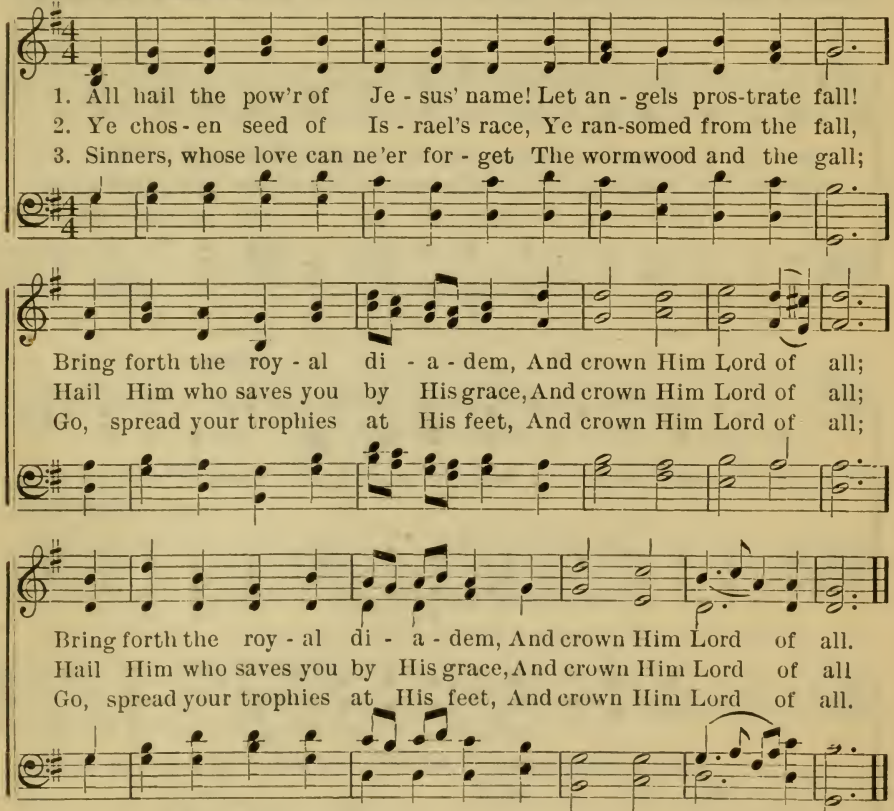


No. 185. Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET, alt. OLIVER HOLDEN.

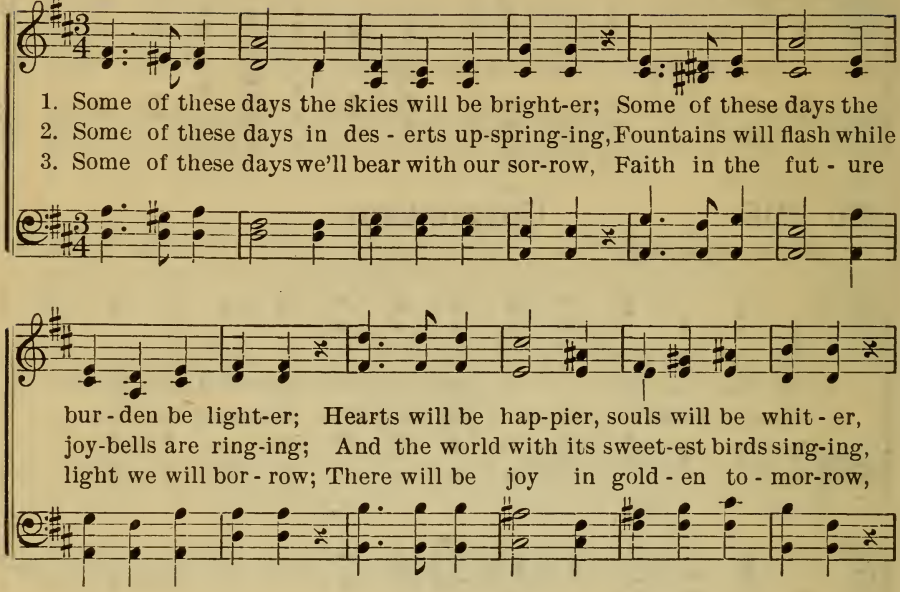

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall!
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

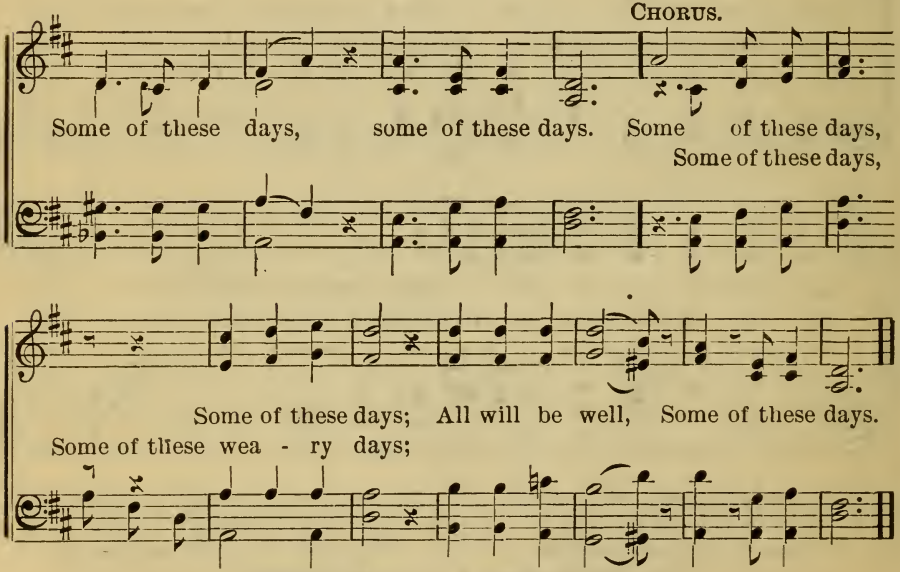
5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 186. Some of These Days.

SOLO. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Some of these days the skies will be bright-er; Some of these days the
2. Some of these days in des - erts up-spring-ing, Fountains will flash while
3. Some of these days we'll bear with our sor-row, Faith in the fut - ure
bur - den be light-er; Hearts will be hap-pier, souls will be whit - er,
joy-bells are ring-ing; And the world with its sweet-est birds sing-ing,
light we will bor - row; There will be joy in gold - en to - mor-row,

CHORUS.


Some of these days, some of these days. Some of these days,
Some of these days,
Some of these days; All will be well, Some of these days.
Some of these wea - ry days;

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RESPONSIVE READINGS.

No. 187. Psalm 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 188. Psalm 2.

1 Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying:

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

No. 189. Psalm 3.

1 Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.

2 Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. Selah.

3 But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

4 I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.

5 I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.

6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.

7 Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God; for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou has broken the teeth of the ungodly.

8 Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people. Selah.

No. 190. Psalm 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasures in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight; thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing; the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

9 For there is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness; their throat is an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.

10 Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.

11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them; let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

12 For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

No. 191. Psalm 6.

1 O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak; O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

3 My soul is also sore vexed; but thou, O Lord, how long?

4 Return, O Lord, deliver my soul; oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

5 For in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who shall give thee thanks?

6 I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.

7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

9 The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer.

10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed; let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

No. 192. Psalm 8.

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet;

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

No. 193. Psalm 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

No. 194. Psalm 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

No. 195. Psalm 46.

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

No. 196. Psalm 47.

1 O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

2 For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

3 He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

4 He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved. Selah.

5 God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

6 Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

7 For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

8 God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

9 The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham; for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

No. 197. The General Confession.

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus, our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life, To the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

No. 198. The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ his only son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; The third day he rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Catholic Church—the Communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, And the life everlasting. Amen.

No. 199. General Thanksgiving.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

No. 200. An Opening Service.

Leader. Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

Congregation. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort.

L. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

C. Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto thee do we give thanks: for that thy name is near, thy wondrous works declare.

L. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

C. To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

L. Sing praise to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion; declare among the people his doings.

C. O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

L. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

C. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion; and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

L. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

C. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

No. 201. A Closing Service.

Leader. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.

Congregation. We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

C. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

L. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

C. Amen.

No. 202. A Vesper Service.

Leader. Behold now the day draweth toward evening.

Congregation. Behold the day groweth to an end.

L. The day goeth away.

C. For the shadows of evening are stretched out.

L. And thou shalt make an altar to burn incense upon: . . . when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it.

C. Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

PRAYER

L. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and prayed..... Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice.

C. Evening, and morning, and noon will I pray and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice.

L. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

C. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

L. Sing praises to God, sing praises. For God is the King of all the earth; sing ye praises with understanding.

C. To him that made great lights, the sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night.

L. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

C. O God, thou God of my salvation, my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

L. I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

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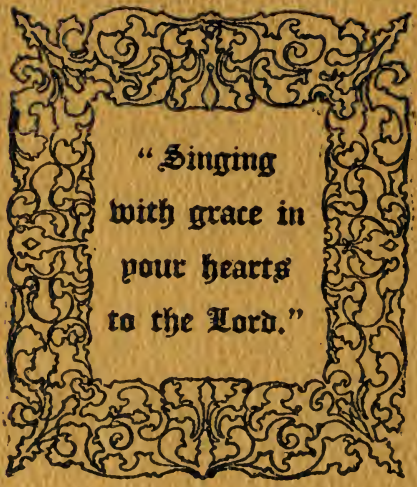
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